

QUERER Por Solo QUERER :

To Love only for LOVE Sake :

^A
DRAMATICK ROMANCE.

REPRESENTED AT

ARANJUEZ

BEFORE THE

KING and QUEEN of SPAIN,

TO CELEBRATE

The BIRTH-DAY of that KING,

BY THE

MENINAS :

Which are a Sett of LADIES, in the Nature of
LADIES OF HONOUR in that COURT, CHILDREN
in Years, but Higher in Degree (being many of Them
Daughters and Heyres to GRANDEES of SPAIN) than the
ordinary *Ladies of Honour*, Attending likewise that *Queen*.

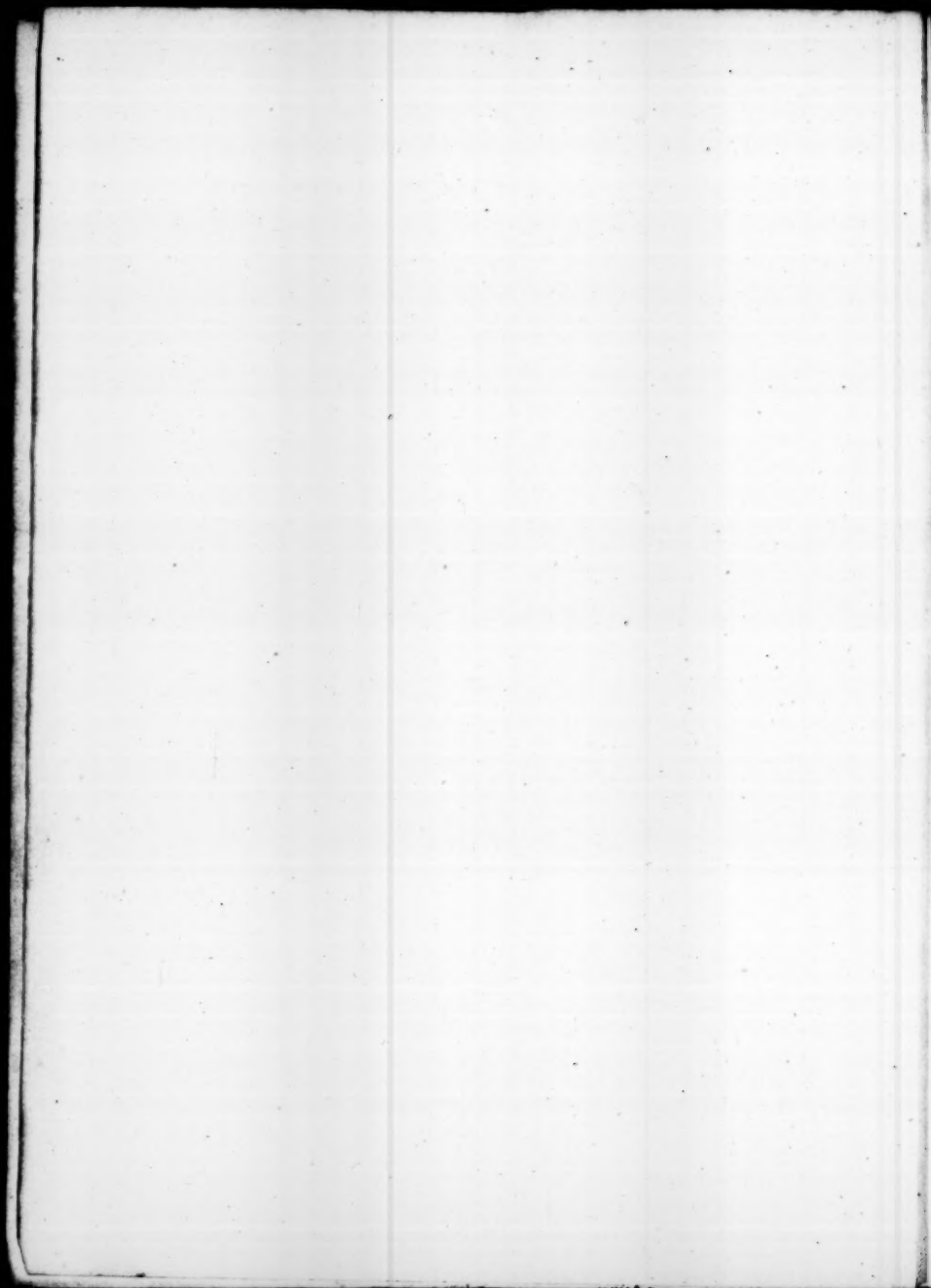
Written in *Spanish* by *Don Antonio de Mendoza*, 1623.

Paraphrased in *English*, Anno 1654. *by S. R. Fanshaw.*

Together

With the FESTIVALS of ARANWHEZ.

London, Printed by *William Godbid*, and are to be Sold
by *Moses Pitt*, at the *White-Hart* in *Little-Britain*. 1671.



Sir R. F. upon this Dramatick Romance, Paraphrased
 by him during his Confinement to Tankersly Park in
 York-shire, by Oliver, after the Battail of Worcester,
 in which he was taken Prisoner, serving His Majesty
 (whom God preserve) as Secretary of State.

Time was when I, a PILGRIM of the SEAS,
 When I, midst noise of CAMPS, and COURTS Dis-ease,
 Purloin'd some Hours, to Charm rude Cares with Verse,
 Which flame of FAITHFUL SHEPHERD did rehearse:

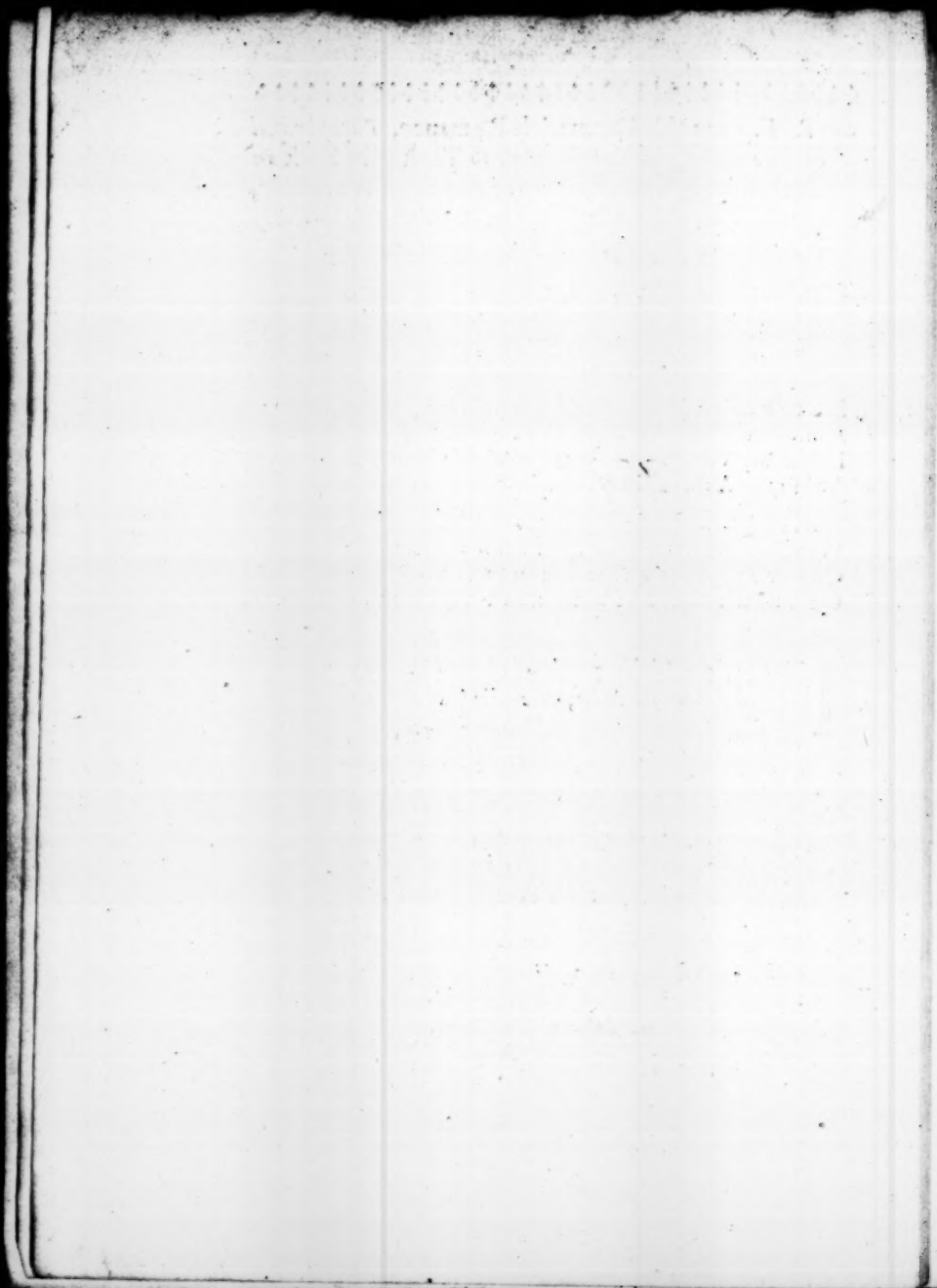
But now restrain'd from SEA, from CAMP, from COURT,
 And by a TEMPEST blown into a PORT;
 I raise my thoughts to Muze on Higher Things,
 And Echo ARMS and LOVES of QUEENS and KINGS:

Which QUEENS (despising Crowns and HYMEN'S Band)
 Would neither MEN Obey, nor MEN Command.
 GREAT PLEASURE FROM ROUGH SEAS TO SEE THE SHORE!
 OR FROM FIRM LAND TO HEAR THE BILLOWS ROARE.

Ille Ego, qui (dubiis quondam jactatus in Undis)
 Qui (dum nunc Aulae, nunc mihi Castra strepunt)
 Leni importunas mulcebam Carmine Curas,
 In quo PASTORIS flamma FIDELIS erat.

At nunc & Castris, Aulisque ejectus & Undis,
 (Nam mihi Naufragium Portus, & Ira Quies)
 Altius insurgens, REGUM haud intactus AMORES,
 Et REGINARUM fervidus ARMA Cano:

Quae (vinc'is HYMENTE tuis, spretisq; CORONIS)
 Nec Jura ferro virum, nec dare Jura velint.
 Dulce procellosos audire ex Litore fluctus!
 Ego, truci Terram dulce videre Mari.





TO THE
Queen of Spain.

MADAM,



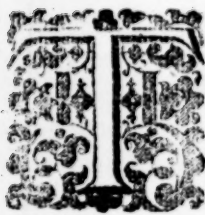
His *Comedy* having been admitted to Your Majesties Eyes, hath leave to throw it self at Your Feet : It was written to Celebrate the BIRTH-DAY of the KING ; this gained it that *Credit*, which it ought to have lost for being *mine* : It hath been sought at the *Festival* of Your Majesty ; for, in virtue of that Esteem which Your *Name* gives it,
Men

[3]

Men pardon it, the having been
Penn'd by *me*. To this Task I was
emboldened by *D. Maria de Gusman*,
believing that a *Creature* of her Fa-
ther would happen to Serve Your
Majesty better with his Obligation,
than *Others* with their Wit; the
mistake was just, I do not blame it,
nor those who desire to read it, since
it had the Honour to be heard by
Your Majesty; and it will gain *two*
Plaudits (without deserving *one*)
Your Majesty being now the *second*
time its PATRONESS.

Your MAJESTIES Servant,

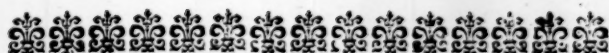
Don Antonio de Mendoza.



His Comedy I consent not to the
 Printing of, suffer it I do, thus
 Copied, to distribute amongst
 those who ask it, for I have
 not the presumption to offer it
 to any; if it be a boldness in
 whosoever prints, in me it would be called
 a Madness; one day is master of another, against
 what is written to day, will be that which is
 better known to morrow, and who is it that
 knew not less yesterday? The ambition of the
 Press is a fault, which it is not sufficient to
 repent; and, in case this common danger
 were wanting, my fear would create a new
 one, though that which deserved to come to the
 Eyes of their Majesties, might well lose the fear
 of all Mens Ears; for caution, advertency, and
 study, were more due to those that Acted it,
 than to those that shall read it; and this being
 more than sufficient for approbation, the Council
 was not pleased it should have any other: I
 write

write it in obedience, and no Friends perswade me to publish it, for I have none so vain; I rather think that their opinion would obstruct me in this resolution, finding in it those defects, which are hidden from the proper Author; for in the things of other men, it is easie to be more wise; and, without denying the defects of mine, I have been very willing to content with some Copies as many as seek them, deceived with that which was ow'd to so splendid an Occasion: Nor let any Man expect that the Errours of my Pen, shall be accompanied with my disacknowledgment, yet, not to be excessive in difference neither, I believe, that if so remarkable a Festival, required not a greater ability than mine, it would be worthy of some Applause, since compared with vulgar ones, it deserves not much Contempt.

The



The Prologue:

(Called by the Spaniard The LOA, i. e. The Praise, because therein the Spectators are commended to curry favour with them:) Spoken by the Lady Isabella Velasco, and the Lady Isabella Guzman; the latter pulling the former in with her upon the Stage.

Vel. I Will not forth with thee (that's plain)
Child, thou tir'st thy self in vain.

Guz. *Isabel*, thy Face, Life, Meen,
Be now my Second, now my Skreen.

Vel. I Garb? I Spirit? Beauty I?
What, oblige me with a Lye?
Skreen thee that Face, thy Mettle fine,
Which second is to none, be thine,
I joyn with thee in the *Prologue* &
I with the Audience to collogue,

The Prologue.

Stiling them *Senate*? Was I Born
To Lead of *Pigmies* the Forelorn?
There's Lady's work with all my heart!

Guz. I, but, *Velasco*, take her part,
Who of the *Minikin Brigade*
The youngest is, the *Lanspresade*.

Vel. Marry, a good, and mending Fault,
But who must afterwards be sought
To make me confident and bold?
For, *Guzman*, neither am I old.

Guz. Well, of the Play then I despair,
Since with the Dames whatever's rare,
Sprightful, Divine, is wanting all:
For, no Dames, no Festivall.
Unto whose *Top-top-gallant* Beauty
To *Strike*, is little *Fly-boats* Duty:
Superlatives have there a Rise:
Comparisons are odious twice.

Vel. That Fear hath Reason on its side,
But a worse matter I have spy'd:
The pityous humane Poet, he
Fears too, his Farce will tedious be.

Guz. What a Fear that for the base Rout!
What a misbegotten doubt!
("For Modesty may split it self
"On a high Rock, or a low Shelf.)
No, no, our *Festival*, howe're
It in it self hath cause to fear,
(For of *Meninas* even the name
Speaks littleness) yet our great DAME

(Whom,

The Prologue.

(Whom, were She not Divine all out,
Heaven would have made a humane doubt)
Making it now her Offering
Upon the *Birth-day* of the King,
It must for that be understood
Both short and sweet, and great and good,
That It is *Hers* deserves Applause :
Effects are measured by their *Cause*.
Chiefly so fair *Porch* being made
Thereto; as such a *Masquerade*,
In which the *INFANTA*'s Self would be,
To grace the *QUEENS Solemnitie*,
The *KING* too Her refin'd *Gallant*
(For no high strain of Soul can want
In one whole Body is so pure)
What Favour doth not he ensure ?
It must be full as much at least
As His Divine *Sister* exprest,
With their two *Brothers* ; All High Born :
Children of *Phæbus*, and the *Morn*.
The *Dames* w' are sure of to their powers :
All then is safe, all then is ours :
In so much Beauty, so much Glory.

Vel. And the *Forreign Auditory*.

Guz. Friend, thou wilt, drown in shallow water,
Bespeak not Ills, things hap thereafter,
My Life upon't, our Festivall
To see, will hurt none of them all :
Whip me, if of the Twenty four
They feel not many hours creep slower.

The Prologue.

Vel. Away then with the Prologue, Wench :
But beg not favour of the Bench,
Nor silence : Nor whine out at first,
Pardon our faults, (that Fault's the worst)
Be out, nor praise the King for fair
Beauty is perishable Ware,
And I my Master would commend
For parts alone which time will mend:
Shape is the humane By of Kings,
Who in the Main are God-like Things :
Call me the Queen, *French* Flower no more,
But in Field *Azure* a Sun Or ;
Now so much Native of *Castell*
That ev'n Her Soul is *Spanish* Steel :
Nor *Charles* and *Fernand* Branches both
Of the old Lawrel of the *Goths* :
But Scyons of a better Tree
In *Paradice's* Nursery :
And of *MARIA* (Glorious Dame)
Beauty without, lin'd with the same
(Since ev'n strong Lines cannot afford
To do her right) speak not a word,
But let her praise to it self sing
Like Bells that, without pulling, ring.

Guz. Kings should be prais'd with reverence then,
As they are Kings, not as they're Men ;
Their fortitude, and not their face ;
The sordid Flatterers Common-place :
His Actions I will Celebrate ;
His parts, as they are parts of State ;

Much

The Prologue.

Much of King, in Years but few ;
Spains Honour , and her *Indies* new ,
And his fair Spouse. *Vel.* That task is Fames :
Begin. *Guz.* Still vailing to the Dames.

*The Lady Isabella Guzman advances some steps,
and begins the Main PROLOGUE, as
follows.*

WHilst Thee Great *PHILIP* (apprehensive
Scholar,
In the Great Book of *GOVERNING*
well Read)

The Nations Wonder , and Applause , proclaim
In every Action of thy Life a King ;
Whilst *on* the *Occidental Gulphs* a Yoak ,
Whilst *on* the Seas of the *Levant* a Law,
Thy Hand imposes , and thy boundless Valour
Props Heaven , and Is the Bridle of the Earth :

Whilst thou art like thy Great Grandfire, before
The Worlds suspension, and thy thundering Ships
To Northern Regions, Arm'd with Plates of Ice,
Are fiery Mountains on their snowy Waves ;
And thy *Iberian* Flags (*Victory's* Wings)
Both *Germanies* and *Africk* fear, and strike to :
(For if of old their Valour made those bow,
They do't by *Custom* and prescription now.)

Grace the Solemnities of thy bright *CONSORT* .
Which strive in vain to equal the Occasion ,
So every way Majestick : A Perfection

Divine.

The Prologue.

Divine, the utmost stretch of humane Nature,
And thou *ISABELLA* (fair even to the Soul,
The Daughter of a King, whose valiant Hand
More trusting to it self than unto Chance
Hammer'd his Crown out with his Sword) receive
With a benign and amiable Brow
(It must be amiable) this small Earnest
Of our Devotions; whom to see alone
Claims Knees and Hearts, sit'st thou beneath the
Throne:

And thou, the pleating terrour of the Earth,
In smooth *Apollo's* Spirit, Spirit of *Mars*,
King of two Worlds, let thy good hap enjoy
Another greater Empire *in* her Beauty.

Vel. Live, Reign (High Princes) more than Time
it self,
And (fairer in your Virtues than your Persons)
Drop Stars with Heaven: The blessed Progeny
Of your Immortal Loves (your Beauties sparkles)
Let *Spain* Adore, and in so great a Glory,
PHILIP the Fifth expunge Fifth *CHARLES's* Story.

And you young Men, who by your budding
Greatness
Proclaim the Splendour of your Royal Cradle,
Pave with a lofty and a radiant Foot
The Milky Way.
And thou (the Envy of the Goddesses)
Illustrious *INFANTA* may thy Fortune

Equal

The Prologue.

Equal thy rare Endowments. To be Fair
Ah! let it not a woful Blessing be,
Nor Beauty a desired Miserie.

Vel. We two (*Is'bellas*) *ISABELL* Divine,
Present thee one *Play* more, with more Refine,
Fram'd and Endited by Earths greatest King,
Penn'd with the fairest Plume in *Cupid's* Wing,
Acted by Queens below, by Saints above;
A truer *Comedy*, call'd, *LOVE* for *LOVE*.

Guz. And may this Birth-Day [*Ecce t' another*
Birth]
E're next Spring do't with Flowers, perfume the
Earth
With a sweet Prince, like Him from whom He
came.
Vel. In *FACE*. *Guz.* In *VIRTUE*. *Vel.* In
RENOWN. *Guz.* In *NAME*.

The Prologue.

A Song

After the Main Prologue, Painting
the Festival of *Aranwhez*.

THe Flowers that most adorn
Of Aranwhez the Plain
(Following a black-ey'd Morn)
A Laurel entertain :

Of flow'ry May the King,
Apollo's gallant Son,
He at His Fifteenth Spring
Ware of the Field the Crown :

When His Seventeenth April came,
Worshipping that Goddess yonder,
Wonders wrought He in Her Name,
But His Faith the greatest Wonder.

CHORUS

The Prologue.

CHORUS.

O how deſt, how ſweet to boot,
Firſt handſome, and then light of foot;
 Tagus's Nymphs of beſt renown,
 To whom no Love nor Grief is known
(Brighter, fairer) from Heavens Globe
Steal away the Starry Robe,
 And the Earths embroider'd Gown!

OF all the World admires
 For rare, a fair diſdain,
 Plac'd bounds to her deſires,
And that beſt object made her Eyes refrain.

How great, and how well plac'd,
 A Roſe's love? With Uſe
How well was it at laſt
 Paid by a Flower-de-luce?

Love from complaints is free:
 That we for once might find,
Beauty may happy be,
 And Happineſs be kind.

b

CHORUS.

The Prologue.

CHORUS.

O how deſt, how ſweet to boot,
Firſt handſome, and then light of foot ;
 Tagus's Nymphs of beſt renown ,
 To whom no Love nor Grief is known
(Brighter, fairer) from Heavens Globe
Steal away the Starry Robe
 And the Earths embroider'd Gown !

*Y*ears (*which deſerve perpetual Spring,*
 And which deſerve to be his Tears)
Joy them, He that loves the King ;
 And adore them , He that fears.

Clasp let his early Valour on
 Strong and glittering Steel of Spain ,
Multitudes in whom alone
 Of Fernand's and Alphonſo's Reign.

Never let him ruſt with Calms
 But His Hand purchaſe, His Hand cut
As many Crowns out , and as many Palms
 As his Fore-Fathers tumbled at his Foot.

CHORUS.

The Prologue.

C H O R U S.

O how deſt, how ſweet to boot,
Firſt Handsome, and then light of foot;
 Tagns's Nymphs of beſt renown,
 To whom no Love nor Grief is known
(Brighter, fairer) from Heavens Globe
Steal away the Starry Robe
 And the Earths embroider'd Gown!

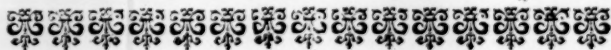
The Final End of the Prologue.

The



The Persons in the first Act.

Represented.	Representing.
ZELIDAURA, Queen of <i>Tartaria</i> ,	Lady <i>Mary Gusman</i> .
CLARIDIANA, Queen of <i>Arabia</i> ,	Lady <i>Anne Sandi</i> .
FELISBRAVO, Young King of <i>Persia</i> ,	Lady <i>Frances Távora</i> .
PRINCE CLARIDORO,	Lady <i>Mary Cuinio</i> .
PRINCE FLORANTEO,	La. <i>Margaret Távora</i> .
The CAPTIVE PRINCE,	Lady <i>Izabella Gusman</i> .
The GENERAL	La. <i>Margaret Zapata</i> .
ROSELINDA, Lady attending <i>Zelidaura</i> ,	Lady <i>Izabella Velasco</i> .
FLORINDA, attending <i>Claridiana</i> ,	{ Lady <i>Mary Salier</i> , of the Privy-Chamber.
First GYANT,	{ Lady <i>Lucy Prada</i> , of the Privy-Chamber.
Second GYANT,	{ Lady <i>Frances Quiros</i> , of the same.
RIFALORO, the Drole,	La. <i>Katherine Quiros</i> .






Querer por solo Querer :
To Love only to Love.

THE FIRST ACT.

Drums and Trumpets, and enter at one end of the Stage the Generall with a Truncheon in his hand, and Soldiers with Banners; before him Captives, and amongst them one of better appearance than the rest: At the other, Felisbravo habited after the Persian manner, with a Royal Train; and let the General approach him, laying the truncheon at his feet; and the General is to wear a laurel Crown, which he takes off when he comes at the King.

General.  *Nconquer'd Sir. Felis. Rise wife and valiant General.*

Gen. Give me thy Feet, these Plants shall be my Lawrels.

Felis. Gen'ral, into my Arms, into my Heart:

To pay good Services is Kings best part:

Relate thy Victory. Gen. Dread Sovereign, Mine

The Sweat was, but the Victory was thine.

*With full two hundred Ships of monstrous burthen
 (Cramm'd with Land Souldiers too) the Foe usurp'd
 Thy narrow Seas, and hover'd o're these Lands
 As o're a certain Prey, on which he look'd*

B

As

As the sole *Obstacle* betwixt his high
Hopes, and the UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.
 Thou (to receive this Storm where e're it falls)
 Stay'st must'ring on the *Shore* thy fearless Bands ;
 In head whereof, thou Marchest bravely Mounted
 In silver *Arms* ; writ in thy Face , and Star,
 THE SON OF FORTUNE BY THE GOD OF WAR :

Mean time, go I to hunt them out at *Sea*,
 Under th' auspicious flight of thy guilt *Standard*
 Approach'd them ; *Ship by Ship* I visit *thine*
 (Guiding my self a *Barge's* Rudder) spurr'd
 On both sides with long *Oars*, and from each poop :
 Bid *ours* remember, in that AZURE FIELD
 We are our *Island's*, It is the *World's* shield.

Wellcom'd on board my *own* with shouts, re-eccho'd
 With general *acclamations* of the *rest*,
 Which one by one bear up to pay my visit,
 And all come swooping underneath my *Lee*
 To fetch new courage ; briskly we advance
 Upon the *Foe*, who all this while had stood
 With smiling silence on the trembling FLOOD.

His potent FLEET was cast into the *form*
 Of a half-Moon, gaping to purse us up,
 As that dire *African* at dismal *Canna*
 Did once *ROMES* Army led by a rash CONSUL ;
 Withal, to boast it self the SOVERAIGN
 (Like horned *Cynthia*) of the curled MAIN.

My brave Vice-Admiral (a second *DRACO*,
 Writing his *laws* in blood texted with flame)
 Swears by the Queen of Night,
 To be a perfect CRESCENT It wants *light*.

As the proud Bearer of the three-fork'd *Thunder*
 And winged *Lightening* on her tow'ring Plumes
 (On whom her Master JOVE bestow'd the *Empire*
 O're all the feather'd *People*, for her service
 In the fam'd *rape* of ruddy GANIMEDE)

Steer'd

Steer'd with her *trayn*, sails driving through the *Clouds*,
Thence stoops *Plebeian Birds*; so his bold Frigate
From a big Wave, on which she soar'd aloft
In clouds of *smoak*, flies at the Covey intire,
Arrow of Gunpowder, *Eagle of Fire*.

Not *Priams* City crackled in more Flames,
When to the fatal *Horfe* she op'd her Walls,
Then did those wooden *Towers*; nor with more fury
The *Greek Host* (ulther'd by that *Horfe*) did reign
In her waste streets, than I with thy whole FLEET
Sent whizzing amongst *theirs* (in foaming Mead)
From feather'd Squadrons *Thunderbolts* of Lead.

The *Sea* is made another *Sea* of Blood,
The *Sayling Wood*, a *Wood* of floating Bodies.
In fine, a Victory by *Sea* robs thee
Of one by *Land*: And of this vast *ARMADA*
(Beneath whose weight the *Main* it self did shrink,
And which did threaten ev'n the *Earth* to sink)
The scattered fragments kiss thy princely Feet;
Ships, *Captives*, *Banners*, *Streamers*, *Rudders*, *Keels*,
Tall *Masts*, and launching *Oars*,
Now the torn *Spoils* and *Trophies* of these shores.

Of all thy Navy but one Ship is missing;
And thou (King of the *TRIDENT*, second *NEPTUNE*,
Lord of four Seas) hast hurl'd
A Bit, *FEAR*, *ENVY*, on the *Sea*, *SUN*, *WORLD*.

Felis. Once more, O let me hold such virtue fast!

Gen. What dangers courts not one, thus doubly grac'd,
His *Kings Hand* kiss'd, & inspire him going out;
Return'd, his *Arms*, to fence him round about?
This rears your Bulwarks; for that *Prince* who takes
One Souldier into favour, thousands makes.

Felis. A MONARCH's gracious Eye, preserving State,
Makes a brave Souldier, and just Magistrate.

Gen. Kiss all of you great *FELIS BRAVO*'s plants.

Capt. Cross Stars! *Felis*. There's greatness in that countenance.

Capt. I'm sure there's woe. *Gen.* This slave, of a high soul,
Thy Name did conquer. *Capt.* At thy Feet I roul.

Felis. How comes so stout and brave a Man to show
Such poorness, as to sink beneath a woe?

Capt. It is the *least* I feel; who much repine
This should be thought to share *one* sigh that's *mine*.
To be *thy* slave an honour *always* is,
And *now* to me a seasonable bliss;

A Good, which I do owe my *Ill*. *Felis.* Unfold
To me thy *Grief*. *Cap.* 'Tis easier bourn, than told:
For, though my life be *thine*, my *grief*'s my *own*.

Felis. Trust *me* with *both*, I have not *Ruth* alone,
But *Remedy*. *Cap.* Though 'tis to *see* a sorrow
To tell 't, let me thy Ear in private borrow.

Felis. General retire the Folks. *Capt.* Take then a pain
Equally hard to *speak* as to *contain*. *Exeunt Gen. &c.*

Great *FELIS BRAVE*, new Founder of this *Empire*;
Phoenix, whose *birth* into the *Throne* began
Out of the dissolution of a *SWAN*;
Who in the compass of *two years*, hast'liv'd
"A *thousand Ages* (for so much live *KINGS*,
"As they do *Reign*; *Reign*, as they do great things.)
TARTARIA, a famous Part of *ASIA*
(For now it rivals her fair Countrey, *who*
A *Star* in Heaven, is a *Rose* in *Cyprus*)
Hath for its *Queen* the beauteous *ZELIDAURA*,
Whom the most rich *embroideries* of *Praise*
Serve for her wearing upon *Common* days,
Those *vulgar* terms (with which a *mortal* Face
Men basely flatter to the Morns disgrace)
Those *bold* comparisons with *new-born* day
And *mid-day Suns* (which *HEAV'NS* and *GARDENS* lay
So splendidly to heart) are, of her *Youths*
Inestimable blossoms, most fair *Truths*;
In whom *perfections* see nothing to mend by,
And miracles themselves something to envy:

To whose fresh Years, and Cheeks, the *Aprils* throng
For *flowry* license to be fair and young.

Fel. Is she so fair? *Capt.* The least in her that's rare.

Fel. And good? *Capt.* Yes, ten times more than she is fair.

Fel. (Rare Wight indeed)

Aside.

Captive proceed.

Capt. Those poor *Examples*, in which Poets feign
Of much *Romantick Princess* such profane
Impossibilities, out-done by *Her*,
Her *sobrer* Beauty joyns *sweet* with *severe*;
Majestical with *humble*, for a *King*,
Not for a *Woman*, made: She takes the *Ring*,
Guirds *Steel*, and *Lawrel*: Pond'ring on the *aëls*
Writ of *Semiramis*, and manly facts
Of great *Penthesilea*, she becomes
Of a light flame, as, at the *kindling* Drums,
Achilles hid in *lying* Petticoat,
His *choice* betraying what his *face* did not.
A Man amongst her *Counsellors* she lives,
A Woman with her *Ladies*; Laws she gives,
And *Hearts* she conquers; beautiful, and wise.

Fel. Is she so gallant? *Capt.* She doth Monarchize
With such *sage* valour, that the *world* — *Fel.* Pass on.

Seeing Felisbravo disturbed he stops.

(What a rare Woman!) *Capt.* (What a curious Man! *Aside.*

But, who can hear so great a *Queen* set forth,
And not be ravish'd with her matchless worth?) *Aside.*

I, by her *Fame* drawn from *Cicilia* (where
The King my Father all those Nations fear
As far as *Nile*) 'mongst many, to present
My self *one* Trophy of her *Beauty*, went;
True always, always firm, always in vain:
And, when in *highest* tow'nings of my *Flame*,
In *lowest* *stoops* of humble *Adoration*,
Excess of Love with me was *Moderation*,
And wonders possible; It so besel —

Fel.

Fel. 'She Marry'd? *Capt.* She! *Fel.* What prou'd?

Capt. *Invincible.*

Fel. Conclude thy *Story* then (and let her be
In a good hour *fair*, and at liberty.) *Aside.*

Capt. — My Father sick'ned (*Noble Felisbrave*)
And, in a War where Love and Duty strave,
That which I sided with was overcome;
For, with *two* Ships to visit *him* I come,
When *five* of that *Armada* meet with me
(New-wrecking *Quick-sands* of the cruel Sea!)
'Gainst which, receiving thousand wounds I strive,
That, for their *killing* me, I might forgive
Their making me a *Slave*; Thy *General* comes
To round thy Coasts: *He* them again overcomes,
Chains them, conducts them, where the *King* may put
Upon their Bellies his *triumphant* Foot.

I (Captive twice) on peevish FORTUNES Frown
Pretend not to establish a Renown:
For a Fool too may be unfortunate.
But if a *King*; If, by an *Antidote*
Of early VIRTUE, when years fifteen came
Thou wrot'st *Eternal*; If thou 'rt like thy Fame;
If thou knowest *Pity*: If admitt'st of Tears,
To supple thee; Of Prayers, to storm thy Ears;
Past Ages, to incite thee; *History*,
To make thee glorious to *Posterity*:
Or set me free, or kill me instantly;
If it be possible a *wretch* can dye.

*Offers to throw himself
at the Feet of Felisbrave,
but he doth not permit him.*

Fel. Rise, gallant Youth, and Courage new acquire.

Capt. My *Soul* bates to be gone, proud to expire
At so brave Feet. *Fel.* (Alas, he swounds!) and *mine*
Two tender Passions doth partake from *thine*,
(Let in at several doors) *Love* at my *Ear*,
Grief at my *Eye*: *Hoe, General!* *Gen.* I am here.

Enter General.

Fel. New matter that thy *virtue* may not miss,
Save me this *Slave* from death; and tell him this,

Act. I. *To Love only to only Love.*

7

*A King (that knows how to be one) commands
Thee, trust thy Life and Fortune in his hands.*

Gen. He would not let his wounds be dress'd. *Fel.* Ply, serve him
As thou would'st me; and all the Gods preserve him.

*The General carries him out upon his
shoulders, and Felisbravo remains alone.*

What *Circe* in a moment hath purloyn'd
The wonted peace and freedom of my Mind?
What War is this, that lays soft batteries
Unto a Soul inur'd to Victories?
What heav'nly *Zelidaura* is this same?
What new device of Love, out of a Name
To shoot so sweet a Poison? O, then I
Less wounded Slave! Thou 'lt leave me, if thou dye,
Something t' envy in what thou dost deplore,
And in thy Story something to adore.
But, though so great a Beauty force my Love,
And to suppress it against Nature prove,
I'll be a better Prince, than Lover: Brave,
And hard, therefore my Act! Free be the Slave:
And (if he live) see *Tartary*; whilst I
Of Love, of Sorrow, and of Honour dye.
And let us bring in fashion, 'twixt us both,
Justice in *Rivalship*, in *Absence Troth*.

Enter General with a Picture.

Gen. He lies all weltring in his Blood, and live
He cannot: This fair *Picture* he doth give
For thee to keep: And (if he dye) for Wife
Prays thee to make a conquest of the *Life*,
To him (he said) and all the World, but *Thee*,
Angelical Impossibilitie.

Fel. Reach it: Return, and let your care be more —
(Gust yield to Reason) — then it was before.
Tempt me not, Love: The Face I will not see,
Blind *Argus*, if my *Ears* were scall'd by thee
What second engine 'gainst my *Eyes* must move,

Exit.

To

To burn my Heart to Cinders? I, in love!
 I, pangs! I, pangs! I, to be afraid
 My Faith cannot deserve, my Vows perswade!
 Tears, from a Manly Face! Sighs, that shall find
 Themselves no more regarded than the Wind!
 Oh! Why should Love such servile things enjoy?
 But why this Pride? Does Beauty not enshrine
 A Deity? Did it not GODS subdue?
 Then let it tame a Man, and let me view
 The lovely noble Feature, and the bright,
 Of this fair Shade. Love is a less'ning flight:
 When he doth veil his Plumes, it's such a thing
 As when an Eagle stoops upon the Wing.

Looks upon the Picture.

This Face all Soul is, and so full of Life,
 That Life and Beauty are in it at strife
 Which shall be more: — What Spirits? — What Spells too?
 If in a little Card a Compass threw
 The Earth, and lay it out in several;
 In this, a PENCIL hath Mapp'd Heav'n and all,
 And Mapp'd it to the Life. — For on these Cheeks

Looks upon it again, and again.

(Where white and red divinely intermix)
 Aurora's hands hang snowing *jesamines*,
 — Her Fingers bleeding Roses; — The Moon shines
 Bright in these Tresses, where each Hair's a Ray;
 — Two twinkling Stars; — Two speaking Rubies; — May
 Buds; — The MORN Blushes; — At one skip the Sun
 Gets up; — High NOON as soon as Day's begun!
 I'll love, I'll dye (O most unhappy man!)
 In love a Phoenix, and in death a Swan.

Enter General.

Gen. The Captive (Sir) is something livelier. Fel. How?
 What doest thou say? Gen. That he is better. Fel. (Now *Aside*.
 Must he needs mend?) Good News: And I would do thee
 Some good for bringing it. Gen. Heav'n keep him to thee.

Fel.

Fel. Love, I shall crush thee yet, as arrogant
As false too as thou art; As I am *Man*,
I may be staggered; but, as I'm a KING,
(Born for more Sov'rain Ends) thou canst not throw me.
We, should, with sprawling of our *Childish Arms*,
The cruel *Serpents* of *ALCIDES* strangle:
We, in the midst of all the *SIRENS* Charms;
Should the wise *cantion* of *ULISSES* carry.

Let my *desire* be tam'd, and not
My *Obligation* be forgot;
I more provoking *Envy's* Sting
As *virtuous*, than as being a *King*;
The *World* admiring in my Pains
Sober *Madness*, and free *Chains*.

Exeunt.

Trumpets, Enter the Queen Zelidaura, her Head-dress full of Plumes;
Roselinda Lady of Honour to her, Prince Claridoro, and Train, as in
heat of Argument, begun in the Tiring-Room.

Zel. My *Will* to me's a *Law*. If it appear
Prepost'rous for a *Woman* Arms to bear,
Let it suffice I make the *Precedent*.
Since there be Men effeminately bent,
We *Manly* Women must that wrong undo;
For you see sometimes *NATURE* can lie too.

Clar. Brave *ZELIDAURA*, thy *Heroick* Mind
Who does not wonder at? *Zel.* Little inclin'd
Always to sloath, the *Pride* I have, I place
In a great *Heart*, and not in a fair *Face*.
If on the *Borders* of my *Land*, we have
A *Novelty* so manifoldly brave,
A woiing *Warfare*, this *INCHANTED* *QUEEN*;
A *Beauty* the more sought the less 'tis seen,
Nor of less difficulty to the *Wit*
Than to the *Sword*, shall I not step to see't?

C

To

To see such Noble Action? chiefly I
 Giving the frailty of my *Sex* the Lye?
 Not, that my Courage hath so much of heat,
 As to thrust *Prudence* wholly from her seat;
 So *metled* I am not, as if that I
 Affected it to quit *deformity*;
 Nor yet so *foolish* as some Women are,
 Who for *that* only do suspect they're *fair*.

Clar°. HEAV'N, that created thee thus *warlike*, stole
 Into a *Woman's* Body a *Man's* Soul.
 But *Nature's* Law in vain thou do'st gainsay:
 The *Woman's* Valour lies another way.
 The *Dress*, the *Fear*, the *Blush*, the witching *Eye*,
 More witching *Tongue*, are *Beauty's* *Armory*:
 To rally, to discourse in Companies
 Who's *fine*, who *courte*, who a *WIT*, who *wise*:
 And with the awing sweetness of a *DAME*
 (As conscious of a *Face*, can *Tigers* tame)
 By *Tasks* and *circumstances* to discover
 Amongst the *best* of *PRINCES* the *best* *LOVER*,
 (The *Fruit* of all those *Flowers*) who serves with most
 Self diffidence, who with the greatest *boast*,
 Who twists an *Eye* of *Hope* in brays of *Fear*,
 Who *silent* (made for nothing but to bear
Sweet scorn and injuries of *LOVE*) envyes
 Unto his *Tongue* the *Treasure* of his *Eyes*:
 Who, without vaunting *shape*, hath only *Wit*,
 Nor knows to *hope* reward, though *merit* it:
 Then, out of *All*, to make a *CHOICE* so rare
 So *lucky-wise* as if thou wert not *fair*.

Zel. Will men ne're leave this freak? that *Beauties* fate
 Is neither to the *wise*, nor *fortunate*?
ENVY would have it so; *She* ulther'd in
 This *vulgar Error*, or some scorn'd *Mans* Spleen
 Or homely *Womans* Comfort. *PRINCE*, that *DAME*
 Who lets her self be lov'd with a *true* Flame,

Considers

Considers not how ill INGRATITUDE
Will look, when she must afterwards be *rude*.
Should I examine if this Man's a *Gull*,
Or th'other *Gull* a *LOVER*? Poor, and dull!
To render *him* the object of my *Care*,
Who should be of my *Scorn*! Only *Despair*
Will I allow to *Men*, nor can dispence
With so much shew of *hope*, as *diligence*.
What a fond antiquated Errour? (*Save me!*)
I must call't *Love*, because a Man would have me
For his *nont-self*: He swears he's *mine* alone;
Then (*grofely*) prays me not to be my *own*.

Ros. Sounds it not merit unto *thee* for one
To serve thee, who is braver than the *Sun*?

Zel. Would'st thou have *me* admire and value than
The painted Plumes of any Peacock-Man?
I've Pride enough my self. It makes me *smile*
(And yet I'm vext) to hear what *Love* the stile
And *serving* in a *GALLANT*; to new sheath
Himself each day, not let his *Adistress* breath,
But haunt her to the *Park*, or to the *Bourse*,
On that the *vulgar* call a goodly *Horse*;
Hat in the *hand*, her *colours* in the *hat*,
Then tell her with a trembling boldness — (What?)
That he's an *As*; Affect a *diffidence*,
Yet wear her *Porch* out; making *diligence*,
Smell rank of *Hope*. If *Importunity*
Is call'd *Desert*, what more *absurd* can be
Than for a *fair one* to become his *prey*
That hunts her down? Let *Greater ASIA*
Her *Princes* send their *Valours* here to prove:
I would see *Fighting*, and not hear of *Love*.

Ros. Our Ancestresses would; but *we* (more wise)
The *Ignis fatuus* of *Love* despise.

Clar. These *Ceremonies* which thou seek'st to bar,
From the first hallowing *fundamental* are

To *Lady-hoods* fair Order; for, *discreet*,
 Secret, and stout, and gay; of a compleat
Lover, are the *Ingredients*: And in SPAIN
 The gallant Mock-war of the *Bulls*, and CANE
 Doth in a *Courtly Valour* comprehend
 Both that which you, and that which I commend:
 For those fierce GAMES (though *Sports* they called are)
 Proclaim in *jest* what Men in *earnest* dare.

Zel. Secret (quoth you!) If he must trusted be
 With nothing, what's his *secrecy* to me?

Thou (*CLARIDORO*) do'st extremely erre,
 If thou think'st *Courtships* can this Bosom stir;
 Not my AFFECTION, *Body*, *Air*, and *Meen*;
 But *Soul*, *Deeds*, *Virtues*, purchase my ESTEEM.
 Thy brave Youth hazzard in this *Enterprise*:
 (*For Sloth in Princes is a double Vice.*)

Whence, if thou conquer, thou com'st burnish'd forth
 With *Glor*y; if thou dye, what greater worth
 Than to lose well a *Life*. *Clar.* But I keep mine,
 To be spent better in some CAUSE that's thine;
 Mean while, at thy adored Feet it lies:
 And where can be a nobler *Enterprise*,
 Than to o'recome thy *Love's* disdainful, high
 And Beautiful *Impossibility*?

'T has more of *danger* in it too: For there
 My *Valour* combats, but with Thee my *Fear*.
 If thou dispraisest *Praise*, neglectest *Care*,
 And hatest to be lov'd, why art thou fair?

Zel. I am not fair, nay fair I will not be;
 And less endure to be so call'd by thee.

If *Truth*, where is the favour? if a *Lye*,
 It mends me not. What *vain* *Civility*!

(I wonder it should please some as it doth)

A great *Lye*'tis, and would be a small *Truth*.

Clar. Be not displeas'd that I thy *Beauty* praise;
 'Tis a Debt which my Eye owes, and my Tongue pays:

Give

Give me thy Heart then, or thou'lt dye in debt.

Zel. If I have thine, where? Shew me my Receipt.

Clar. 'Tis well: The anger of a *Mistress* swells
In thee; in me a *LOVER's* Patience dwells.

Ref. If all thy *Servants* thus thou entertain,
I look *this* Prince too should be *bond*, or *slain*;
For of the other nothing yet is known.

Zel. Ay, and absence kill'd him, he hath done
The part of a *Wise-man* and of a *Lover*.

Clar. Th' *INCHANTED CASTLE* doth it self discover.

Zel. A goodly Fabrick! *Clar.* Princely! *Zel.* If the Cloud
Shine so, what does the *light* that it does shroud?

Clar. The two *wings* various workmanship seems rather
A *Sphæar*, than *Pallace*; *Miracle*, than *either*.

Zel. The uniform and equal *structure* vyes
Twin-Beauties so, 'tis *Musick* of the *Eyes*!

And its *perfections* (greater their *fame*)
The stile of *Royal*, for *Divine* disclaim!

Ref. It shews 'midst so much Beauty, as delights,
A *Majesty* that *awes*, *Honour* that *frights*.

What *MONSTERS* muster! *Clar.* That of *Creet* (I think)
I am surveying, and his *LAZYRINT*.

Zel. Here hangs a Trumpet. *Clar.* 'Tis, without all doubt,
T'advise when any strangers are without.

Zel. Blow it, and call. *Ref.* Is it no more but so?
Madam, when thou do'st call, do'st thou not know

Thou call'st a thousand *Monsters*? *Zel.* Pish! We may
Be, without fears, all Ladies — Blow, I say.

*One Blows the Trumpet, to which they answer from within with
another, and a Gyant appears upon the Battlement.*

Gy. 1. Th' *Advent'rer*, who? *Ref.* (Dire shape.) *Zel.* 'Twere
To learn before what the *ADVENTURE* is. (not amiss)

Gy. 1. You would not use your *hands* then, but your *feet*.

Zel. With *civil Gyant* shall one never meet?

Clar. He knows not *thee*. *Zel.* How *many* have pretence
To *Valour*, only by their *Insolence*!

Ref.

Ros. Excuse them, *Madam*, the Books make them so.

Gy. 1. Approaching *Knights* themselves in Armour show.

Ros. Again? I fear me here will be a fray.

Zel. A Troop of Horse? My *GENIUS* feasts to day.

Ros. *Madam*, we are not safe. *Zel.* Mask'd in this dress
Here will I stand to witness the success.

Ros. But, *Madam*, why hast thou not made a new
INCHANTED CASTLE for thy Beauty too?

Zel. Because that *Beauty* hath a stronger fence
Which is immur'd with its own innocence.

Sound Trumpets.

Ros. All's War. *Zel.* Thy Fortune in th' *Adventure* try.

Clar. Ah! how much more's th' *Enchantment* of that *Eye*.

Exeunt.

Enter Felisbravo, the General, and Rifaloro in the Spanish Habit, or how they will, out of the Persian, as in Journey towards Tartaria, Felisbravo replying to their dissuasions from it.

Fel. This is *Love* (start not at the word) 't will blind
Soonest the clearest sight, and (read) you 'l find
Great *Lover*, and Great *Prince*, went ever joyn'd.

It is a Spirit, an immortal Guest,
The prop'rest Passion of a Kingly brest,
As higher by the head than all the rest.

If Bounteous, prudent, constant, valiant,
Secret, and affable, and vigilant,
Are Royal Stiles; and *Love* is all these things:
See, if good *Lovers* will not make good *Kings*.
"Tis a dull Wisdom not to love, a curst
"Imperfect *Virtue*; and it is at worst

"A

"A Manly fault high Beauty to adore.
 'Tis fit my youth [divinely bent] explore,
 Not sweet variety to please my taste,
 But (to contemplate on) a Phoenix chaff:
 Whom having found, out of the vulgar path,
 My Soul (then wholly taken up with Faith)
 Shall shut out hope; For this pure Spirit that grasps
 In its immenseness whatsoever Heav'n clasps,
 And Earth, contains yet but one Will; which one
 Should be so brave, and firmly mov'd upon
 Her centre, as to love eternally
 In a Life's moment: So without a Why,
 As it all Beauty it were death to covet,
 Or (saying only to love it) to love it;
 As if, ev'n to deserve, were to encroach,
 And the least spark of favour, Faith's reproach.
 Then, rackt with passion, to confess i'th' end
 A flame, which only pardon shall pretend,
 "Who (loving much) himself hath little sought,
 "If fault it be, hath done a civil fault.
 "Nor added to (in his more noble fire)
 "The sin of Love the crime of a desire:
 "Forcing his Mistress with too close pursuit
 "To kick him off with an enraged foot.
 "Importun'd pity causes just disdain:
 Whilst self-deniers may enjoy their pain.

Ris. There's no such Lyar as your Lover is:
 Not one of them but says, not one does, this,
 Would'st thou have humane Love without desire?
 No, all below is culinary fire,
 Talk what they will. Fel. The Captive dy'd, and me
 This ZELIDAURA'S Beauty calls, to see
 If fame have not been lavish in her Praise;
 And, following the bright Lanthorn of her Raies,
 (Pretending to that God a Pilgrimage
 Whom superstitious Greeks adore in Delos)

I quit my *Kingdom* (a poor Complement)
 For I would quit as many, in her quest,
 As *Spain* possesses, or old *Rome* possessest.
 But, if I greater than a Kingdom be,
 (Since where I am, I am not without me)
 What do I quit? *Gen.* Although there is no Law
 Which can a Countrey, and a People awe
 Like their KING's Eye; thou leav'st at the stern *two*
 Great *Statesmen*, whose least praise, is that they bridle
 Envy's black Muzzel; who, of *themselves* good,
 Surpass *themselves* in goodness; since we see
 They are the better ev'n for fear of *thee*.

Fel. Their Zeal and prudent Courage prop my Throne:
 Yet I too am not *absent*, though from home
 For *Princes* care is over all that's *theirs*:
 Nor can good Kings have *evil Counsellors*.
 A King should be all Eye and Ear; he shou'd
 Be *learned*, to be *wise*; *wise*, to be *good*.

Rif. I quake: This *Prince* was born to rule the *World*.
 O the transcendent baseness of a pack
 Of Hounds, of us, who (with what we call Loyalty)
 Not follow, but ev'n *hunt* so sweet a King,
 And *worry* him! For those, whom I have known
 To boast most *faith*, and pure *devotion*,
 Have never been concern'd how *Riches* Stream
 Ebb'd with our *Master*, so it flow'd with *them*.

Gen. IN RIFALORO (for thy Recreation)
 Thou hast a *Mirth* without *scurrility*,
 An understanding wrap'd in *Raylery*.
 In him is found a *sober* Madness, sport
 Without *abuse*; all very new in COURT.
 A Man so honest, that he will (I know)
 Speak always *truth* to thee. *Rif.* He will not though.
 Nor lye, nor truth, shall from my mouth proceed,
 (Good my Lord General, there's no such need)

Not

Not lye, because to lye, is a disgrace;
 Not *truth*, for it belongs not to my place.
 My gay and frolick *humour* shall dispence,
 Not lyes (I scorn 't) not *truths* (they give offence.)
 I, Truths? I'm not a *Fool* to that degree,
 'T would count'nance lyes, to have truths told by me.
Gen. Such then about all *Majesty* should come,
 As will tell *Truths*, and whom Truths will become.

Sound a Trumpet within.

Fel. What's that? *Rif.* A Trumpet here? *Fel.* I'm ravish'd! this
 To noble Ears the sweetest *Musick* is.
 Amongst these *Trees* a stately Pile I spy,
 Fair butt of the *Desire*, bound of the *Eye*.

Gen. Is't not the *Sphear* of that Illustrious *QUEEN*?
 Thy *Heart's* strong *Load-stone*, drawing it unseen?

Fel. We are not got so far as *Tartary*:
 For yet we tread the *Happy Araby*.

Gen. Draw neerer let us. *Fel.* Rather let us bask
 Vain *Curiofities*: For, when I walk
Another way then towards my North Pole,
 I am complain'd upon by my own soul.

Gen. See, various *Works*, and strange *Inscriptions* under,
 Where *Novelties* lay to arrest our wonder.

Fel. It says here:

Reads upon the Gate.

I am a Bondage, or I am a Prize:
I Marry with the Valiant, and the Wise:
Valiant or Wise, alone, will not suffice.

— And it says here:

Beauty is deny'd a voice,
In making for it self a choice:
'Cause Reason would not trust a Bliss
I' a thing so prone to chuse amiss.

The words are plain : But *why* they are writ here
I cannot reach. *Rif.* I can. *Gen.* Then, prethee, say.

Rif. To make *wise fools* of all that pass this way.

Fel. Let's call. *Rif.* Here hangs a *Trumpet* : Must we call ?

Gen. Blow't, *Risaloro*, do. *Fel.* If here I shall
Be held, but for one instant, my *Love* mourns :
For a true *Lover's Heart* sits upon *Thorns*.

They call as before, and a Trumpet answers from within, and another different Gyant comes up, who puts off his Hat.

Rif. They come. *Gy. 2.* Your pleasure, Knight ? Draw
near. *Rif.* What's that ?

'Fig for your *Courtship* ! *Prodigal* of *Hat* ;
Thou *sleep'st* in *sheets*, drink't thy *Sherbet* with *Snow*,
And wait'st on *Ladies* (doubtless) to a *Show* :
A *Gyant A-la mode* —

Gy. 2. What is your *Worships* pleasure ? *Rif.* *Worships* too ?
Mountain of *Bone*, if thou canst tell us, do,
What is embraced by this *Castle's Dyke* ?
Say, *prodigy* ; to *humane creature* like.

Gy. 2. The fair *Claridiana*, who gives *Laws*
To all this *Countrey* : For so *strange* a cause,
And in so *strange* a way, *Inchanted* here,
As (if you are at leisure) you shall hear.

The first Gyant comes up very angry, and the second sneaks away.

Gen. Say on. *Gy. 1.* *Peace, Busy* ; get you whence you came.

Gy. 2. I go. *Rif.* He seems a *GYANT*, is a *LAME*.

Gy. 1. Who is't would be inform'd ? *Rif.* A *Squire*.

Gy. 1. A *Squire* ?

Squires are no piece of *History* : *Retire*.

Rif. O *Rogue* ! as long as *this* year and the *last* !
Vizard of *Valour* ! *Gy. 1.* *Squire* ? It makes me —

Rif. Nay, I deserve no better : Was I drunk,
To raise that *scandal* on my self ? Thou, *Trunk* ;
Thou, *Pomontory* ; thou, *deluge* of *flesh* ;
Some *Errant Knight* with a *white face* shall thresh

Thee

Thee out (*I vow*) and not one whole Bone leave thee;
With glittering *Morglay*: For the gentle *slit*
Over the Nose would never *Gyant* fit.

Gy. 1. Out, Worm! *Gen.* Great Porter (*Gyant* is no more)
'Answer. *Gy. 1.* (Th'art troublesome) Upon what score?
Wert thou a *Knight*, I would; but with this *Mace*
I'll come, and purge you *All* out of the place.

Fel. Must I hear *this*, and purse up the *disgrace*?
Rude, saucy, arrogant. *Gy. 1.* ('Twere good, in troth,
If *Gyants* should take notice of such froth.)

Exit.

Fel. Knock, knock a thousand times, for I am— *Rif.* (What,
Orlando Furioso?) *Fel.* A new *HERCULES*
To break in fitters these enchanted Gates.
But, what's *Clavidianna* unto ME?
Whether the wonder of the *Earth* she be;
Or *Envy* of the Heav'n? Away, away;
My Soul cries shame on me for this delay.

Gen. Sir, though *Love* spur you, and your heart say *no*,
Sleep, rest, repose a little; since you go
So tyr'd: Do more for *Nations* (whole Lives sheath
Themselves in *yours*) than for one Picture; Breath:
Enjoy this cool *cessation* of the *Sun*,
The gentle *April's* greenest *Mansion*.

Rif. This flowry Wood (so well describ'd) enjoy;
Thy *love* goestoo, if thou thy *life* destroy.

Gen. Sit by this silver-fed, and *murmuring*—

Rif. Means he by *that* a *COURTIER*? or a *Spring*?

Gen. I go to see the *Palfreys*, do not move
From the King, *Rifalero*. *Rif.* Of this Grove

Exit General.

I am the sleepy *Burgefs*.—Sleep'st not thou?

Fel. Ill custom *this* of *sleeping*; a dull badge
Of humane frailty: Thief of *love* and *life*.

Rif. Has the *world* such a *pastime*, as dear Sleep?

O folly of transcendent *gust*! to wink,
And for some certain time of nothing think;
But, if I were a *King*, I'd never lay
My lids together, to reign night and day.

Ecl. If *sleep* invade me strongly, That may sever
My *life* some minutes from me, my *love* never.
But 'tis impossible to *sleep* (we know)
Extended on the Rack: It that be so,

Takes out the Picture.

Drum Larum. come thou forth: *Eloquent Mute*,
For whom high Heav'n and Earth commence a Suit:
Of Angel-woman, fair *Hermaphrodite*!
The Moon's *extinguisher*! the *Moon-days* night!
How could so small a *Sphear* hold so much day?
O *sleep*! now, now, thou conquer'st me— But stay:
That *part* thou conquer'st, I'll not own for *mine*.
Tempest I seek, not calm: If the days thine,
Thou quell'st my body, my Love still is whole:
I give thee all of that which is not Soul.
And, since in *Lodgings* from the Street Love lies,
Do thou (and spare not) quarter in my Eyes
A while; I harb'ring so unwelcome Guest
(As Men obey thy Brother *Death's* arrest)
Not as a *Lover*, but a MORTAL —

He falls a sleep with the Picture in his hand.

Rif. He's fallen a sleep; so soon? What frailty is?
More like a *Husband*, then a *Lover*, this.
If *Lovers* take such sleeps, what shall I take,
Whom pangs of *Love*, nor Honour's *Trumpets*, wake?

Rifaloro falls asleep.

Enter

Enter Zehilura like a Huntress, with a Bow and Quiver.

Zeh. Solitude, of Friends the best,
 And the best *Companion*;
 Mother of Truths, and brought at least
 Every day to bed of one:
 In this flow'ry *Mansion*
 I contemplate how the *Rose*
 Stands upon thorns, how quickly goes
 The dismaying *Jasmine*;
 Only the *Soul*, which is divine,
 No decay of Beauty knows.

The world is beauty's *Mirroure*; *Flow'rs*,
 In their first virgin-purity
 Flatters both of the *Nose* and *Eye*,
 To be cropt by *Paramours*
 Is their best of *Destiny*.

And those nice *dawlings* of the *Land*,
 Which seem'd Heav'n's painted bow to scorn,
 And bloom'd the envy of the *morn*,
 Are the gay *trophy* of a *hand*:

We, that are *Queens*, in *style* and *power*,
 Serve but to take up a *Man's Game*,
 Into his hands to put the same,
 Who may neglect us the next hour.
 "She on whom *greatness* *Heav'n* doth showre,
 "If she the *Main* is, or the *By*,
 The means of knowing is debarr'd;
 Therefore my *CROWN* I would discard,
 Because it lets me not defer
 Whether my *FORTUNE's* lov'd, or I.

I am not *foul*, nor very *proud*,
 Yet, out of measure *jealous* grown,
 Least Suitors (who my *Pallace* croud)
 Are come a woeing to my *Throne*.
 But, as in vain, with rueful tone

The am'rous Birds in flow'ry *Vales*
 Tell the fair Morn a thousand *Tales*;
 In vain do *me* these *Lovers* haunt:
 Little *Twat'lers*, ignorant
 Importuning *Nightingales*.

With shooting I'll divert me —

*Risaloro talks in his sleep, at which Zelidaura startles,
 and, turning, spies Felisbravo.*

Ris. (Rare sops!) *Zel.* I hear a Man — A *Knight* there lies,
 Who, in a *Picture* (*eyes*) the vaunted spoil
 Of some *Court Beauty* (whom he will beguile)
 Holds in his hand the *Idol* of his *eyes*.

She draws nearer him.

He sleeps; she loves him, by this light:
 For *Men*, if handled with *disdain*,
 Cannot sleep (they're in such pain;)
 But if once they're *lov'd*, good night.

SLEEP, and LOVE, are two blind Gods
 That have always liv'd at odds.
 Therefore th' *Man* that *sleep* is taking
 Little cares for *him* who's *waking*.

Lullaby'd in FAVOURS lap,
 No wonder this should take a nap.
 — Bless me! She loves him past all bound,
 His *sleep* could not be else so *sound*.

He

He, her for ends, I lay my life ;
 Those compass, his *flame* dyes.
 Sure, he consider'd her his WIFE,
 For she hath clos'd his *Eyes*.

O that her self had napping catch'd
 Her Knight ! that she might weep
 To see the *much*, for *him* sh' has watch'd,
 Rewarded with a *sleep*.

That she with rage might understand,
 In *Men*, that *Truth* most prize,
 How soon a *favour* in their *hand*
 Is less'ning in their *eyes*.

She draws yet nearer.

LOVER (because ungrateful 's worse,
 I say not foolish Lover)
 Thou shouldst have put it in a *purse*,
 The *disesteem* to cover.

I'll take it from him : Let him wake
 As rightly serv'd, as inly madd'd,
 Fond Ship-wreck of a *Bliss* to make,
 Which he *despis'd* because he *had* it.

Takes the Picture from him.

Lady, thou art reveng'd by me ;
Without thee let him 'bide,
 Who, being in *thy* company,
 Could take *himself* aside :

Whom *favour* made to face about :
 Who neither *loves* thee, nor did keep—

Looks upon the Picture.

But, what is this ! without all doubt
 I *dream*, if *he's* asleep.

I feel a hidden *hand* distil
A poyson flow into my *will*.

My *Organs* in their places stand?
'Tis I (unhappy Beauty!)
I, limn'd? And in a *Polteroons* hand
That sleeps upon his *duty*?

Where's the due reverence to my state?
(Heavens!) What is this *face* become?
I, pocketed? And by a *Mate*
That uses me for *Opium*?

The Root of *Womans* Pedegree
Makes me fear my self his *Bride*;
Because my self I taken see
(Whil't he sleepeth) from his *side*.

I should *love him* by ONE Token,
That his sleeps are so unbroken;
But he wrongs me (I'm sure) by *two*,
Pistur'd, and *neglected* too.

To know who 'tis, more *fear* in me
Then *Curiosity* doth move:
For *little* is his *Quality*;
If 'tis not *greater* than his *Love*.

Another fault I cannot find:
A sweeter *Man* my Eyes ne're saw!
Here were a *LOVER*, if his *Mind*
One by his *Face* and *Shape* could draw.

If I have cost thee *Love*, (a *pain*
Thou hast so rare an *Art* to hide)
Thee I conjure, for my *disdain*
Sufficiently be qualified.

She hears the footing of some-body.
(People

Act. I. *To Love only to Love.*

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(People approach.) Mask'd with my fear
In this same place again I'll be,
To know news of him — (Love, hold there)
I was about to say — Of *me*.

Exit.

Enter Claridoro calling after her.

Clar°. Hear (*fair one*) thou a *Man* hast slain,
Yet fly not for it;
For, besides that 'tis in *vain*,
'T will make the *fact* more horrid:
In *vain*: for (*Flow'rs* up-growing
Where thou art going)
O ZELIDAU RA, see
Each ROSE *accuses* and *confesses* Thee!

Through this dark *Wood* I shoot,
Where thy *scorns* lead,
And (*Pencil* of the *Mead*)
Thy Milky Foot
A Miracle doth show,
That the *red* Flowers should spring from the *white* Snow.

If thou'rt enraged to find
My Murdres, I declare,
My *silence* doth prepare
To pacify thy Mind.

But (HEAVENS!) How is that possible;
Since when I tell my fear, my Love I tell?

*Felisbravo wakes, and begins to speak
to the Picture.*

Fel. Can, Can it be that I have slept?
Then let my *sin* my *pennance* be,
For all that while I have been kept
(Companion for a God) from thee.

Misses the Picture.

E

Hah!

Hah! The Picture? I had rather
 My self were lost, (O heav'nly Father!)
 He whom to wake *that* could not make,
 Let him sleep, and never wake.

In my *Coffin* I should blush
 Though I now dy'd of *Grief* and *Love*.
 One Life would for offending *thus*
 But slender *expiation* prove.

If I dye, my grief dies too,
 If I would kill *grief* and all,
Death hath something else to doe
 Than to come when *Wretches* call.

If I dye in fine, in vain
 Will a demi-cure be wrought:
 Death, that takes away my pain,
 Cannot take away my *fault*.

Live then, *I*, and *live* my GRIEF;
 Wander my surviving *Ghost*
 (Stripped of her Solace chief)
 Round about this *treasure* lost.

Let my *Soul* a stranger be
 To what e're of comfort taste;
 And my Body dying fee,
 Whilst long-lived *sorrow* lasts.

Ill on me is well bestow'd,
 I have *deserv'd* so cross a *fate*,
 Whose *misfortune* most is show'd
 In that I *once* was *fortunate*.

Clar. What does he prole about for here?
Fel. 'Tis stoln from me (my *Anger* grow—)
This Man hath stoln it—Cavalier,
 I'm one the *WORLD* (I'd have you know)

Hath

A& I. *To Love only to Love.*

Hath bourn so *great*, that (though in jest)

I cannot any *wrong* digest ;
And (by *none* else to be dismay'd)
Of my *own name* I am afraid.

Never did I, my whole Life long,
With RAUNTS (you understand)
Give to a *Braggadocia Tongue*
The office of the *Hand*.

Therefore, in courteous fort I pray,
Deliver the Sun back.

Clar°. What means the Man ? Fel. My Soul I say,
Which I too long do lack.

Clar°. Is he not mad ? Fel. Think not to put *me* off,
By putting strangeness on ; with *it*, in one
Pencil, restore a thousand *rays*, a thousand
Suns in one Picture. Clar°. Yet, I cannot reach him.

Fel. Restore it, or (I vow to JOVE) th' art dead.

Clar°. I neither know your *meaning*, neither fear
Nor esteem you : For let me tell you—

*Rifaloro wakes, and gets upon his feet
in a great fright.*

Rif. What clattering 's this ? Fel. Not understand me ? little
Know'st thou whom thou offend'st. Clar°. Thou know'st me little.

*Rifaloro draws and puts himself on
the side of Claridoro.*

Rif. Do, tame that Colt. Fel. Thou do'st misken me doubtless.

Rif. No, no, but to help *one* (a *Medicine* try'd)
Clap a hot Coward to the *other* side.

Fel. No fooling, my chaf'd fury shall consume him :
Once I have *sworn*. Clar°. And, if my honest word
Thou wilt not take, I pawn thee *here* my *Sword*.

*They fight, when suddenly let there be a noise within, many Inven-
tions are shot off, and all that may move horreur and admirations.
Trumpets and Drums loftily.*

But what is this! *Fel.* What horror! 'less Heav'n falls,
Th' Inchantment is dissolving: or these Walls.

The same.

The noise continues, sound Trumpets with much harmony and clasp of War. Enter the General, and let a Draw-bridge fall from aloft, parting Felisbravo and Claridoro, and within let there appear a stair-case, by which the Prince Floranteo is to descend richly clad, and with him the Gyants, and let many horrible shapes be seen: And enter Zelidaura like a Shepherdess, and with her Roselinda in the same habit.

Ros. The Adventure is try'd doubtless by some Knight.

Zel. Hide me (*rough Bark*) while I enjoy this sight.

But he that comes to try it, is the same
That wore my Picture. O, fair Knighthoods shame!
One Woman pictur'd, and another sought?
That thou a Traytor art, is thy own fault:
But, wert thou an *ungrateful* one, 'twere mine.

Let all the stair-case be coverd with Arms, and Appurtenances of War, and the covering and floor covered therewith, and let there fall out of the mouth of a Serpent a black Gyant armed with a Club, and spitting fire.

Gen. The matter, *Risaloro*? *Ris.* Do thou divine,
I cannot now the while, I do fear so;
Fear with me, and hereafter we shall know.

Floranteo puts himself between the two Adventurers.

Flo. Generous KNIGHTS, ambitious of the honour
To interweave LAUREL with OAK, and twist
MARS with APOLLO. From this dazzling wonder,
From this fair Prodigie, from this (now) truth,
But a Romance to succeeding Ages,
This general Loadstone, BABEL that threatens HEAV'N;
A great ill Neighbour with fantastick Towers
Your coming hath proceeded.
Hear what it promises, what it contains,
To what it binds, what it observes, what teaches:

Laomedon

Act. I. *To Love on'y to Love.*

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Laomedon (the Glory of these *Provinces*
Wise, learned, valiant,) in *ARABIA* was
 The last of all her Kings, whose *Magick* Voice,
 Which silenc'd *Circe's* and *Medea's* Charms
 (Bridle of *Sea* and *Winds*) gave the *Stars* Laws.
 A Daughter had he (*Natures* Master-piece)
 Who might boast verifi'd in her *perfections*
 All that base FLAT'RY LYES, so without *Art*
 Handsome, that her *unaided* Beauty chides
 The *lies* and dims the *truths* of *Rose* and *Snow*,
 Her (crown'd with *Roses* and pale *Jesamines*
 A MAIDEN QUEEN) twelve flow'ry SPRINGS being then
 Out flourish'd by her *Beauty*, the *sole* Heir
 Of her *Sires* REALM and FAME, and that so sole,
 That she stands fair for *sole* Executrix
 To the ARABIAN PHOENIX —
 He (judging *Beauty* fit to be an EMPRESSE,
 But an ELECTRESSE not, as having given
 So frequent cause of sorrow and disgrace
 To the unhappy Boasters of a face)
 To all the NOBLES of this *Land* presents
 And in her hearing uses this plain Language,
 One foot now in the grave. Love and Ambition
 Will from the spacious *Universe* hereafter
 Draw many *Suitors* to my Crown and Daughter:
 I will not that endanger'd by the SYREN
 Of cruel Flattery (which sings in Rocks
 T' intrap the wariest *Ears*) a false supplant,
 Or soft heart counsel her, *Misfortune* dark'ning
 The splendour of her *Beauty*; and, instead
 Of chusing a WISE Husband and a VALIANT
 (Her *Eyes*, perhaps, swaying her to a fair one)
 A COWARD or a FOOL govern *ARABIA*.
 This said (and seconded with a dire SPEL)
 The cleft *Earth* trembles, utt'ring to the *Air*
 This glitt'ring EDIFICE; In which incloyft'ring

His

His fair INHERITRIX (with double wards
 Of *task on task secur'd*) He one INCHANTMENT
 Locks in another, leaving (to the end
Great Souls may try th' *Adventure*) much for VALOUR
 To cut, as much for WISDOM to untie;
 To have ARABIA so (Her Queen the Prize)
Defended by the STOUT, *Rul'd* by the WISE.
 For (to oblige his Realm) he did ordain
 These *two* (which make one PERFECT PRINCE) should Reign.
 Then on, *Young-men*, A Beauty and a Crown
 He gains that *wins*, the *loser* gains *Renown*.

Fel. He who doth seek this *Realm*, this *Beauty* wish,
 Let *him* these *dangers* conquer, court this *Bliss*:
Not he, who doth adore a greater *LIGHT*,
 And mourns its *absence* in a longsome *night*.

Zel. One *worn*? One *sought*? A third *lov'd*? (facil Man!)

Fel. Nor think inamour *him* that *Scepters* can,
 Whose *Mistress* is all *Dowry*, who reproves
 The Common *trick* of Mercenary *Loves*
 By his more noble thoughts, and doth disclaim
 All *guerdon* but the *glory* of his *Flame*.

Clar. The same say I, and that I too adore
 A greater *Mistress*, fortify'd with more
Impossibilities than *Heav'n* hath *Lights*.

Flo. I must propose a *Question*: Are ye *Knights*?

Fel. I am. *Clar.* And I. *Flo.* Then tell them (BROCADAN)
 The *LAW* observed here by every Man.

Gy. 1. The *LAW* is this; That *whatsoever* KNIGHT
Presumes t' approach this famous CASTLES fight
 Shall, if th' *ADVENTURE* he shall then *eschue*,
Confess himself a FOOL and COWARD too,
 Else *We*, the *GYANTS*, and *WILD BEASTS* that wait
 On our *Commands*, are bound to fight him straight.

Flo. And *Whoso* tries it, and shall fail, that he
 Remain behind t' expound the *Mysterie*.

My

My *Case*: Who had the Heart t' attempt the thing,
But not the *fortune* to succeed therein.

Fel. Such *baseness* do these barbarous *Laws* obtrude
On *KNIGHTS*, twice *Valiant* by their *Oath* and *blood*?
I'll end th' *Adventure*, that *another's* Eyes
(More fair) may have a *Rival* to despise.

Clar. Vyes he the Game? then I will see't,
Whose *LAWRELS* here I vow,
For strewings to *another's* Feet,
Not garlands of my *Brow*.

Trumpets and Drums softly.

Flo. Let the *Trumpets* give the sign
Let the second *Draw* bridge fall,
And to the proof of *WIT* divine
Both enter, for *that* first doth call.

*The Draw-bridge falls down like a Percussis, and let
Rocks full of horrow appear, and in them many
dreadful Animals spitting fire.*

This Labyrinth decides the thing,
Which *he* will shew he understands,
Who by the one door entering,
Comes forth by that which right against it stands

Fel. Have at the Castle then. *Clar.* The same I say,
This day I am immortalliz'd. *Fel.* *This day*
Imp I new *feathers* in the *Wings* of *FAME*
With which to *Heav'n* she shall advance my Name.

Zel. Clear *Spirits* both; and, if one's *WIT* burn dim,
I, in my *Picture's* right shall blush for *him*.

But, if he twice prove *VICTOR*, he must Marry

Th' *Arabian Queen* — It cuts two ways — *Kis.* They tarry
Exceeding long (me thinks) my little bit
What if try'd of *Prowess*, and of *Wit*?
'Tis but to thrid a *Maze*, and t' other thing
Of being *Valiant*, and I am a *KING*.

Gy. 1. Said not I, *Squires* are only to look on
In *acts* of CHIVALRY? *Presto*: Be gone.

Rif. St. *Belianis*! a Snake rung my toe.

Zel. IN COURT THERE'S NOT A WORM BUT STINGS
YOU KNOW.

*Rifaloro either flies back, or is swallowed into
the mouth of one of the Monsters, or a Giant
snatches him, and the Giant goes out in wrath.*

Sound Trumpets.

Within.

[VICTORIA! VICTORIA!] Zel. Who has won
The Prize of Wisdom? —

Claridoro enters at the contrary door.

Clar°. CLARIDORO. *Flo. Son*
Of PALLAS, shadow with that *Tree* thy Head,
Which ciphers *hope*, and yet of scorns 'twas bred.

*He proffers Claridoro a Crown of Laurel,
and he refuses it.*

Clar°. No Conquest *this*, since for an *unseen* face,
And ZELIDAURA is not in the case.

Enter Felisbravo very angry at the same door by which he went in.

Fel. I lost the Prize of Wit (the *stuff* that limes
A gallant Man) fond Error! which defines
It WIT, a misty LABYRINTH to hit,
More favouring of *Memory* than WIT,
Whose lofty Plumes to higher things aspire,
And fetch from *Heaven* the *Promethean* Fire.
Quite contrary, a *Memory* was never
A friend to Wit, but its discredit ever.

Zel. The Man wants BRAINS, and well he may, that gives
His Mind to sleeping so, and idly lives.

Trumpets

Trumpets and Drums softly:

Flo. Again, *Young man.* Those *Monsters* which did bear
Thy *Wis* respect, make now thy *Valour* fear.

*Claridoro draws and charges, and the
Monsters spit fire.*

Clar. All their grim *horror* does but whet my *Blade*.
Have at you *dogs.* *Zel.* How bold he does invade!

Flo. How *bravely* he attacks! *Clar.* But I aspire
Impossible; for though my *Soul's* on fire,
Though it scorn all that's *Monster*, kick at danger,
My *strength* is not *immortal* like my *anger*.
O, *Devils! Devils!* —

*Claridoro retires, and Felisbravo assaults the shut
Gates, and they open in two parts, and the Gyants
appear to stop his passage.*

Fel. This day it will be seen, if *Heav'n* think fit,
Valour shall recompence the the want of *Wit*.
I come, pale *Monsters*: Coward *Beasts*, 'Tis I:
In my *HAND Thunder*, *Light'ning* in my *EYE*.

*The Serpent spits fire, and go retiring and sinking down,
and let the Gyants come with their Clubs, and let there
be much tumult and demonstration of war and danger.*

Gen. This can my *valour* suffer! to forsake
My King's brave side! *INCHAUNTMENT* I would make
My way thorough *thee*, and his *displeasure* too,
But that I know his *Sword* can *more* subdue.

Zel. They run, *they run*, with steel, and terrour strook:

Trumpets and Drums.

His *arm* may play, he *kills* them with his *look*.

Let the Gyants and Wild Beasts fly sinking down.

Fel. Fantastick dangers! Conquests of light Air!
Give me fresh Foes, for I have *deaths* to spare.

Within.

Florante Crowns him with Laurel.

[*Victoria! Victoria!*] *Flo.* To thy Brow
This *Laurel MARS* presents, there to *root*, *grow*,

F

And

And multiply. Th' *Incantment* 'twixt you twain
Is now dissolv'd; In *her* it doth remain
To chuse: And (see!) her Godhead doth unshroud,
Like *Phœbus* breaking glorious through a *Cloud*.

Cornets.

*Let the Castle come down, with much Musick, and let doors fall open
with Crystal Casements, and much splendour, that it may be admi-
rable to behold, and sitting in a Throne the Queen Claridiana with a
Garland of Flowers upon her head.*

What a rare *Beauty*! *Clar*. May she *Wit* abhor.
Zel. Grant, *Love*, she may not like a Man of War.

Let Claridiana come forth of the Incantment.

Cl. *Arrogant KNIGHTS*, who (foolish and presumptuous)
Before you have been *SUITORS*, would be *HUSBANDS*,
One of you two ye look now I should chuse.
How fond and vain an *Errour*! since there be
Yet greater *charms* to overcome in *Me*.
'Twere more than time the disinchant'd *Queen*
Thank'd both your *Loves* for taking down her skreen,
Could *me* by *CONQUEST* any *Mortal* claim,
Or by his *Wit* (as people win a *Game*)
I'd burn my self alive first. But, is't *Wit*
The windings of a *Labyrinth* to hit?
To overcome two *Serpents*, a pretence
To be the Son of *Mars*? To speak a *Prince*
Valiant to cut and slash, doth not suffice,
Nor to resolve a *RIDDLE* stiles him wise.

Speaks to the Company.

To be a *King* (wife-valiant) of these twain
Which *Battels* wan? which *Rul'd* a *Land* with *BRAIN*?
If my free choice my unjust *Father* rest,
Why was my *WILL*, why was my *REASON* left?
I, by *Incantments* over-rul'd to be?
Not for two *Thrones*. My *Body*, but not *Me*,

He

He did *inchant*—Prepost'rous ! to bring *one*
 For us to see , when all's agreed upon ?
 That our *imposed Masters* we must go
 First to *obey* , and afterwards to *know* ?
 I ask not the sole making of my *choice* :
 But why am I *deny'd* my *Negative voice* ?
 This *Victory* to *me* worle THRALDOM is ;
 If it oblige me to be *his* , or *his* .
 But it shall not , I'll love my self alone ;
 Not of the WISE nor VALIANT , but mine OWN .
Flo. Madam , a *Queen* might well chuse either ;
 But of the *two*— *Cla.* This *Queen* likes neither .

I , for a *Husband* , the *Discreet* would have ;
 But , for a KING , one both *Discreet* , and BRAVE .
 One I'll not injure , nor to two belong :
 Wife and stout you see are *twain* :
 Then (till they be *friends* again)
 If I refuse *both* , I do *neither* wrong .

Zel. How resolute , and how discreet !

Envy couches at her feet .

Fel. How can be so wise , and fair ,
 One that is not Z E L I D A M R E ?

Clar°. O , how worthy my *applause* !
 Though my LOVE another cause .

Zel. I find I'm not in *love* , since I
 Nor *Envy* feel , nor *Jealousie* .

Cla. First plead the Cause , and try by dint of words
 If Brain or Valour most adorns a King ;
 Those proving vain , then come t' appeal to Swords ,
 And let those tongues of steel decide the Thing :
 He who the *Bays* of both these Duels gains ,
 May wear CLARIDIANA for his pains .

Fel. (How little I that *Glo'ry* prize !)

Clar°. (How much do I that *bliss* despise !)

Aside.

Aside.

Fel.

Fel. Where we left off, remember *Knight*,
And the proud wrong which thou hast done.

They lay hands upon their Swords.

Clar. Thy Insolence doth *me* incite
To end the *Quarrel* we begun.

Zel. A Man who with *my Picture* came
To combat for *another Dame*!
I'm vext, but jealous not a whit.

Trumpets softly.

Hah! have we more Inchantments yet?

*They begin to fight, and let there be a noise
like the first, and let them be all divided,
as if they saw not one another.*

Clar. The Earth is hid with terrours dire.

Fel. Heaven lets down sheets of fire.

Gen. What obscurity! *Clar.* What sadness!

Fel. What horror! *Zel.* What affright! *Cl.* What gladness!

Ros. What fear! *Cl.* Let twice my *Liberty*

VICTORIA! VICTORIA cry.

*Let them all disappear, the Draw-bridge be closed, the
Percussis drawn up, and the whole vanish in a trice.*

The End of the first Act.

*At the End of the first Act, the Lady Mary Cutinio,
and the Lady Frances Tavara, came forth and
Danced with swords (in form of a chain)
The Gallery of Love.*

*Then the following Song, between the first and
second Act.*

I.

WHERE TAGUS, Crown'd with plumes of Woods,
(Now master of the field)
Makes to his Chrystal Toak the Floods
Of proud HARAMA yield.

II.

BELIZA (*Shepherdes on Earth*
The best that e're sway'd hook)
The day of her *Phileo's* birth
Did like an Angel look.

III.

And a new Quire of **NIMPHS** appears
To celebrate in Verse
(At least if Gods do count their years)
His happy *Anniverſe*.

C H O.

CHORUS.

*And in this Novelty,
 With brave variety,
 We all joyn as one;
 For the better adorning
 In the Western Levant the fair years of a Sun,
 Which make all but one Morning.*

IV.

*Now festive, and Majestical
 Have lost, on Tagus's shore,
 The fear of being match'd at all,
 The hope of being more.*

V.

*After so much of Greatness shown;
 And an applause not under,
 Nothing will ever dare to own
 The title of a Wonder.*

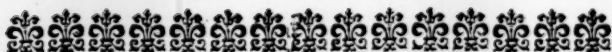
VI.

*For that BELIZA's Name (the stuff
 Of everlasting story)
 Alone is Festival enough,
 And hath to spare of Glory.*

CHORUS

*And in this Novelty,
With sweet variety,
We all joy as one;
For the better adorning
In a Western Levant the fair years of a Sun,
Which make all but one Morning.*

The



*The Persons of the second Act, are the same with those
of the first, adding,*

CUPID

The Lady Isabella Gusman.

A GENTLEMAN

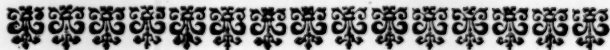
The same Lady Isabella.

A SERVANT of Prince }
CLARIDORO

The Lady Mary Salier.

A CITIZEN

The Lady Lucy Prada.



Querer



Querer por solo Querer :
To Love only to Love.

THE SECOND ACT.

*After the foregoing Song, loud Musick, and let Claridiana descend alone,
 by a pair of stairs on the right hand, and let it be quite another Scene.*

Cla. **I**N what a War, *Father* unjust,
 Hast thou plung'd me? for what cause
 Didst thou confine my *choice* to Laws
 So *Heterogeneous* to my *gust*?
 What satisfaction to thy dust
 Can it be, *I* so should wed?
 Who put that *fancy* in thine head?
 That I should not be capabel
 To chuse for my *own self*, as well,
 As *thou* for *me*, after thou'rt dead?

G

O

O (in thy own opinion) wise !
 How have thy *spectacles* discern'd ,
 That *there*, where I am *most* concern'd ,
 I must be cozen'd by mine *Eyes* ?
 Admit, they should their *choice* revise ,
 And rue too late with sad reflection
 Their *Error* in their *undeception* :
 Were it not better owe that Ill
 To the deception of my *will* ,
 Than to the *wilfulness* of thy *deception* ?

If to *Inchantments* thou confide
 My *happiness*, thou may'st with much
 More ground, what I shall chuse for *such*,
 Trust to my *Spirit* and my *PRIDE* :
 If a *Star*'s trusted to provide
 A *Match* for me , though that see far,
 'Tis *fair*, and therefore like to erre
 In *Happiness*, and (with thy leave)
 As to *Love-matters* (I conceive)
 A *Woman* knows more than a *Star*.

If it be noted a thing rare ,
 For Beauty fortunate to prove ,
 Yet I may *fortunately* love ;
 For what have I to do with *Fair* ?
 But Beauty now will quite despair
 That ever *Bliss* to *her* should come ,
 When (*cruel Father* !) by thy doom
 I, who have none, condemn'd must be,
 Dead to my self, to live to thee :
 Like a *Watch-candle* in a *Tomb*.

Is it decreed I must admit
Perforce of Love? what madness, this?
 Serves *Beauty* only to hand *bliss*
 T' another, that usurpeth it?
 Virtue, Education, Wit,
 To be *noble*, to be *fair*,
 To be *ev'ry thing* that's *rare*;
 Let not *these* for ever be
 Woman's infelicitie,
 Let not *these* for ever *fear*.

My *years* in *HYMEN's* slavish bands!
 The *freedom* of my *Soul* reduc'd
 To live after *another's* *Gust*!
 I, moulded in *another's* hands!
 At an *imperious* Man's Commands!
 It must not be: Let Men divine
 With *families*; Let them in fine
 Date Beauty by a *flow'r* that blows:
 (How *everlasting* in a *Rose*!
 How *trivial* in a *Jesamine*!)

Fright *Fools* with *this*, That *Youth's* a blaze:
 That, which my *Envy* doth engage,
 Is the *Prerogative* of *AGE*;
 Which from a *higher* ground surveys
 The *Labyrinth* of *humane* ways,
 And, *undeceiv'd* by *Time*, doth know
 That *all's* *deception* here below;
 'And whether *calm*, or *storm* appears,
 Is laid up in the *Bay* of *Tears*,
 And lets it *shine*, and lets it *blow*.

No ancient Fester, no new Sore,
 Makes *Age* with *CUPIDS Bow* were burst,
 For *TIME* by this hath cur'd the first;
 And *high time* 'tis, to have no more,
 Love's golden Field being now all hoar.
Free I was born, and remain free;
 Mine own I am, If I will be
 Another's, 'tis my fault; with whom
 For me unhappy to become,
 Can never happen without me.

Liberty, my noble Will:
 For these *ills*, so well forecast;
 How bitter will they be to taste,
 When, imagin'd but, they kill?
 Indeed the *Fates* have us'd me ill:
 I ask them not *Revenge*, nor *Pelf*,
 But quiet, and to 'scape a shelf.
 This sure can be no great offence;
 'Tis begging in my own defence
 To pray I may but save my self.

Enter Floranteo.

Flo. This now is *LOVE's last Will*, and last shall be,
 Which (thankful to the hand that gave me death)
 Shall leave my *Murtherefs* a *Legacie*,
 And sigh her *Blessings* with my dying breath:

And these shall be not the first tears, which, still'd
 Out of the *Bosom's* principaller part,
 Shall have the Fate of *Wealth profusely* spill'd,
 Which seldom meets with any grateful heart:

And

And *this* shall be a Love so *obstinate*,
 That, for all Love it shall a *pattern* grow,
 To live in spight of *Time*, or *Change*, or *Hate*,
 Yet there's *one* comfort amidst all this *woe*,
 That, for a *wretch* his way to *death* to grope,
 There needs in fine, nor *Remedy*, nor *Hope*.

To Her.

Upon the License giv'n by thee
 This glorious *Pil* to come and see,
 Hundreds do flock, to view the *Place*,
 But thousands to behold thy *Face*;
 Whom, though these *Knights* did disinchant,
 Th' Adventure is not finish't ye,
 Because that *WISE*, and *VALIANT*,
 Have not in one *subject* met:
 So, in the *SWORD* again it lies,
 By *DUEL* to decide the Prize.

Cla. I weigh not my dead Sires command,
 Where his *Will* his *Law* I find;
 No *King* that ever Rul'd a *Land*,
 Could stretch his Empire to the *mind*.

I wonder in my heart, that *he*
 (With all his *Wisdom*) could not see,
 The Husband he did fore-decree,
 Would not so well examin'd be
 By an Inchantment, as by Me:

Nor so authentick in Love-matters
 An *Old-Man*'s judgement, as his *Daughters*.
 This is a *Lottery*, I profess,
 Not giving him the happiness
 Who hath most worth but best *success*.

And

And may not I acquainted be
 With who they are? *Flo.* It may suffice
 To know, they're both of Knights degree,
 And that thy Sire was very wise.

Cla. I have a better way to know
 Who's Valiantest, and Wisest. *Flo.* How?

Cla. He shall be the Valiantest
 Who my scorns best suffer can —
Flo. Good. *Cla.* And him that *loves* me best
 I shall count the *wisest* Man.

But sadly, I do live in fear;
 For, though I would not *fair* appear,
 And, though in truth I am not *fair*,
Haunted I am, like *those* that *are*:

And here, among these rustling leaves,
 With which the wanton *Wind* doth play,
 Inspir'd by it, my Sense perceives
 This snowy *Jesamine* (whisp'ring) say;

How much more *frolick*, *white*, and *fair*,
 In her *green-lattice* she doth stand,
 T' enjoy the *free* and *cooler Air*,
 Than in the *prison* of a hand.

Flo. Madam, Thou might'st be pleas'd to read
 Other *Lessons* in this *Mead*;
 All whose *Flowers* (as from the *Spring*)
 Take from *thee* their *life* and *being*.

See, this *JESAMINE*; which doth owe
 To thy *HAND* fingers of *Snow*,
 To its *sovereign whiteness*, how
 All his silver *Banners* bow!

See,

See, that sanguine *Gilly-flow'r*
(*Spicy*, big with pearly showre)
Which a new *AURORA* dips
In the *scarlet* of thy *Lips*!

See, the *LILLY's* so pure *white*,
It might be *margin* to the *Light*!
Such a *white Foyl* to those *black EYES*
Is that smooth *Forehead's* christal *Rise*.

See, a *quire* of *Nightingales*;
Bidding thee a thousand *Hales*;
Twice taken for their *MORNING* bright,
By the *Flowers*; and by the *Light*!

For in those clear *Eyes*, *Ray* for *Ray*,
The *SUN's* *translated*, and made better,
And, flow'r for flow'r, in those *Cheeks* *MAY*
Copied in a *FAIRER LETTER*.

But, least in limning *Thee* my *Art*
Should play th' unskilful *PAINTERS* part,
Let this *Christal RIVER* pass
For thy liquid *Looking-glass*.

See thy self there! but, if thine *Eye*
Too long on that sweet *Centre* dwell —
Cl. This Man (I fear me) by and by
Will drop into *NARCISSUS WELL*.

Since now I came, where I am Witness to
The *WORLDS Ambitions*, I have no content.
Flo. Nor, that your self you *disenchanted* view.
Cl. Thou nam'st the thing which I do most resent.

Till

Till then, I liv'd in jollity,
 On *others* dangers looking down,
 From the serene *Tranquility*
 Which my *Soul* truly term'd her *own* :

For, plac'd above what MAN calls *Bliss*,
 And (into *her self* retir'd)
 By a heavenly *Ecstasies*
 Ravish'd, elevated, fir'd ;

She saw the multitude of *Woes* ;
 A *fair one* on her *self* bestowes,
 When 'tis her *Riches*, and her *Pride*,
 To see her *LOVERS* multiply'd.

Who, ev'n to qualifie *disdains*
 (For, not *disdaining*, *BEAUTY* 's dull)
 Must be content to take the pains
 To be reputed *Beautiful*.

And, if with *beautiful disdains*
 To let Men fall, it be her stile ;
 Ev'n by *Refusals* this they 'il gain,
 That she hath thought of them the while.

I look'd, if underneath the *Cope*
 Were *one* that lov'd, and did not *hope* ;
 But from his Nobler *Soul* remove
 That modern *Heretic* in *Love* :

When, hearing a shrill voyce, I turn,
 And (loe!) a sweet-tongu'd *Nightingal*
 (Tender adorer of the *Morn*)
 In *him* I found that *one* and *all* :

For that same faithful *Bird*, and true,
 (Sweet and kind, and constant *Lover*)
 Wond'rous Passion did discover
 From the *terrace* of an *Engb.*

And, though ungrateful *she*, appear'd
 Unmov'd with *all* the *saw* and *heard*;
 Ev'ry day, before 'twas day,
 More and kinder things he'd say.

Courteous, and *never* to be lost,
 Return'd not with *complaints*, but *praise*;
 Loving, and all at his own cost,
Suff'ring, and without hope of *Ease*:

For, with a sad and trembling throat,
 He breaths into her breast this *Note*,
I love thee not, to make thee mine;
But love thee, 'cause thy Form's Divine.

Here now was *candour*! *Here Faith* strove!
 How *rul'd* a *pain*! how full of *duty*!
 Not his *own happiness* to love;
 But to love *another's Beauty*!

Where (O how base!) the *Man*, whose flame
 Soars highest, if he spy no *Game*,
AURORA's self (so fresh so gay)
 Shall see him *late* a second day:.

'And I was scandaliz'd at *Love*
 (If, since the *thing* did hence remove,
 The *name remains*) to find one can
 Believe a *Nightingale*, and not a *MAN*.

Flo. Believe't (when he does love) a MAN
Loves *more* than BRUITS or do, or can:
His tow'ring *Passion* scorns to vale
T' a silly *short-wing'd* NIGHTINGALE.

The *Nightingale* loves nothing else
But the *presence* of his *Dame* ;
Love (like Faith) in *this* excels ,
That *see*, or *not*, it is the same.

The MORNING hears *his* Roundelaies,
Which though she do not thank him for ;
A Dame, that listens to her praise,
May be presum'd not to abhor.

The *diff'rence* then is very great :
For, where there is most diffidence ,
A Cause that can a *hearing* get
Will pick an *Eye* of *Hope* from *thence*.

But Oh ! the space (*Madam*) the space
Betwixt his *passion*, and *relief* ,
Who *suffers*, and *restrains* his Grief ,
Nor open'd to the JUDGE his *Case*.

For *once* I will discover *mine* ,
Not to perswade thee to incline
The least, but only let thee see
What *silence* thou hast ow'd to *me*.

O, how it *sweeten* would my *pain* ,
Could my CAUSE hope but to be *cast*
Out, after *formal* sentence past,
In the fair *Court* of thy *Disdain* !

For,

For, though I have a *Patience*
Which needs not this *experiment*,
Yet I would owe *experience*
It self to being a *Patient*.

Clara. Henceforth thou shalt not to my face
Tell me I would not hear thy *CASE*;
Nor *me* with thy dumb *Passion* twit,
For thou hast disinvolve'd it.

Him, who his *silence* for *respect*
Obtrudes upon my *estimation*,
For *punishment* I will direct
To speak in nothing, nor no fashion.

For, if he persevere not mute,
I'll tell him, and I'll (smiling) do 't,
What time his *pain* hath *speechless* been,
'T was 'cause (being *small*) he bit it in.

Which if he now could do no more,
But *LOVE* brake ope his *prison* dore;
Though with *dark-keeping* he was *mad*,
He's *same*, since he began to *gad*.

I make no diff'rence 'twixt a *wrong*,
And telling *me* thou do'st despair;
LOVE haulks at *hope*, when in a *Tongue*
He walks abroad to take the Air.

If nourish *hope* thou ought'st not, *Thou*
Do'st *thy self* wrong, as well as *me*;
Confiscating by speaking *now*
The merit of thy *Secrecie*.

He, that of *honour* understands,
 Pain'd, hath his *cure* in his own *hands* :
 The *glory* of *concealing* it,
 The *smart* of *suff'ring* it doth quit,

And (FLORANTEO) for the *Truth*
 Of thy *Affection*, I should doubt it,
 But that one thing *confirm* me doth,
 That I desire to be without it.

Flo. My Errour did not think to be
 So much beholding unto Thee :
 And faintly hop'd, from *thine* own mouth
 The *undecieving* of my Youth.

I, better than I look'd for, fare ;
 Though I presum'd to entertain
 Some thought, that to compleat *despair*
 I might be help'd by thy *disdain*.

Be not so prodigal of *scorns*,
 On *me* thy Rigours do not *wast* ;
 With such a *deluge* of *good turns*
 I may grow *insolent* at last.

And I to thee would owe no more,
 Meaning to *dye* to pay *this shot*,
 And set thee something on my *score*—
Cla. I hear thee, and I hear thee not.

Flo. My death will bring some good to thee
 In ridding thee of *me*. *Cla.* I doubt it :
 Thy *death* will bring no *good* to me,
 For I'll be rid of thee without it.

Offers to go away.

Flo.

Flo. Into the Garden comes a Knight.

Cla. Withdraw, that I may see, unseen,
Whether, or no, he doth acquit
The promise of his Princely Meen.

Exit Floranteo.

Cla. No Man was born to be my Husband, no Man
Deserves a Love. For as, when this Man's *scorn'd*,
His everlasting *whining* deafe a *Woman*;
So that grows *sawcy*, if his *Love's* return'd.

The *best* unjustly blames the worst of *Fate*,
Is it unjust to give to all their *due*?
He is a Man; enough to *merit Hate*:
He loves *me*; that's unpardonable too.

Nor let fair Virgins murmur at their chance
Of being entit'led to ill luck. O dull,
Though frequently repeated, Ignorance!
Is't no *good luck* then to be *beautiful*?
For if to make us *happy*, Men were able;
What needed more to make us *miserable*?

Enter Felisbravo.

Fel. A second ARGO, fraughted
With Fear and Avarice,
Between the Sea and Skies
Hath penetrated

To the new World, unworn
With the red footsteps of the snowy Morn;

Thirsty of Mines,
She comes rich back, and the curl'd Rampire past
Of watry Mountains, cast
Up by the winds,
Ungrateful self near home
Gives her usurped Gold a silver Tomb.

A devout PILGRIM, who
 To forreign Temple bare
 Good pattern, fervent prayre,
 Spurr'd by a pious Vow,
 Meas'ring so large a space
 That Earth lack'd Regions for his Plants to trace;

Joyful returns, though poor,
 And, just by his aboard,
 Falling into a Road
 Which Laws did ill secure,
 Sees plunder'd by a Thief,
 (O happier Man than I!) for 'tis his Life.

Conspicuous grows a TREE,
 Which (Wanton) did appear
 First fondling of the Year
 With smiling Braverie,
 And in his blooming pride
 The lower house of Flowers did deride:

When his silk Robes, and fair,
 (His Youth's imbellishing
 The Crownet of a Spring,
Narcissus of the Air)
 Rough *Boreas* doth confound,
 And with his Trophies strews the scorned ground:

Trusted to tedious hope
 So many months the CORN,
 Which now begins to turn
 Into a golden Crop;
 The lusty Grapes, which (plump)
 Are the last farewell of the Summers pomp;

(How

(How spacious spreads the VINE!
Nurs'd up with how much care!
She lives, she thrives, grows fair!
'Bout her lov'd Elm doth twine)
Comes a cold Cloud, and lays
In one, the Fabrick of so many days:

A silver RIVER SMALL
In sweet Accents
His Musick vents
(The warbling Virginal
To which the merry Birds do sing,
Timed with stops of gold the chrystal string)

He steals by a green Wood
With fugitive feet
(Gay, jolly, sweet)
Comes me a troubled Flood,
And scarcely one sand stays
To be a witness of his golden days.

The SHIP's up weigh'd;
The PILGRIM made a Saint;
Next Spring recrowns *the* PLANT;
Winds raise the CORN was laid;
The Vine is prun'd;
The Rivulet new tun'd;
But in the Ill I have,
I'm left alive only to dig my Grave.

Loft BEAUTY, I will dye
But I will *thee* recover,
And that I dye not instantly
Shews me more perfect LOVER:

For

For (my Soul gone before)
I live not now to *live*, but to *deplore*.

Cla. (This is he that was more stout.)

Aside.

Fel. In these blind Paths I go,
To hunt my Foe;
Whom having once found out,
His *Blood* shall purge the soyl
Of a short *nap*, and an immortal *spoyl*.

Cla. (Well (believe 't) the Man's no *Fool*,
Nor a boist'rous *Sword-man* folie:
For *Wisdom* (taught in *Sorrow's* School)
Is the *Child* of *Melancholy*.)

Aside.

Fel. Am I a Prince? or am I *vile*?
Am I a *refined* LOVER?
Am I *stout*? yet all this while
Not the *PICTURE* to recover?

Cla. (Heav'n be juster then that he
Have a *Picture* had of *me*!)

Aside.

Fel. Fairest *Madam*, well 'tis seen
I was *ignorant* indeed,
That durst wrong so bright a Queen—

Cla. (Wrong'd *he* me in word or deed?)

Aside.

Fel. Yet wise enough I am to know
Losing my *painted* Mistress,
The *unpainted* one will after go—
Cla. (Else she *her self* a *STATUE* is.)

Aside.

Fel. A Voice! *Cla.* He has me in his Ear,
Therefore will I my self unshroud,
And try his *Wit* too— Knight. *Fel.* Who 's there?

Claridiana shows her self.

What Heav'n! what *Sun* breaks through a *Cloud*! *Cla.*

A& II. *To Love only to Love:*

57

Cl. Though my presence *All* admit,
Thy *presumption* wants much *Wit*,
If, before the ENTERPRIZ E
Be wholly finish'd, thou suppose
To pry into the *Mysteries*
Which these *enchanted* Walls inclose.

To tame two *Dragons* you account
Is one *Woman* to subdue;
But, upon an *Audit*, true;
It will not to so much amount.

LOVERS are HEROICAL
When they *sigh*, and when they *weep*,
When before our Feet they fall,
When they stand in *Studies deep*.

MANHOOD I despise not (*This*,
And justly, all the WORLD approve)
But shew, what *kind* of *Manhood* 'tis
Which conquers in the *Wars* of LOVE:

And, the great odds if Thou regard
Betwixt MY SELF and this dire *Spell*,
To vanquish *It* Thou found'st it *hard*;
But *Me* it is *impossibel*.

Aside.

Fel. RESPECT may to this *Dame* be shown,
Though MISTRESSE I another call:
For, though the *Heart* can lodge but *one*,
CIVILITY hath Room for *all*.

To Her aloud.

CLARIDIANA (Theam of FAME)
I am a *Man* would blush my Flame
Should own an *Object*, but the most
Accomplisht one the WORLD can boast.

I

And

And know my Spirit is so high,
That at less *Game* it scorns to flye
Then where the greatest *difficulties* lye.

This, which my lucky *SWORD* hath lately reapt,
Was not the *Victory* I did design;
Whose *Valour* for a *SHIELD* is kept
To bear the brunt of *scorns* divine.

Over strong Spells to be victorious,
Guilds (I must confess) a name,
But, to submit unto a *DAME*,
This to *me* seems much more glorious.

For *there*, my valour takes my part,
My *strength*, and my good Sword, befriend me:
But in this War I have no heart,
No steel Brest-plate *can* defend me.

If, first the *Foe's* invincible,
And I betray'd by my own *fear*;
T' o'recome how is it possible
Where *arms* against my *self* I bear?

In the glorying of my *Love*
I abide no *Competition*,
Nor in the *cause* whence it doth move,
Nor of the *pain* in the *fruition*;

Yet, so great *Love* my *grief* exceeds,
And this *grief* likewise owns a *chief*:
For a lost Lady my Heart *bleeds*,
But 't will not *break*, and that's my *grief*.

Afide.

Cla. Equally witty, and discreet;
He covers, but not hides his Flame;
Holds his *Game* so, that I may see 't,
Yet I'll not seem to see his *Game*.

To him.

With what end lov'st thou? *Fel.* With what end?
My *Love* is the perpetual moving;
No end in loving I pretend,
No end will ever make of loving.

Love is of Love the only scope:
Love scorneth to be mercenary:
You find not such a word as Hope
In all the Lovers Dictionary.

Nay, *Love* alone doth scandal me:
For the silent'st and most wise,
From sights, from peeping is not free
Out at the casements of the *EYES*.

See, 'twill now and now 'twill hear;
And the least of joy it gits,
Whether at the *Eye*, or *Ear*,
Puts it clean beside the *wiss*.

First know, I have a *Mistress*;
Then, that to her true *Faith* I bear:
And, where *Faith* once through kindled is,
Superfluous are the *SENSES* there.

Cla. Hop'st thou nothing? *Fel.* Nothing I.
 Either *hope*, or yet *desire*.
 Yes I do, to live and dye
 In this *elemental fire*.

She, in herself, is proof 'gainst all :
 Then, for me to aim at her,
 Were to add a *Brazen Wall*;
 So *successless* is my *Star*.

Nor so alone in things of *Love*;
 But my Life over and above,
 Because on *her* it doth depend,
 I have no power to make it end.

And (the full Case to understand)
 My *Life* and *Death*, because in *fine*
Love hath put them in *her* hand,
Both are therefore out of *mine*.

Aside.

Cla. From the mark I shot not wide,
 When *him* of *folly* I did quit :
 For the sharp *SWORD* that arms his side
 Hath much to envy in his *WIT*.

'Tis not against *Majesty*
 His *discretion* to approve ;
 Nor, if his *good parts* I spy,
 Must it presently be *love*.

His goodly *shape*, his flowing *mean*,
 His *talk*, and what his *valour* wrought,
 May claim *attention* from a *QUEEN*,
 Yet ne're sink deeper in her *thought*.

Alanning (KNIGHT) I do confess —

Enter Zelidaura and Roselinda in the habit of Shepherdeses, their Faces muffled with silver Scarfs.

Zel. In this *Countrey-tone* and *dress*
Disguised *rudely*, safe we are.

Ros. *Man-like* bent to *fears* of *War*
Of a *Woman's* left in thee
Only *Curiositie*.

What boots it thee to understand
Who a *Man* is? *Zel.* What doth't boot?
When I my *picture* found in 's hand,
And *now* may opportunely do't?

To *Felisbravo*.

Cla. Lies your *happinefs* in *this*,
To overcome the *other* Knight?

Fel. Madam, all my *life* and *bliss*.

Cla. In the name of *MARS* then, fight —

Aside.

Who grant (say I) thou maist subdue!

Zelidaura spies them together.

Zel. Bless me! who is this I see?

(Is it? — 'Tis not —) Ah! 'tis *HE*:

With *CLARIDIANA* too:

O Sigh! base *brat*, not of the *Royal Mind*,

With which I'm lin'd,

But of this *Clown's false cover*

I have drawn over.

What matters it? — *Much*, the *contempt* — In *Love*
The least *mispriision* doth *High Treason* prove.

This

This hath a tang of *Jealousie*.
 I, disorder'd? Plaintiff, I?
 Should any thing the *Heav'n's* beneath,
 Make *me* a mean *complaint* to breath!
 I, resentments! I, in wroth!
 I, concern'd in *breach* of *Troth*!
 I? who, to make fond *LOVE* depart,
 Hung *padlocks* on my *Eyes*, and *Heart*.
 Though in this *war*, I feel beginning,
 I doubt not in the *end* of winning
 The *victory*; one *moments* waiting
 This way, I pay with *blushes* everlasting.

CLARIDORO scorn'd, and curb'd,
 Not for *neglect*, but too much *Love*?
 Am I *asleep* to one I have *disturb'd*?
 Doth one, that sleeps at me, my *Larum* prove?

Odd *figaries* hath this *CUPID*;
 Strangely *kill'd*, and strangely *born*;
 If *kindness* make him *dull* and *stupid*,
 And if that he be *rows'd* with *scorn*.

But what have I to do with *LOVE*,
 And the frailer *WOMAN'S* Law?
Cl. *Women* are there in this *grove*?
 Then 'tis time that I withdraw.

Aside.

Fel. 'Twas for manners I forbore
 To take leave of her before.
 Ah! *ZELIDAURA*, (*Mistress* fair)
 No joy *us*, but where you *are*.

Aside.

Aside.

Cla. Of Valour thou maist justly boast,
That conquer'st wherefoe're thou go'st.

*Claridiana goes away by degrees casting
looks back at him.*

Zel. So is split in twain a RIVER,
And the *streams* (bound *several* ways)
In a kind of am'rous maze
Back at one another gaze:
As this melting Couple sever.

Cla. Inclination, not so fast:
For from *me* one *gracious* look,
Speaks more in that *diminutive* book,
Then *other Women* in a VOLUME vast.

From *me* then (LOVE) enough is wrung:
For where HONOUR tyes the *tongue*,
She, who doth a Suppliant hear,
Makes him answer with her *Ear*.

To Him.

Knight, to overcome endeavour.

Fel. Lady, I shall do't, or dye.

Aside.

Cla. *Disenchanted*, more than ever
Re-enchanted now, am I.

Exit Claridiana.

Zel. Just *there*, where I did point thee, *stay*:
But *come*, if any *bend* this way.

Ros. Alone you'll be, if I am gone.

Zel. By my self, is not alone.

Ros.

Ros. True: The *Man* doth still remain.

Zel. Then, I am *alone* again.

Exit Roselind

I'll see, whether his *wit* keep pace
With his *valour*, *garb*, and *face*.

Fel. What a spanking *LAERADORA*!

Zel. Yow (*th' unkent Knight*) *Godyegudmora*!

Fel. (The time of day thou dost mistake)

Zel. — And joy — *Fel.* Of *what*? *Zel.* That I discover,
By a sure *sign*, yow are *awake*.

Fel. *Awake*? — the *sign*? *Zel.* Yowr being a Lover.

Fel. In love am I? *Zel.* And very deep.

Fel. Deep in love? how is *that* seen?

Zel. Perfectly: yow do not sleep.

Fel. *Rustick Excellence*, unskreen,
And discover that *sweet face*,
Which covers so much *Wit* and *Grace*.

Zel. Yow but *dreamt* so: sleep agin,
And forget it. *Fel.* Why now (*Saint*?)

Zel. Why? the *LADY*, that went in,
Lukes, as if that she did paint.

Fel. What has that to do with *sleeping*?

~~She is, indeed, *Angelica*.~~

Zel. That *Picture* now's well worth yowr keeping:
For why? 'tis an *ORIGINAL*.

Fel. Is this *Shepherdes* a *Witch*?

Or saw the *sleeping Treason*, which
I committed against *LOVE*,
Erst, in the *INCHANTED GROVE*?

Ms,

Me, hast thou ever *seen*, before?

Zel. Seen? I, and *know* thee, for a Man
That will turn him, and *sleep* more
Than a dozen *Dunces* can.

Thow kenst little, what *Sighs* mean!

Fel. Unveil (by *JOVE*) that *Face* serene.

Zel. What, to make thee *sleep* agene?

Fel. Still, in Riddles! *Zel.* Now, he *sees*:
This pinching *wakes* him by degrees.

Fel. Art thou a *Nymph*. *Zel.* Of *PARNASS-GREEN*.

Fel. Sleep I, indeed? or am I mad?

Zel. None serve thee, but th' *INCHAWNTED QUEEN*?

I think what dull *conceits* y' have had,
Of the *Bird PHOENIX*, which no *Eye*
E're saw, an *odoriferous Lye*.

How, of her *Beauties* spells, she's told;
That by her *spirit* thow art *hawn*ted;
And, having *sleep* away the *old*,
With this new *Mistress* worse *in*chawnted.

Fel. I affect not, *Shepherdes*,
My self in such fine terms t' *expres*s;
Suffizeth *me*, an *humble strain*:
Too little *happy*, to be *vain*!

Unveil — *Zel.* Sir *Gallant*, not so fast.

He offers at her Scarf.

Fel. See thee I will. *Zel.* See me yow *shall*:
But, towch not *Fruit*, yow mun not *tast*.
What says it, now the leaf doth fall.

Unmuffs her self.

Fel. It says, 'tis worthy to comprize
 The *KERNEL* of so rare a *Wit* :
 Nor, that it grows in *PARADICE* ,
 But *Paradice* doth grow in it !
 The *tall* and slender *TRUNK* no less divine ,
 Though in a *lowly* *Shepherdess's* *RINE* !

Afide.

This should be that so famous *Queen* ,
 For unquell'd *Valour* , and *disdain* .
 In these *INCHANTED WOODS* is seen
 Nothing but *Illusions* vain !

Zel. What stares the Man at ? *Fel.* I compare
 A *Picture* , I once mine did call ,
 With the *divine Original* .
Zel. Fall'n *asleep* again yow are.

We , poor humane *Sepherd-lasses* ,
 Nor are *pictur'd* , nor use *Glasses* .
 "Who skip their rank doe 'mselfes, and Betters wrong :
 "T' our *Dames* (God blefs them) such quaint things belong.

Here , a tiny *Brook* alone ,
 Which, freng'd with *borrowed Flowers* (he has
Gold and Siller enough on 's own)
 Is *HEAVENS* proper *Looking-glass* ,

Copies *us* ; and *Im* reflections
 Shewing *natural* perfections ,
 Free from *soothing* , free from *Error* ;
 Are our *Pencil* , are our *Mirror* .

Fel,

Fel. Art thou a Shepherdess? *Zel.* And bore
On a *Mountain* called, There —

Fel. Wear'st thou ever heretofore
LADY's Cloaths? *Zel.* I *LADY's Gear*?

Yes (what a *treach'rous Powl* have I!)

In a COUNTRY-COMEDY

I once enacted a main part
(Still I have it half by heart)

The *famous* HISTORY it was
Of an ARABIAN — (let me see)
No, of a *Queen* of TARTAREE:
Who all her *Sex* did far surpass
In *Beauty*, *Wit*, and *Chivalree*:

Who, with invincible disdain,
Would fool, when she was in the vain;
Princes, with *all* their *Wits* about them;
But, and they *slept*, to death she'd flout them:

And, by the *Mass*, with such a Meen
My Majesty did play the Queen:
Our *Curate* had my *Picture* made
In the same Robes in which I Play'd.

Fel. And what's thy name? *Zel.* LAURA, forsooth.

Fel. O pleasant *Play*, and bitter *truth*!
That I, who dreamt of ZELIDAURA;
Should *wake*, should *wake*, and find her LAURA!

Aside.

O beauteous Counterfeit of Majesty!
 NATURE, what made thee make so fair a Lye?
 Where is that crowned Beauty now become?
 That Lyon's Courage, kindling at a Drum?
 Those many Deeds? Those Papps, which Armour prest?
 ACHILLES once more in a Kercher drest?
 SEMIRAMIS 'is Alode, who not with Box,
 But Teeth of LAURIEL, comb'd her golden Locks?
 Where, my heroick and dear Flame, which sprung
 From Painters Pencil, and a Captives Tongue?
 Consum'd to ashes of a Rustick Love,
 Rude Goddess of these Rocks, and this wild Grove?
 Is't come to this? I then *absolve* thee, *sleep*;
 And blame my *high thoughts*, that so low could creep.
 To TARTARY will I, But I am mad
 If I do love that Queen, unless she add
 This Beauty to those Virtues; and shall rave
 If both this Body, and that Soul, she have.

Aside.

Zel. What stands he muttering to himself? May be
 He likes me not. If he sought after me
 Under the notion of a QUEEN, I'd have
 Him find me a mean Shepherdess: I save
 My Honour so. The Traitor shall not think
 He (ZELIDAURA in his hand) could wink.
 Hence Women learn, for all your LOVERS brags,
 Men are no friends to Beauty cloath'd in Rags.
 If Beauty strike LOVE's Fire, why should it, less,
 Than in a QUEEN, plac'd in a SHEPHERDESS?
 Nor does, but (when it seems the World to set
 On fire) where downy wants, the tinder's wet.

To Him.

Mought I entreat your *Worship's* Name,
And the bus'neis yow have here?

Fel. Squire of a *forreign Prince* I am,
Who to this glorious *Theatre* —

Zel. Not a *Master*? By my troth
My own *tongues end* it was upon:
A mischief take thee, by thy sorth
I thought thou wert a *Zerving-mon*.

Fel. No more that string. *Zel.* He goes conceal'd:

Asile.

A *Knight* he is I'm certain; At
Th' *Inchanted Castle* I saw that;
And, by his garb too, 'tis reveal'd.

To Him.

Follows he (saidst thou) this *Emprize*?

Fel. In love, upon the score of *Fame*,
With the most accomplisht *DAME*
That ever murder'd *MAN* with *Eyes*.

And the Worlds greatest *Queen*; to this
Inchantment came he, where an envious Thief
(The Coward Rival of his *Bliss*)
Found means to rob him of his chief
Delight, and Glory, in that *thing*
From which his most Heroick thoughts did spring.

Zel. O Usage, courser than my Coat, and more
Then I could bear, were I as Lambkin meek!
That one, who *ZELIDAU* wore,
Should *CLARIDANA* seek!

'Tis

'Tis to apostatize from Reason,
To think more of him. Treason! Treason!
To enter my *Benevolence*,
At the back-gate of an *Offence*!

Enter Roselinda.

Ros. CLARIDORO comes—he's here :
Muffle thee quickly. *Zel.* What *disgust*?
Fel. One, to be born a *Mountaneer*,
That owes such *Beauty*? how unjust!—

Who is 't? *Zel.* A Man, of whom I stand
In awe a little. *Fel.* (O, that hand!—)
Rural Goddess, keep st thou *Sheep*?
Zel. Yes, and *myself* I better keep.

Enter Claridoro.

Clar. I'd love without reward, and cannot do 't;
To love, is *Love's* Reward; I would endure
For her, what not? and that such joy to boot
That in my *smart* I play the *EPICURE*.

I pray 'gainst *Life*, and with the self same *breath*
Unpray that *Pray'r*, lest it the *GODS* should hear
'Tis to be out of *pain*; I then fly death,
And *Valour* counsels me what *others* fear.

If I do live, my wound may seem but *slight*;
And if I dye, *LOVE'S TROPHY* I remove:
To live, 's to pine; to dye, 's to lose her sight;
My two supporters then, are *Grief* and *Love*:
For where *Grief's* *Droisie*, and *Love's* *Feaver* strive,
Though either *kill*, both often *keep alive*.

To Felisbravo.

Zel. In fine, aspir'st thou to be glorious
By conqu'ring thy *Competitor*?

Fel. 'Tis that my *Love* contendeth for.

Aside.

Zel. O, maist thou never prove victorious!

But do: for *mine own self*, I conquer will, =
And whom thou conquer'st then, it doth not skill.

Claudio turns and sees them.

Clar. What's *this*? what see I *there*? Is't not

ZELIDAURE, who (meanly clad)

Hath her *own Majesty* forgot,

And affronts *my Love* too bad?

What *jealous thoughts* surprize me? I do fear

She (bent to *Arms*) affects the *Valiant*:

But he was not so; it to dare things high

Be *Valour*, who was *valianter* than I?

I, who her first of *Arms* am yet to gain,

Of her *facility* shall I complain?

Was not enough for *me* my own *distress*,

But I must *dye* of others *happiness*?

My *Soul* contending with so many *Foes*,

I would not have it link with *Envy's* blows.

"More gen'rous wounds were made for nobler *Hearts*,

"and in base *blood* are steep'd pale *ENVY's* darts.

Thus, *jealous* I should be, and know not how.

ENVY I could, but *ENVY* disallow:

Then must I bear it? must I? let me think —

'Twere monst'rous tameness to look on, and wink,

Nor *LOVE*, nor *HONOUR*, such a *Scene* approve:

I'll chide then, mixt yet with *respect* and *Love*.

To Her.

Ho! *Shepherdes*, is this well done
 To mind thy Recreation
 In *Gardens*, whilst another way
 Thy flock doth on the *mountain* stray?
 Although *beast-shepherd* thou have not,
 Yet nothing is by gadding got.
 Perdie, to see thee in this *plain*,
 Grypes many a sprunt and jolly *Swain*.
 Back to the field, and Brooks return,
 And *Pastures* graz'd in heretofore,
 Nor *mell* with any others *sheep*,
 Sith thou a flock of *mine* do'st keep.

To Him.

Nor Thee, th' ambition of whose fire
 Doth (soaring) to a *QUEEN* aspire.
 Beseems it stoop from so *high place*,
 A Rustick *Shepherdes* to chase.

Zel. How courteously the *cares* that do him *press*
 He hath cut out, and measur'd by my *dress*.

Fel. In *rustick phrase* his *jealousie*
 Of *her* he vents, and pike at *me*.

Then I suspected not in vain
 He stole the *Picture*; in the face
 (When he espy'd it) reading plain
 The *features* of this *RURAL GRACE*.

Undoubtedly she is his own —

To Claridoro.

You will not now, Sir, face me down,

But

But that, when I bad *watch* did keep
(Surpriz'd, e're by the foe, by sleep)
 Thy treach'rous *Envy* came an stole
 (Not more out of my *hand* than *soul*)
 A Jewel which I then call'd *mine*,
 Though much *despise* it since 'tis *thine*.
 Yet *must* and will I have it back,
 Not that I *it* esteem, or lack;
 For, the whole *gust* I take therein,
 Is now, to take 't from *thee* agin.

Clar°. I think thou art not yet *awake*,
 But I shall *rouse* thee — Do'st thou stare?

Zel. A truer word yow never spake:
 He *sleeps* with *spread Eyes* like a *Hare*.

Fel. Traitor I'll be reveng'd — *Clar°.* Rude Man!
Aside.

Zel. Must I step in to part you than?
 If I do rear it, on my word,
 This hook shall be a two-hand-sword —

*This she must say Majestically like a Queen, whilst
 Felisbravo's perceiving it.*

Hold both, or I —
To Felisbravo.

Clar°. Though not thy Quarrel, mine I understand —

Zel. Hold, *CLARIDORO*: It is I command —
To Claridoro.

Fel. In fine, do'st thou deny it still? —
To Zelidaura.

Clar°. I obey thy unjust will.

Enter Claridiana and Floranteo, with Attendants.

Clia, ZELIDAURA was't you said,
 Like to a Shepherdess array'd? —

Turns and sees them quarrelling.

Swords drawn i'th' Garden? who are we? —

Flo. Why Gentlemen, it cannot be,

L

Whilst

Whilst yet th' Inchantment is not brought
T'an end, in COURT a *Duel* fought
Unlicenc'd? when with *licence* too
Ye may the same thing *shortly* doe?

To Felisbravo.

To Claridoro.

Clar. I come — *Fel.* Or do but stand me *there* —

Zel. I'm rent with *doubts*. *Clar.* I dye with *fear*.

To both.

Flo Provide ye *Arms*, and fight it out —

Zel. (O how *fiery*! *Clar.* O how *stout*!)

Clar. I never *provide* any thing —

Within me I of all am stor'd —

Fel. And I both a *sharp stomach* bring,
And a *long knife* to fall aboard.

Fight again.

Zel. How *implacable*! *Clar.* How *cruel*

They do a *fresh* in *Battail* join!

Zel. May neither conquer in *this Duel*.

Clar. Yes, one! and then the *Conquest's* mine.

Zel. In *either Valour* doth abound.

Clar. *Discretion* is in neither found.

To Claridoro.

Zel. With *thee* how little I perswade? *Clar.* Our *Guard*!
Of *Monarchs* that *Last Reason* will be heard.

*She stamps, and sallying out, the Guard
parts them.*

Clar. *Madam*, if *now* you stop our rage —

Fel. The promis'd *Combat* — *Clar.* Take our gage —

Throws her Glove to Felisbravo.

*Exeunt Claridoro, and Felisbravo at se-
veral doors, and Claridiana turns to
Floranteo.*

To

To Floranteo.

Would'st thou have me believe a Queen, whose name
In Triumph sits over the wings of *fame*,
Lurks now *disguis'd* in ARABIE?

Flo. If *her* such *manly* virtue decks,
That she's the wonder of *her* Sex,

Were't not another wonder, *she*
(Greedy of *Knowledge*, as of *Arms*)
Should leave unseen these *fighis*, and *charms*,
Thy *Realms* too being so neer his own?

Cla. Withdraw I'll talk with her alone.

Exit Floranteo.

Rof. CLARIDIANA this way doth make
To speak with thee— *Zel.* Two short words take—
Your Count'nance hold, what e're you hear;
Stop your *mouth*, and *ope* your *ear*.

Cla. Hola! sprightly *Shepherdess*.

Zel. What commands thy Ladyness?

Cla. Discover, by thy life, that *face*.

Zel. Now by the *facky* this of your GRACE

Needs no *comfort*, nor no *foyl*,

For *Skies* and *Meads* it doth *revile*.

Or see (if thou mun needs have one

To set it off) yon cloudless Sun!

Then for thy *Beauty* (challenging
Of Heav'n the *witnes* *principal*)

O're me a *Gloria* to sing,

Would prove a *conquest* very *small*.

Cla. Art thou *fowl*? *Zel.* But envious not,
And so *civil* (mark'st Thow *that*?)

That to *acknowledge* I'm not *squeemish*

Her to be *fair*, who hath no *blemish*,

Nor, where it *is*, will *hit* a *Blot*.

Cla. Whom loves an *ugly woman* best ?

Zel. An *uglier woman*— Was't well guest ?

Cla. Thou, a *Shepherdes* ? Prompt *Lass*,
What is thy *Bus'ness* in this Place ?

Zel. Marry (no *Treason* 'tis I ween)
To see the *fair* INCHAWNTED QUEEN,
And the brave *dunndring* of *Alarms* :
For, from my very *Nurses* arms,
According to our Country word,
I lov'd the *fish-slash* of a *Sword*.

Cla. Loe, halt thy Errand ! I am *she* :

And therefore, give consent that *we*
Our Eye too with the sight may bless
Of so *divine* a *SHEPHERDESSE*.

Zel. Highness, mock on : — Behold the Wight !

Takes off her silver Scarf.

Cla. O Golden Morn of Silver Night !

What modest *confidence* ! quick *Air* !

What *Spirit* ! what excess of *fair* !

What *queint*, and more than *courtly dress* !

What exquisite *neglectedness*

Of those curling *bilowly Locks*

Flowing round two *Ivory Rocks* !

What *hands* ! that have to take their part

Not *care* it self (so far from *Art*.)

Yet *conquer* all the *World* : whercin

A *red Soul* peeps through the *white Skin* !

SOL might envy her least grace.

Zel. I knew, yow'd mock me to my face.

How easily are People got

To *praise*, that which they *envy* not ?

I am not yet a *Clown* so much,

But, when I see yowr Beauty such,

I find, into my *Crown* yow beat

The part, I should to yow repeat.

Nothing

Nothing *beneath*, or in the *Sky*,
Holds beautiful when *you* are *by* :
Possessing not so much in *common*,
As *Envy*, with an *ugly woman* :
But, when the *splendor* of your *Rays*
Is *more* than all the *World* can praise,
Releasing *much* of what should come to *you*,
Yow pay to all the *World* above *their due*.

Cla. A new delight her words provoke
By the rare *grace* with which they'r spoke

Zel. I know, why *LADY* likes my *wit* ;
And why my *Face* remains her *debt*.

Cla. Why? *Zel.* I know — *Cla.* Then out with it.

Zel. Vaith, because her *own* are better.

I'd have all *fair ones* discommend
My *Face* ; I would upon my *word*.

Cla. Why so, my understanding friend?

Zel. O! then, they are with *Envy* sturd.

Cla. But *Envy* croaks, and *Snake-like* stings —

Zel. Believe me (*Princes*) no such matter :

No *Sycophant* so sweetly sings :

"For she that *envies* me, doth flatter.

"This back-hand praise goes homest still,

"'Tis stricken with so good a will.

Cla. *ENVY* is *Adulation* then?

Zel. Thou hitst the *Nail* on the head right :

And I have heard from *Book-learn'd Men*,

"'Tis courtly *Rudeness*, and kind *spight*.

Cla. Prethee, what wouldst thou counsel me to doe,
If *me* for *Goodue's ENVY* should pursue?

Zel.

Zel. Beten times *better* than thou wert before,
That *ENVY* may pursue thee ten times more.

That is the way which I affect,
Not *reason* lurks, no *malice* there,
If I *my self* alone correct,
To be at full reveng'd on *Her*.

Cla. In every point she doth perform—

Zel. *Envy*, a piteous creeping worm !

“ A brave, and happy ride it is,

“ To *envy* neither *WORTH*, nor *BLISS*.

Cla. Do'st thou happily know *LOVE* ?

Zel. Who is his *Worship* ? Is it not

A *forreign Prince*, who, they said, dy'd above

A twelve-month sin of a great Cold he got ?

Yes, by *hear-say*, I do know him,

Not that any *spleen* I owe him

For *mischief* he to *me*, or *mine* hath done :

Though I have heard a long-long-while ago

The *COURT* he troubled, and the *COUNTRY* spoyl'd,

Till he both *COURT* and *COUNTRY* was exil'd.

Cla. Do'st thou not *Love* ? *Zel.* A Question

To ask a *fool*, have I not youth ?

Cla. Whom lov'st thou then ? *Zel.* *My self* alone—

Nay, I have a curious tooth—

Love ? what a base disgraceful word !

The sound is harsh, and thrill.

Lyes all the *Valour* in the *Sword* ?

No conquest o're the *Will* ?

Nor

Nor it a decent part hold I
 (So much unto my self I owe)
 To speak of that thing knowingly,
 I do not, nor I will not know—

But do *yow* love? *Cl.* What is to Love?

Zel. To deny 't. *Cl.* A Rustick LASS?
 Hard question to one bred in Court 't would prove—
Zel. Not when she 's in her Teens my word I'll pass.

If *yow* do love, with wond'rous Care
 Hide that unfortunate *disease*:
 For (tegg) *declar'd* Affections are
 The *Mother* of Unthankfulness.

I knew a Gallant (from such keep)
 Who, having some how made his prize,
 But a Dame's Picture, dropt asleep
 With that Sun shining in his Eyes.

Cl. Troth, let them sleep or let them watch,
 All Men alike are cheap with *me*:
 To whom (for *favours* none they catch)
 They never can ungrateful be

From Love (a contemptible Foe!)
 My retreat make I by broad-day;
 And look on Suitors just as though
 They were *Mad Lovers* in a *Play*:
 No, Fear not me, in such a way.

Zel. Kenn'st thou the *Tom're* where Confidence doth c'well?
 REPENTANCE lives hard by in a low Cell.

Cl. Ill dissembling *Shepherdes*
 (For now dissemble *Shepherdesses* too)
 If thy Courtessie 's not less
 Than thy *Beauty*, thy Name shew.

By

By my Life. *Zel.* A powerful Spell !

This now would make a Gallants heart
Leap out, much more his name— *Cla.* Well, well,
Tell me both what, and who, thou art.

Zel. Fairest CLARIDIANA, than,

I say I am no *Shepherdes*—

Cla. A Woman asks not like a Man—

Tell me thy Name— *Zel.* I am — (suppress

My Name I will—) a great Lord's Daughter,

Nor a less Soldier; taking after

My Father so much, that his Trade

I follow in the Mountain-shade:

For such do I take HUNTING for;

Not counterfeit, but substitute of WAR.

Rev'rence I bear to thy Command—

But, *Madam*, do not ask me more:

The Keys are in a fullen hand,

And Porter Silence keeps the dore.

Cla. I will not press thee 'gainst thy Mind:

But since thy Soul hath manly scope,

And that great MARS, and PHOEBUS (joyn'd)

Are Masters of thy HOROSCOPE;

I will that thou, in habit fit,

Come streight to witness with thine Eyes,

And by Our Self in Judgment sit

Betwixt the Valiant, and the Wise:

And I shall then make my Election

More by thy vote, than my own Eye;

“For more (and chiefst, in affection)

“Than Gamesters, see the Standers by.

Zel.

Zel. Madam, my part is to be rul'd.
To *whether* stand'st *thou* most inclin'd?

Cl. To *him* that loves me most. *Zel.* I should
To him that bears the bravest mind.

Cl. My liking upon thine depends —
(Thus I shall dive into her ends.)

Zel. I'll study the contentment of your GRACE —
(But (with your leave) mine own in the first place.)

Aside.

Aside.

*Exeunt, and enter Rivalero crippled,
between two Gyanis.*

Rif. Charitable, loving, sweet,
Good fac'd *Gyanis* and discreet,
Spight of so many lying Books
That paint you Fools with ugly looks.
ORLANDO, and the KNIGHT O' TH' SUN,
Pay you this good work ye have done;
And peaceably dye in your beds,
With all your senses in your heads;
No Errant Knight, in hideous duel,
Be so unconscionably cruel,
Armour and all, with Blade in fist,
To cleave you down from poul to twist.
Squires (inconsiderable Wights)
That bind your selves *Prentices* to *Knights*,
Mark well this doleful Story *all*,
And take Example by my fall:
Leave ERRANTY to thole staid Wags
Who charge upon their running Nags,
Who enter ne're the Lists, though sore
Threat'ned above a Month before.
To *those* too, who do there appear,
Having nothing to do there:

M

Their

Their Gennets Bells, and their own Gulls :
 The Peoples laughter, and the Bulls ;
 Leave it — *Gy. 1.* Leave *satyrizing* thou.

Rif. If I am not abusive, How
 Shall I in reputation git,
 And be canoniz'd for a WIT ?

A Drole, and not *satyrical* ?

I never knew but one in all
 My life, and 'twas a precious Fool,
 The never-enough-prais'd O TOOL !

Gy. 1. Sas ! Coward, bustle up thy self.

Gy. 2. Ah ! Brother, do not harm the Elf.

Rif. O Gyant of my Guard ! into
 Thy hands I recommend me do.

Gy. 2. Then PERSIAN entertain no fear.

Rif. I do not, but it will be here.

Gy. 2. Shall I heal thee in a trice
 By *Magick* ? *Rif.* Hast thou that Device ?

Gy. 2. See ! thou art whole. *Rif.* Hah ! I am well :

A MIRACLE ! A MIRACLE !

St. Sacrapant ! I run, leap, skip
 And fly, like Beggar cur'd with *Whip*.

Let not the DOCTORS know of this,

For they will take it much amiss

If any's cur'd without their aid ;

Yet where's the Cure that they have made ?

The Church hath DOCTORS too, and they

Complain of *wrong* too in *their* way :

That *Emp'ricks* DOCTORS are become,

And DOCTORS Patients now — but *Mum*.

Enter the General.

Gen. Horrid confusions do I tread :

And Mazes upon Mazes thred

In this new COURT, where FELISBRAVE

Transported with his *Conquests* brave,

In the pursuit thereof suspends
The progress to his amorous Ends.

Gy. 1. RIFALORO, wilt thou eat
(For I would give thee some choice meat)
A salv'ry Leg, or little Wing
Of a *Camel* which we bring?

Rif. I would not rob your *Grandships*:
We say, LIKE LETTUCE TO LIKE LIPS.
This, if you please (having been sick)
A *Chine of Beef*, but not too thick.

Gen. Of *Risaloro* somewhere near
The *whining Ecchoes* strike my *Ear*.

Gy. 1. Say, shall we post thee through the Air in nimble
Egg-shell, to *PERSIA*, or in vagrant *thimble*.

*They go about to lay hold on him,
and he cries out.*

Rif. No, no, a sober Mule: the *Spanish pace*
On foot, or mounted, not the *Wild-goose Chase*.

Gen. 'Tis he, and those same *Gyants* dire
About to murder the poor *Squire*:
Hold, Cowards! what is this ye do?

Gy. 1. Slave, *who* are we, and *what* are you?

Rif. Hold, tardy succ'rer of distress!

These are *Gyants of the Peace*.

Gy. 2. Consider, valiant Knight — Gy. 1. With *those*
That *raunt*, my *Courtesie* is *Blows*.

Loose me that I may kill him. Gen. Come,

Presumption; but be sure strike home:

Those *Rebel-Gyants* I would scorn to fear,
Whose *Mountains*, to *scale HEAV'n* their *Ladders* were.

Rif. GEN'RAL, y' undo me with your wroth,
These *Worthies* are my friends in troth,

I tell you true, done more for *me* they have,
 Than my good *Grandam* who is in her Grave.
I owe (and shall acknowledge whilst I breath)
 A thousand favours to their Worships: Sheath
 Thy Blade, and be advis'd to be more plyant:
 The Knight's not always sure to kill the *Gyant*.

Gy. 2. This more: Since the dissolving of the Charms,
 Know, that we *Gyants* must now lay down Arms.

Rif. Well fare thy heart, O *Gyant* well inclin'd,
 Holy and sage, and of a peaceful Mind!
 He tells you true, the *Books* are clear in't all;
 To wit, *Parismus*, *Amadis de Gaul*,
 And *Cavalier del Phebo*— Then 'tis rare,
 To unpick quarrels, when Laws studied are.

Enter a Gentleman called Zelindo.

Gent. Prince *FLORANTEO* willeth you
 From *CLARIDIANE* to shew
 Unto the Noble *Strangers*, all
 This Incharmed Court. *Gy. 1.* We shall.
 Mark; and thereof ye shall be show'd
 Each Rarity, and every *Mode*.

Rif. Are there *Complaints*? Are there *Ambitions*?
 Lyes are there? Are there *ill Conditions*?
 Are there *Envyings*? Are there *Words*
 Sweeter than the Tunes of Birds
 Before one's face, behind the door
Back-racket-strokes of a left-handed *MOOR*?

Gent. How e're *incharmed*, Court 'tis still,
 Here they do lay their sick and *ill*,
 Of vast extent their *SPITTLE* is:
 The *Quarter* of the *Grumblers*, *This*.

Rif.

Rif. Bad men they are ; yet have they had much wrong ;
Reaping Rewards , which to the Good belong.

Gy. 1. There are the *envionus*. *Rif.* Good Lads *those*,
They kill *themselves* : Give me such *Foes*.

Gy. 2. There, *those*, good Fortune puffs. *Rif.* To morrow
I'll talk with *them*. "Such never can bear sorrow.

Gy. 1. There, *those*; who judge by the *successes* still.
Rif. May all their *Actions* be condemn'd by *Ill*.

Gy. 1. Here, *those*, that trust in PRINCES FAVOUR.
Rif. *Presumption* : bind them to their *behaviour*.

Gy. 2. A swarm of DUENIAS, there. *Rif.* With things
I will not meddle that have stings.
Duenias, *Mondongas*, *Dwarfs* and *Pages*,
I leave to bold *Plebeian Stages*.
In COURT is sacred ev'ry *Lawn*,
Each *setting Beauty*, or which now doth *dawn*,
I *there* adore : Each *Tyar* a *DIADEM*,
A *weilded SCEPTER* each *shak'd Fan* doth seem.
I call each *Quoif*, nay ev'ry *Bib*, a *CLOTH*
Of *STATE*, and all for *fear* I'll take my *Oath*.

Gent. Of *Court Diseases* talk no more, for *there*
Of others weal we all are sick I fear.

Gen. What, not one honest Man in Court then? *Gent.* Yes,
A Thousand in the *Spanish COURT* there is :
Whom you shall see in *Magick Perspective*,
Applaud the *Golden Age* they now retrieve.

Gy. 1. What is that old short Man we spy ?
Rif. I take 't he writes a *Comedy*
For the *MENINAS*. *Gy. 1.* Who are *they* ?
Rif. A *flight* of *Birds* the first of *May* :

Whole

Whose chirping *Bills* (which true *Division* run)
 Will *flout*, and out of *Countenance* dash the *Sun* :
 And I can tell a *Secret* of them too :
 But if thou tell 't again, By all that's true —

(*Gy. I.* I tell ?) *Rif.* They would have *Husbands*, and exact
 From *him* a *Farse*, themselves intend to act
 On that *high day* which to the *WORLD* did give
 Their *Royal Muster* on whose *Beams* they live.

And four hundred *Columns* terse,
 And a *concept* in every *verse*,
 And a *disdain* to each *eight feet*,
 And a *Sonnet* in each *sheet*,
 And to every *part*, they ask :
 To comply with which huge *task*,
 The forefaid Poet by main strength
Wire-draws his *PLAY* to such a length,
 That, for a *life* 'twould serve, of *one*
 That does no good under the *Sun*,
 Or after *whom* there 's an *Advowson*,
 Or before *whom* there are a *Thouſan*,
 Or of a *Suit* in *CHANCERY*,
 Or of a *COURT* *xpectancie*,
 Which is th' *Eternal* of *Eternitie*.

Gent. Four hundred howers *laſt* let it,
 And he who ſo is wearied wo't,
 The name of *tedious* ſhall git
 Unto *himſelf*, with *Clown* to boot.

For a *FESTIVAL*, ſet forth
 To celebrate *PHILENO*'s years,
 By *BELIZA*'s *Royal* worth,
 Should ſtop the *motion* of the *Sphears*.

And merits to laſt evermore,
 As do the *years* it doth adore.

Come,

Come, see *Wonders* that surpass,
In this *enchanted Looking-glass*!

*Relates, as seen in the enchanted Glass, the Festival
which the Queen of Spain made at Aran Juez
for the Birth-day of the King.*

Gen. Here view I (with what *sweetness* blest!)

Beauteous CYTHERIAS *Nest*:

And a BABYLON of *Flow'rs*

Mongst so many pleasant *Bow'rs*.

What an illustrious *Pallace* fair!

Such a Play-fellow the *Air*

Hath not elsewhere: None so *nigh*

And *splendid-neighbour* hath the *Sky*.

If DRAGONS kept the GOLDEN-FLEECE,

And Apples of th' HESPERIDES,

In the Fable: In this *Truth*

(Fairer than the *Morning's youth*)

HARAMA (a *glib Chrystal Snake*)

A *Girdle* to her *Fields* doth make;

TAGHS (a *silver Gyant*) falls

At the *feet* of her proud *Walls*.

—This SEAT

To whom belongs it? *Zelind.* To the Great

Shepherd PHILENO, who appears

Fuller of *fame*, and *Worlds*, than *years*.

Whose *foot*, whose *hand*

(*Both temp'rate in Command*)

The *one* an easie *yoak* doth sit,

The *other* is a prudent *Bit*.

Gen. —Who

Leads to this *Bow'r* of *Bliss*? *Zelind.* That new

PHOENIX of *Spain*, swathed in *fire*,

Son of *himself*, and his Great *Sire*.

Fair *seav'n*teen *Springs* hath *he* compleat,

Whose *understanding* is so great,

That in his *pupillage* appears

Th' *expeience* of an *hundred* years.

And

And in these *fields* is celebrated
 That happy day unto the *Earth*
 When he receiv'd his Royal Birth ;
 Whence GOOD MENS *hopes*, and BAD MENS *fears*, are dated.

Him his two Gallant BROTHERS follow,
Luminaries bright of SPAIN,
Sparks that fly out of his *Flame*,
 For *they* are *Stars*, if he APOLLO.

On whom *both Purples* we shall view,
 OF TIER, and of DANOW too ;
 The *one* his CROSIER glorifie ;
 The *other* raise his SCEPTER high.

The *Festival* you see doth come
 From his Illustrious SPOUSE ; in whom
 (Of two WORLDS sitting at the *Helms*)
 EARTH more *perfections* sees, than *Realms*.

For but of one *Ray* of her *Hair*
 (Since seldom *Kings* have *Kindred* waigh'd)
 On the meer score that she is *fair*,
 A *Clasp* for two *Crowns* might be made.

Not Lilly of *France*, but *Rose* of *brown*
Castel, that to our SOL shall bring
 A *Spanish Violet* to heir his CROWN ;
 'Sted of a *Flemish Jesamin*.

Another equally divine
 SHEPERDESSE, that, stead of those
 Flocks of *Swans*, which TAGUS shows,
 Shall reign the EAGLES of the RHINE ;

Fair

Fair SISTER of the MASTER-SWAIN
 (Whose parts betwixt *respect* and *fear*
 The proudest merits do constrain
 To *strike* their *says*) consorts with *her*.

And of an hundred NYMPHS beside
 (The *love* and *envy* of the SUN)
Accomplishments so multipli'd,
 So without earthly *Paragon*,

That *not* her *Train*, and *less* her *Eye*
 Fill'd up to the *brim* with *Glory*,
 Either her *Royaltie* belye,
 Or leave imperfect Beauties story.

Majesty, and sumptuous *Cloaths*,
 And the *Art* to put them on,
 And variety of those
 All without *comparison*.

The *Valleys* sing, the *Mountains* skip,
 The *Elms* and *Poplars* dance and trip,
APRIL himself a part rehearſes,
 And pricks his *flow'rs* in all the *verses*.

NIQUEA's GLORY (whose strong *Spells*
 Even conjure up *Impossibles*,
 And Miracles of *Wit* do muster)
 Is the Theater's first lustre.

The second is the golden Fleece,
 Which having first begun in GREECE,
 The way to TROY did after find,
 And ends in SPAIN with ILIUM's *fire* refin'd.

And now the Play without doors is
 A dull Man's (who his homely *Quill*
 T'excuse in part) can tell you this;
 Without command he writes not ill.

Sound a Trumpet.

A world of People flock together
 To be spectators of the fight:
 And from this Instrument I gather
 Th' approach of one, and t'other Knight

They sound another Trumpet near.

To the crown'd *Lists*. — Let's go, to gain
 A fight of them: And live this MORN;
 And rising Sun, and Stars of SPAIN,
 Till crippled Time be made their scorn.

Exeunt.

Cornets.

Sound Drums and much Harmony, and Enter at one door, with a splendid Train, and very brave in Apparel, Prince Claridoro; and if they will they may be arm'd, or leave that till the last Act; and as another door King Felisbravo, with a splendid Train likewise, &c. and the General, with many others by his side; and let a Curtain be drawn close, Cornets sounding, and on a high conspicuous Throne behind it, let Claridiana and Zelidaura as her right hand, appear, as gloriously clad as may be, and in the fashion they like best; and many Ladies seated upon the Strada, and Floranteo standing at the bottom of the foot pace upon which the Throne is, and the Giants like two supporters at the Ends thereof; and enter Rifaloro with his Master, and with Claridoro a Servant of his, receiving instructions for something from his Master.

Clar°. Be sure this part now be well plaid,
 Ent'ring as if thou wert afraid.
 Serv. Put no, if, to 't, I shall be so.
 Clar°. (By this Invention I shall know
 if Zelidaura's stay here, be
 Love, or Curiosity.)

Aside.

Serv.

ACT. II. *To Love only to Love.*

91

Serv. I go. *Clar°.* This is the *War* alone

Exit Servant.

In which I fear to be o'rethrown.

Now let the Curtain be drawn back, and each make a profound Reverence to the Queens, and the Queens rise from their seats, as likewise the Ladies, and then the Knights make a Reverence each to other.

Comppany. With what a careless Bravery They
One another do survey!

Gen. And how compos'd, like honourable Foes,
They interchange Salutations before Blows!

Clā. Both are gallant. *Zel.* Gallant, both:
Yet I with each am in such wroth,
That I to neither side incline,
Though I am one's, and i' other's mine.

Clar°. Hah! ZELIDAURA on the Throne?
She doubtless hath her self made known
To CLARIDIANA. *Fel.* I
Am made up of perplexity!

The Picture went at first for ZELIDAURA,
TARTARIA's Liege! then represented LAURA!
A Shepherdes! and now again one seen
In Sovereign posture by a Crowned QUEEN!

Once more sleep I bolt upright:
When shall I wake, for I do move
Like one that's waking, and my sight
Equivocates, but not my Love?
Who will this glorious Woman prove?

Flo. Knights, the Queen stays; and now the last
Dice of FORTUNE both must cast.

N 2

Dispute,

Dispute, if that *untye* it not,
Your Swords must *cut* the *Gordian-knot*.

*Claridoro takes off his Hat, covers
again, and begins.*

Clar^o. MADAM: (Since you remitted have to *words*,
That which at *first* were better try'd with *swords*)
I argue *thus*; By *Books* Wars *Art* is taught,
And without WISDOM no *great thing* was wrought.
Thus the great Son of *THEtis* (*dire annoy*
And ten years *Plague* of miserable *TROY*)
Had his *Head* arm'd with *Prudence* more than *Steel*,
Or than his Mother left *unarm'd* his *heel*
By the learn'd *CENTAUR*: *Thou KING PHILIPS* Heir
(Who envy'd t'others *TRUMPET* more than *SPEAR*)
Instructed was, in *Aristotles* Cell,
To understand the *World*, and then to quell:
Thus March'd high *CÆSAR* through the heart of *FRANCE*,
A *Pen* in one, in t'other hand a *Lance*,
And, in the *Pride* of that *Success*, did show
To *BRITTONS* bold an armed *CICERO*.
With the same *weapon* (to abridge *disputes*)
Men conquer *Men*, with which Men conquer *Brutes*.
Of *BEASTS*, more *fierce*, more *strong*, more *arm'd* are many
Than *MEN*; and *BARBAROUS MEN* as *fierce* as any,
More *num'rous* far. But WISDOM tames the *BEAST*,
And *WISEST NATIONS* master'd still the *rest*,
Until the *Brutish WORLD* its own *strength* knew,
And with their *MAXIMS* fell their *EMPIRES* too.
'Tis not the *brawny vigour* of an *Arm*,
But *inward courage* (which the *heart* doth warm)
Makes *FORTITUDE*: A *Life-despising Eye*,
And (not to conquer, but) to dare to *dye*.
Strength makes it not. If I like *strength* did want,
And met like *dangers*, I'm more *valiant*;

Because

Because my *Soul* was of a larger growth,
 And, when her Second fail'd her, fought for both.
 He that out-lives his *Honour* is a *Fool* :
 To Cure a *Coward* send him then to School.
 But many *Valiant* have out-liv'd their *Fame* ,
 For lack of *Wit* to play an after-game.
 The *Wise* weighs all things, who sometimes doth know
 The *Souldiers* Praise is to decline a *Foe* ;
 And (slighting *Rumors*) his safe glory sums
 In this, that, " He fights best who overcomes.
 " Who rashly fights (though he the *World* amaze)
 " A *valiant Fool* will be his best of Praise.
 When a great *CHIEF* his *Squadrons* up hath led ,
 With others hands he fights, but his own head ;
 Therefore (and fitly) for such *valiant* wile ,
 His head hath *BAYS* , his *Souldiers* hands the *SPOYL* :
 And when the *Sword* decides a bloody *Fray* ,
 Their *HANDS* that one , his *HEAD* fights ev'ry day.
 " Thus only *Prowess* unto *KINGS* pertains ,
 " Who ought to wear their *Valour* in their *Brains* .
 As , though ten thousand hands a *PALACE* frame ,
 Yet he, whose *Head* contriv'd it, bears the Name :
 Just so a *PRINCE* , who acts with others hands ,
 (His own *Head* steering) *EARTH* and *SEA* Commands.
 Upon a *Couch* the *CONTINENT* he awes ,
 And from a *COUNCIL* gives the *OCEAN* Laws.
 To hack wild *Beasts* is not a *Sovereign's* part :
Kings fight not with their *Hands* but with their *Art* .
 I end : In *Iron WAR* , in *PEACE's* Down ,
 Their *MAXIMS* Conquer , and their *COUNCILS* Crown.

A Flourish.
 With the noise whereof *Feli* bravo row/es
 as out of a deep *Muse*.

Fel. (Little of all he said heard I ,
 Such a diversion have I had
 Of *Beauty* , like a *Rustick* clad
 Sometimes , sometimes with *Majesty* !)

Aside.
 THE

THE SWORD—

*Takes off his Hat, makes a Reverence,
then, covering again, proceeds, speaking
to the Throne.*

—MADE EMPIRES; VALOUR guards rich WISDOM's Coffers,
As *Fear* betrays the *succours* which it offers:
He then whom *Danger* mazes, may for Brain
Go to the Camp, he went to *School* in vain.
When a great *Leader*, a great *Rest* doth play,
PRUDENCE gives aim, but VALOUR wins the day:
And, though he's not oblig'd a *Breach* to enter
The first, his Men must know that he dares venter.
If *Valour* he ne're shew'd, what's truly *Wise*
Will be in him reputed *Cowardize*.
COWARD is a *Disease* bred in the Liver,
Which qualify'd may be, but *cured* never.
Wise Men (and therefore they are *Wise*) do know
How to seem *valiant*, if they are not *so*.
Who ventures farther than is fit, a *Sot*,
A Mad-man may be call'd, but Coward, not.
And, who his *Valours Proof* doth long forbear,
Would be thought *wise*, but *will* be thought to *fear*.
To *dye* is very well; but yet to *kill*,
Is *more*; the *Victor* is the *Victor* still.
A Souldier boasted to a *King* his gashes:
But give me him (quoth he) *that gave such slashes*.
A *valiant Prince*, he is his *Empire's Wall*:
Safe without *Armies*, Terrible to *all*.
Of Realms *acquested*, THESE THE SWORD DID WIN,
We say, though *POLICY* did most therein.
Now, to whose Name the *FECIT* put you see;
The MASTER-BUILDER, past all doubt, is *he*.
Council may moderate a *Prince* that's *rash*:
But *who* shall fortify a Spirit *lash*?

High

High Mettles, like strong Wines, may water bear:
 But Council's vain, where there's the Traitor FEAR.
 No King should so presume on WIT, to think
 To govern Lands with Pens, and Seas with Ink:
 Better than at a COUNCIL-TABLE, He
 In TENTS the Land, in CABBINS rules the Sea:
 Well may a Prince be learned, Perfect none
 Who wants that best supporter of a Throne.
 But (for we skirmish'd have too long with words)
 Prepare to feel that SCEPTERS live in SWORDS.

Trumpets.

They Draw: The Queens rise in their Seats, sound a Charge, the Gyants put themselves between the Knights: A Cloud descends, and in it the God of Love with a Nymph, who in a Bason brings many fresh Flowers, and amongst those some withered.

Cup. How's this! Suspend your Furies. Zel. Heaven
 With wonder new lets down the Skies,
 And crowns the Earth with Prodigies.
 Cla. The Valianter did much out-go,
 Zel. That is because you wish'd it so:
 But the Dispute was ballanc'd even.

Cornets.

Cup. *Clavidianna* fair and bright,
 I am LOVE who come to light
 Thee out of this dark Wood th'art in,
 And if thou wouldst have him to win
 Who loves thee best, I'll let thee see
 Which infallibly is He.
 But (*will or nill*) the sovereign
 Decree of Heav'n doth thus ordain,
 That he by whom th'art most ador'd,
 Shall be thy Husband, and thy Lord.

Alto.

Aside.

Cla. Since he that was the *Valiant*
Loves me, I'm sure, what need I fear
 The sentence, but may well submit
 My *Soul* and *Will* to *Heaven* and *It* ?
 Thus cut I with my *Peop'e's* grain,
 Nor can the losing Knight complain.

To Cupid.

Great LOVE, my Glory 'tis that *thou*
 To clear my *doubts* to Earth wouldst bow :
 With thee I trust them. *Cup.* Then, that Man
 Who these *wither'd Flowers* can
 (Put into my hand) recover
 To *pristine state*, is thy best *Lover*.

Zel. Who but that stranger *Knight* there can it be,
 That came to fight for *her*, and injure *me* ?

Clar°. In *me* what venture is't, if I
 Do for *ZELIDAURA* dye ?

Fel. If *ZELIDAURA* I adore,
 I may venter upon that score.

Cup. Noble *CLARIDORE*, advance.

*Let him take a dry Flower, and put it in the
 hand of Cupid, and let it dissolve to ashes.*

Clar°. In Name of the *ARABIAN Queen*

Let this wither'd Flower grow green.

Cup. 'Tis fain to ashes. *Cla.* What good chance !

Zel. What ill luck ! *Cla.* The *Victory*
 Stays, with my *wishes wings* to fly.

Zel. O maist *thou* ne're *victorious* prove !

Cup. Glorious *INCONNU*, move.

Fel.

Fel. I deliver thee this fame
In CLARIDIANA's name.

This Flower too falls to dust.

Cup. *Dust* it is, and *transitory*.

Cla. This is Treason. *Zel.* This is Glory.

Rif. Into my Countrey I will carry
A *Receipt* so necessary,

To prove all *Men* what ever *Lyars*;
Who blind poor credulous *Women* with *false Fires*.

Cup. Brave FLORANTEO, draw *thou* near.

Cla. Avaunt! *Cup.* If he in worth and birth is peer
Unto the proudest of them all, in vain,
CLARIDIANA, dost thou him distain.

Draw near—

Flo. In name of *fair*, but *merciless*

CLARIDIANA (who contemns
Much Love, and *little Happiness*)

Receive this Flow'r. *Cup.* See how it *gems*,

Smiles, and *recovers*! Noble *Youth*,
Loe, LOVE in *person* doth reward thy *truth*!

*Offers to join them; and Claridiana
flies back.*

Cla. I'll lose my life first. *Cup.* Thou hast said
Thou't obey HEAVEN; and HEAV'N will be obey'd.

All. Live *Floranteo*. *Cla.* Live (say I)
Claridiana, and *All dye*.

Cup. To FLORANTEO 'longs *Arabia's Throne*:
Give him the *joy*, and *homage* every one.

Cla. Is HEAV'N become a *consener* too?
What ill Example! —Trait'rous Crew! —

O

Citizens.

Citizens. Of FLORANTEO Wife thou art,
And he our King. *Fel.* Dare none to start
From his Allegiance. *Clar.* Cowards stay,
In her defence do I this Sword display.

*Enter the Servant of Claridoro, as in
a great fright.*

Serv. CLARIDORO without peer,
Mixest thou in *Quarrels here*,
When in *Tartary* they are—
All in confusion, all in War?
For ZELIDAURA being self exil'd
In uncouth *Mountains*, and in *Forrests wild*,

Nor chusing any *Husband* out,
Her *Subjects* to uncrown her go about.

Thou then (since of her Blood thou art)
Draw thy *Sword* to take her part,
And thy *faith*, and *promess* high
In that just *Cause* alone employ:

If thou linger— *Clar.* 'Tis enough.
Fel. Heav'ns! I shall be sure accurst
If my *Sword* aid her not the first,
For an eternal *Love*, and tough
Revenge, for *Cause* declared now,
Me furiously into that War doth throw.

Exit in a Rage.

To Rifaloro.

Gen. Let's follow FELISBRAVE. *Rif.* You know I trundle
Under you *Gen'ral*— By my *Persian faith*
This sweet *enchanted Creature* is a *Bundle*,
And *Nesgay*, of *AURORA's*. *Clar.* There's my path
To serve you *Madam*; So *Love* wills, that I
Who dye his *Martyr*, should your *Souldier* dye.

Cl.

Cla. What an unlook'd for Change! *Zel.* The *Rout*
 (Heav'ns) in my absence, without doubt,
 Is blown up into Tumults— *Queen and Laws*
 Of *Hospitality*, perdon the Cause.
Now no more curious *Fooleries*, in old
 And valiant *Earnest* let the WORLD behold
 Arm'd ZELIDAURA, and TARTARIA feel
 The dire effects of her provoked Steel.

Exeunt Zelidaura and Roselinda.

All. For FLORANTEO Victory!

Flo. Villains, in your Throats ye lye.

Citiz. To Floranteo, Madam, yield your Hand,
 Or all Arabia falls from your Command.

Cla. Coward and Raskal-Heard, *that* shall be try'd.
 This is my Hand— Who? who, will give the Bride?
 Approach that dare— See, Traitors (whom my breath

Draws.

Should drive like chaff) It holds the Key of Death!

And Floranteo draws in defence of her.

Flo. Retire: His Sword for whom ye mutiny

Defends *Claridiana*. *Citiz.* Enemy

To thine own Heart! Thy self, and all the Gods

Thou dost oppose, provoking their just Rods.

Flo. Insolent Varlets— *All.* Kill him. *Flo.* I had rather

Serve her, than have her. *Cla.* O, my deep-read Father,

Permit't thou *this*? Now save me by thy Art:

Now is the moment. *Flo.* Madam, Take good Heart.

He drives them out, and returns to Claridiana.

The Cloud's dispers'd; y' are safer in my Guard

Then if the Stars all own'd you for their ward.

Trumpets.

Exeunt.

The End of the second Act.



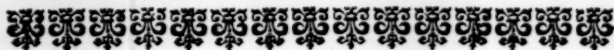
*The Persons of the third Act, are the same with those
of the second, adding,*

MARS.

AURELIO.

A CAPTAIN.

And OTHERS.



Querer



Querer por solo Querer :
 To Love only to Love.

THE THIRD ACT.

*Enter Aurelio, and others, as receiving with joy, Zelidaura,
 with her Roselinda, in Tartaria.*

Zel. **T**His is t'entrap me; well, my Foot
 Within the *City* I'll not put,
 Till a full Tryal make it clear,
 Whether things *are*, as they *appear*.

Aur. Great Madam, 'tis enough the Realm
 Thy secret wand'ring did incline
 To murmur at thee, and repine;
 Our Pilot absent from the Helm.

But, to be censur'd once disloyal,
 TARTARIA merits not. What Tryal
 Would'st thou have more, than the *Applause*;
 And Joy, which thy *Return* doth cause;

Both

Both *this*, which meets thee on the *Bounds*;
 And *that*, which from yon *Walls* resounds?
 Though, as to lighting us, some time,
 Absence *elips'd* thee to our *Clime*;
 Not as to *Influence*; for, to *Faith*,
 No *Back* at all a *SOV'RAIGN* hath.
 Since the false news did thee no harm,
 And now thy Beams *TARTARIA* warm;
 This *Error's* debtor we remain,
 For giving us our *Queen* again.

Enter the *City* (we implore)

Nor let thy *Anger* cost it more.

Zel. First, in that *Rural Palace* hid with *Bow'rs*,
 I'll rest — But what's this noise? *Rif.* Help, Heav'nly *Pow'rs*!

Trumpets.

Within a great noise of Swords.

The World sinks with their strokes. *Zel.* Make hast, hast make.

*Enter Feli-bravo and Claridoro fighting, and much
 People endeavouring to part them, and with them the
 General, Rifaloro, and a Captain.*

Fel. Now, on thy *treach'ry* will I take
 A full *Revenge.* *Clar°.* Now, on thy *Head*
 Shall be reveng'd what I have bled.

Zel. Rule me those *Swords*, two *lives* defend,
 Which th' *Owners* prodigally spend.
 (O *Heavens*!) — *Fel.* Leave, of all his *Train*,
 Not one alive. *Gen.* Cowards, in vain
 Ye muster *Regiments of Hares*:
 The more you are, the more you *fears*.

Aur. What *Fury*! Tide encounters Tide.
 (Vain *Labour*!) *Rif.* I am by thy *side*:
 None of your petty *clownlings*, we;
 The *Bombast* of a *Comedie*.

Zel.

Zel. Part them, I say. The two that fight
Are CLARIDORO, and the Knight
Of the Picture. *Rif.* There's thy score—

Rifaloro hits one of them.

No fencing it with RIFALORE.

The Knights are parted.

Fel. That, e're so many People came,
I kill'd him not; I bluth for thame.

Clar°. That I, by *these* should hind're'd be
From killing him, it vexes me.

Capt. Both are hurt. *Zel.* The *Stranger* bear
First to be Cur'd: And, OFFICER,
Quarter him in the *Mansion*
Of LAURA'S Father, CORIDON.

Capt. I shall. *Zel.* Prince *Claridoro* too
(Whose Life I fear less of the two)
Place in an equal Quarter near.

Aur. I shall. *Zel.* Before you go (d'ye hear!)
Clap in such wise on both a Guard
That they perceive not their way barr'd.
I would secure them *each* from *either*,
Yet not be *seen* to do it neither.

*The Captain comes to Felisbravo, and
Aurelio to Claridoro.*

Aside.

And how (O LOVE) how shall I know,
Whether he fought for me, or no?

Capt. Please you to come where they may cure you?

Fel. The wound is nothing I assure you.

Capt. By your Life (Sir) consider 't more.

Aur. Prince, reply not, y' are hurt fore.

Clar°. A scratch, believe 't. *Aur.* You'll find it none:

Howe're, the *Queen* will have it done.

Clar°. A spark of *piety* now from Her!

Then look for quarter from a *Murderer*.

Fel.

Fel. Captain, how far from hence to Court?

Capt. Your Cure (*Sir Knight*) doth more import
You, than that knowledge. *Fel.* To secure
ZELIDAURA, is my Cure.

Capt. What Faith a groundl. *Is lye* will win!
And O! how late it is call'd in?
But, come along, and you shall see
How well this Care may spared be.

Fel. To my *Revenge* I do prefer
The greater sweet of serving *her*.

Exeunt Felisbravo and Captain.

Aur. Come, *Prince*. *Clar°*, 'Tis so: Now, Madam, I do find
You (who ev'n then are *cruel*, when y'are *kind*)
Because from *Life*, I sue out a *divorce*,
To punish me will make me live perforce.

Exeunt Claridoro and Aurelio.

Rif. Do they bear them *Pris'ners* hence?

Gen. *Pris'ners*? I'll follow my dear Prince,
Resolving by his side to dye.

Rif. That's not for me; and yet I lye;
For I (to give my self my due)
Do whiff the *smack* of HONOUR too.

Exit General, and Rifaloro offers to follow him, but is paid by Roselinda.

Zel. Stop that Servant. *Ros.* Gentleman,
I come to call you. *Rif.* Virgin, can
You pick out of this *face*, and *meen*,
No higher Title? Well 'tis seen
You know me not, you don't in troth,
You don't— How low our Market go'th?
You have been somewhere neerly bred,
So *thin* your *Courtesie* you *spreed*.
'T has vex't me— *Gentleman*, quoth you?
When *Knighthood* is so common too!

Well,

Well, your *business*? *Ros.* She that calls
Her self the *Mistress* of these *Walls*—

Rif. Is a *Goddeſs*, and *clep'd* is —

Ros. What a new *ſtrain*, new *Humour's this*?

If ſhe a *Goddeſs* be, or *no*,

Let thine *Eyes* tell thee. *Rif.* Where's *de Froe*?

*Rifaloro turns, takes off his Hat and
falls at her Feet.*

Zel. Approach. *Rif.* Now let me never ſtir,

What diſt'rence 'twixt the *Sun*, and *hir*?

A *Cluſtre* of ripe *Stars* ſhe is:

Let me that hand, adoring, *kifs*; —

That *hand*, by which the *LILLIES brown* appear,

And the *Crystal* is not *clear*,

Lac'd with *Saphyr*, tagg'd with *ſhell*

In which the *Orient Pearl* doth dwell:

Give me that pretty foot, which goes

Knitting ſweet *flow'r* with *Ivory Toes*,

But none ſo *ſhort* as *it*; for *thine*

Is *BREVIAT* of a *JESAMINE*:

Give me— *Zel.* Withdraw, and let him ſtay.

Rofelinda goes aſide.

— Art thou the *Stranger's* *Servant*? Say.

Rif. I *am*, nor of him do complain.

Zel. Is he ſo good? *Rif.* So bad; w' are fain

At ev'ry turn to be made friends:

But ſeldome in this *World* meet *Ends*:

Ill *Masters* have good *Servants*, *Good*

Are answered with *Ingratitude*.

Zel. What *Place*? *Rif.* An *Office* of great *truſt*.

Zel. How great? *Rif.* His *MUTE*. *Zel.* His *MUTE*? I muſt

Confels, that's not for a *FOOL*.

Rif. *I here's an Exception to each Rule.*

P

For

For (let me tell you) I do blend 'um ,
Holding the latter in COMMENDUM.

Zel. Thy *Concepts* like me past expression.

Rif. 'Tis incident to our *Profession*

That (let it *miss*, or let it *hit*)

We Fools are off'ring still at Wit.

Zel. Who is thy *Master* ? *Rif.* He is one

Whose *Comutrey* I'll to you make known ,

His *merit* , *humour* , *disposition* ,

But his *Name* , on no condition.

Zel. And why his *Name* wilt thou not tell ?

Rif. For doing of a *Miracle* :

That once this saying may be true ,

A Servant told not all he knew.

Zel. 'Tis not worth thanks to hide his *name* ,

When all things else thou dost proclaim.

Rif. Of the old Apple a new *slice* !

Mother EVE's inquisitive Vice !

His *name* ? in troth it may not be.

Zel. Hola ! *Rif.* Why call you ? *Zel.* Thou shalt see.

Enter Aurelio.

" With a base mind, what *gentle courses*

" Cannot *perswade*, that *Rigour* forces.

Aur. Ordein your pleasure. *Zel.* (Anger me !)

Hang presently — *Rif.* Upon a Tree

Say not, by thine Eyes ; for I

Shall then prevent the Rope, and dye

Of the *unkindness*. *Zel.* Away take him.

Lays hold of him, and he struggles.

Rif. In earnest is't ? *Zel.* A *pattern* make him

To Fools , who shall pretend to hold hereafter

A *Secret* — (My Intreaties made a laughter !)

I, pray in vain!) *Rif.* By this good day
I think thou know'st not how to pray.
In fine, I must be hang'd. *Zel.* Thou must
(Without his name) forthwith be *truss'd*.

Rif. Then drive on, Cart, Note WORLD, a Woman hung
A Man, because he held his Tongue.
March, March. *Zel.* (For once it shall be told,
A Woman could from knowing hold
A Secret, which she dyes to know; withall,
Which a Man says, he'll dye, before she shall—)

Aside.

Leave him at large— What Countrey-man

Aurelio goes aside.

'S thy Master? *Rif.* He's a PERSIAN:
For whom great MARS bids make already
All his triumphal Charets ready.

Zel. Is he high-born? *Rif.* And so discreet,
Valiant, bountiful, and sweet
In his deport, that he's the great
Idea of a PRINCE COMPLEAT.

Zel. Is't FELISE BRAVO? *Rif.* Unto thee
Is that Name known? No, 'tis not He.
'S precious! that Royal Prodigy
Above the bounds of MAN doth fly.

Zel. And what's his bus'ness? To this Coast
What Wind brings him (for thou know'st?)

Rif. O WOMEN! *Zel.* Speak, go not about
The bush. *Rif.* Then, turn me inside out,
Seraphical Examiner.

They say there's in TARTARIA here
A Mad-cap Queen, that kems you wyre,
And wears a Helmet for a tyre;

Who, 'sted of a wide *Vardingale*
 And reverend *Apron*, puts on *May!*,
 And glitt'ring *Arms*, in which are writ
 The valiant *Deeds* she did commit;
 Who nothing but the *Spear*, and *Rest*,
 And *Pouldron*, minds; She *hoops* her *breast*
 With *Brass*, and her long *fingers* fair,
 The *deserts* of the *Needle* are.
 A mischief take the *Woman!* Let her
 Relign to *Men* (whom it suits better)
 INCAMPINGS: Let her *Kerchers* *hem*,
 Leave hemming in of *Troops* to *them*.
 If a *Spider* cros her sight,
 Let her take a famous fright;
 And purse her Mouth when she says, *Man*,
 Or Husband, like the *Nymphs* of *SPANE*.
 Let her tremble at a *Rat*,
 More than it doth at a *Cat*.
 "She, for a Beauty who would pass,
 "Must be as nice as *Venice glass*;
 "And, if one hold his hand up, wink,
 "For fear he brain her with a *pink*.
 In *sine*, to see this *Queen* we came:
 When a *Knight* (Rival of his Fame)
 His Fury would have kill'd: They both
 Lie hurt, and I am so in wroth
 With this *Man-Woman*, Angel-Devil,
 (Who to the *Sun* would scant be civil)
 That could I light upon her *GRACE*,
 I'd tell her roundly to her face,
 Spin *Highness*, Spin (as good as you have spun)
 For y' are a *Woman*, not an *AMAZON*.

Zel. (He serves me right—) Who sent him? *Rif.* (No, you sed
 You'd have me hang'd) —He came of his own head,

For

For he hath *Valour*, *Birth*, and *All*
With which a *QUEEN* in Love should fall :

And I (his *Servant*) shall not bate
Much of a *COUNTESS* for my *Mate*.

I know too in the World a *QUEEN*
(I name her not, but) she hath been
Late *disenchanted*, for which pains
Such *favours* upon *Him* she rains,

That — But I stop — *Zel.* Say, prethee, does he love ?

Rif. Is he a *Brute* ? *Zel.* And is he lov'd ? *Rif.* You move

A *curious* Question — This (shall I be free ?)

Is a *graft* too of the *forbidden Tree*.

From *me* no more is to be got,
And therefore (*pray you*) prefs me not.
Good faith, 'twere much more like a *Friend*
To *hang* me, as you did intend.

Zel. This one thing wilt not let me know ?

Rif. Pray, why should you desire it so ?

Zel. Only to keep it *secret* still.

Rif. Forbear to know it, and you will.

Zel. How mainly thou art giv'n to scoff !

It is not noble to put off
With a *light jest* a *serious suit*.

Rif. No ? as great Men as I will do 't.

But come (since you will have the truth)

He is a *Man* much lov'd by many,

Yet one of such a *curious tooth*,

That in his life *he* ne're lov'd any.

White *Hands*, black *Eyes*, curl'd *Locks*, have no more force

On *him*, than *Physick* hath on a *dead Horse*.

From some dry *Mother-in-law* the Man did learn

Not to relent — *He* ? He hath no *concern*,

Cannot

Cannot discourse of *love*, though in his *prime*,
 Though on all other Theatres his *tongue* 's a *Chime*,
 Though none so *dress'd*, none *dances* so, none *pours*
 Himself so *out*; for He's a *rock* of *Flow'rs*.

Aside.

Zel. A Knight that 's so *accomplish'd*, not
 To *love*, appears to me a *knot*.
 I must *undo* it by some *Art*:
 For at this *secret* hangs a *Heart*.

To Rivaloro.

Pleas'd me thou hast exceedingly:
 And I *unthankful* shall not be.

Rif. I *kiss* thy *foot*, and *am* thy *slave*.
Zel. Here me *Aurelio*, take this *Knave*
 To *prison*. *Rif.* Me to *prison*? *Zel.* Yes,
 For being a *Blab*. *Rif.* Ah! *Traiterefs*,
 Horrible *Inquisitrix*,
 Are these thy *thanks*? and do'st thou *fix*
 The name of *Blab* upon me too?
 O! take by me example, *you*
 That are *Gallants*, you that *love*:
 Thus do *Ladies* thankful prove.

He is carried away to Prison.

Rof. Should your Highness be *more cruel*
 Than you are to this sweet *Jewel*;
 Never was't so well bestow'd,
 Or so like a *Mercy* show'd.

Exit Roselinda.

Zel. Dissolv'd in *Tears*, and languishing *delight*,
 The *whisp'ring FOUNTAIN* is a tale of *LOVE*;
 The *Rosie MORN*, inam'ring at first sight,
 Sweet *PHILOMELA*'s *Orations* doth move;

The

The smiling FLOW'R . the tender peeping Bud ,
 APRIL importunes with soft show'rs ; the DOVE
 Lives vow'd to *everlasting Widdowhood* ,
Temple of LOYALTY , and *Soul* of LOVE .

Love grasps both Globes : LOVE all *below* inspires :
 Love guides with *constant change* the *spheres above* :
 MARS feels LOVES darts , APOLLO feels LOVES fires ,
 Ev'n HE that hurls the *thunder* , yields to LOVE .
 All *these to me* no warrant ; whose intent
 Is not to *vouch* , but *make* a PRECEDENT .

Exit Zelidaura.

*Enter Claridiana in Mans Apparel , with her
 Floranteo , and Florinda Lady of Honour
 to her.*

Cla. Leave haunting me , and leave thy vain
 And impertinent desire ;
 The more thou do'st of me complain ,
 The more 's the honour I acquire :

For (credit me) I more approve
 That all the *World* should be my *Foe* ,
 Than I defended by *thy Love* :
 It is a *debt* I would not owe .

Though *Heav'n* with plaguing me tire never ,
 I hope yet it will use me better
 Than (to compleat my *Plagues*) that ever
 I should be my *Tormentors debtor* .

Return , and let ARABIA gather
 Her Rebel-Armies in *thy Name* :
 Be kindling there seditious , rather
 Than *kindled here* with *amorous flame* .

The

The cause of this *disguise* you see,
 Is, that your *self* and *me*,
 You now no more may vex,
 But look on me as one of your own Sex.

Begone, provoke me not too far;
 This field presume not to transgress;
 For, if my Eyes such *Murth'ers* are,
 My *Hand* will be a greater *Murtherefs*.

Flo. BELLONA, armed with the Sun;
 That *Conquest* which thy Face hath *sure*,
 Some hazzard in thy *Sword* may run,
 Although its *temper* too be *pure*.

For Hearts *signoble* (which your sweet
 Majestick Eye cannot command
 To lie down *trembling* at your FEET)
 Reserve the anger of the HAND.

Not *revilings* so well *spoke*,
 Nor the *pain* with which I'm *stung*,
 Not thy *scorns* can *me* provoke;
 "For want of *luck* is not a *wrong*."

Nor merit I to be exil'd
 From the *dear* place which thou art in,
 Though scorn'd, tormented, and *revil'd*;
 For, *nor is want of luck* a *sin*.

T'obey, I do not ask thee now
 High *Heav'ns* by thee despised will,
 But that (abhorring ME) yet thou
 Would'st give me leave to Love THEE still.

Nor

Nor do I so much thank the Gods
 That they were pleas'd to *vote thee mine*,
 As that from all the *World* the odds
 They judg'd to *me* of being *thine*.

But, since thy hate I *constant* find,
 This *Cruelty* hath op'd mine *Eyes*
 To see that *all* the *Stars* are *blind*,
 And *thou* than *Heav'n* it self more wise.

Return into thy *Kingdom* free;
 There, at the ALTAR, I'll refuse thee:
 Let not ARABIA lose THEE,
 It is enough that I do *lose thee*.

Forreign Succours thou need'st none:
 Return, thou hast (if thou canst see)
Champion enough in *me alone*,
 And in *thy self* a *Victory*.

Cl. On *thee* I lay not all the fault,
 For (FLORANTEO) without doubt,
 That, against which I bend my thought,
Heav'n is too prone to bring about.

Now, as for *Beauty*, I pretend
 To none, and, if I had such lot,
 My *Beauty's Conquests* should extend
 To something that I *hated not*.

That *thou art* *object* of *my Hate*
 To impute's erroneous vanity,
 Unto thy being *unfortunate*,
 And not unto my *knowing thee*.

Makes a speak on the ground

Q

Step

Step not an Inch beyond this *line*.
 For, should the World arm all agin me,
 And all the *Elements* combine,
 I have my *Victories* within me.

Flo, Most *Beautiful*, *Illustrious*, *Generous*,
Divine CLARIDIANA, whom t' excel
 Self-Rival'd *Nature* being ambitious,
 With flesh and blood found it *impossible*.
New PHOENIX of *Arabia*, Miracle
 Greater than *She*, who in of Her *SELF lyes*,
Dies when she *rises*, *rises* when she *dyes*.

Celestial Princess, able to make Wars
 Out of the private stock of thy Perfections:
 (For thou might'st pres full Regiments of Stars,
 Would'st thou but give thy foot *those bright directions*.)

Advance, thy *Beauty's Royal Standard* spred;
Beat up thy Drums in *Hearts* that freedom plead;
Give out Commissions under *white* and *red*

To *kill* and *slay*, to *burn*, and to make *prize*,
 And let thy Foes look *Armies* in thy *Eyes*.

See, how thy *fugitive feet*, by calling *Strangers*
 To thy assistance, *steal* the *Victory*
 Thy face (if shew'd) would *gain*, dispersing *dangers*
 More than the *GORGONS HEAD*! that sparkling *Eye*,

The *whiteness* of that *Hand*, without a *Blow*,
 All that contrast with thee, must overthrow
 In a *celestial War* of *Fire* and *Snow*.

BEAUTY pretends not *warring* with a *Sword*,
 But with a gentle look, or a kind word;

To be *robustious, furious, warlike*, are
Not *Graces*, but *distortions* of the *Fair*.
A *scorn* that sweetly *balsons* when it *wounds*,
A *word* that *striking* courteously *rebound*s,
An *amorous Frown*; these tye Men to their duty
With *cords*; for "*A perswading War is Beauty*."

Cl. Thou see'st I ask no Prince my part to take
(How brave so e're) *none such* my *Champion* make.
But beg (*how meetly!*) *ZELIDAURA's Aid*,
A *MAIDEN QUEEN* to right a *CROWNED MAID*.
She (the illustrious Bulwark of her land,
And Mistress of a Soul *white* as her *Hand*)
Disdains her *Name*, and her *Heroick Sail*
To such a *trifle* as a *Man* should *vail*.
Since then the *Tartars* unrevolted are,
And *now* in *Peace*, though *always* prone to *War*,

Their *Martial Spirits* let her exercise,
T' undoe a *wrong* which *loud* for *Vengeance* crys:
I, by a *Woman* or by *none*, will rise:

Too proud, my *life* (if sav'd b' a *Man*) to own,
Or with my *Freedom* to redeem my *Throne*.
To be *robustious, fierce*, and *arrogant*,
They are not *BEAUTIES proper Arms*, I grant;
For her *smooth rigidness* her *slack complaisance*,
Cloath not with *steel* the *body*, but the *soul*.
I grant, *Cheeks* swoln with *choler* have no *hooks*;
That no *temptations* are in *furious looks*:
For the *Breast's inward softness* (without doubt)
Is *Beauty's soul*, which seasons *that* without.
But, ceas'd *SEMIRAMIS*, to be a *Dame*,
PENTHASILIA ceas'd she to *inflame*,
(Their *Helmets* off) because, when on they were,
This *HECTORS Sword*, That shook *ACHILLES Spear*?

Q 2

Discreet,

Discreet, prompt, active, gallant, happily
 Are they entayl'd upon DEFORMITY?
 And evermore must Beauty bear the taunt
 Of *luckless, cowardly, and ignorant?*
 To a *discreet and an obedient Lover*
 Her self in her *own shape* let her discover,
 ("For when all's done, to pierce a Wiseman's breast
 "Beauty's the sharpest sword.") But for the rest,
 Who vex, who cross me, *them*, not with a *whiss*,
 But *armed Hand*, I'll take, kill, burn, in *fight*.
 Here 'tis, that BEAUTY quits her *native charms*;
 And plays the *Souldier* with those *borrowed Arms*.
 Shall I those People that would suck my blood,
 Slay with a LADY's Weapon? (*That were good:*)
 And REBELS, shall so sweet a death o'whelm,
 As by my BEAUTY? No, the *impious Relm*
 Shall rue their work — What talk'st thou of my Face!
 It is my *Sword* must right me in this Case.
 My HANDS must quell those that against me rise:
 For other are the *Conquests* of my EYES.

Flo. Peace: ZELIDAURA comes. *Cla.* I blush; although
 Transform'd CLARIDIANA who can know?

Flo. Thy *Beauty* in such *Characters* is writ,
 That a dull Eye may soon *discypher* it.

Cla. By thee (who art my shadow) *me* it may:
 Back therefore, FLORANTEO. *Flo.* Though thou play
 The Tyranness, I am thy *subject* still:
 Then cease thy *Anger* if I do thy Will.

Exit Floranteo.
Claridiana and Florinda remain.

Florin. In her superlative perfections,
 Thou wilt see a peerless Dame.

Cla. Of her Beauty faint Reflections
 Are rendred by the Glasse of Fame.

Enter

*Enter to them Zelidaura, Aurelio, Roselinda,
and others.*

Zel. Here leave us. *Ros.* Madam, are you well?

Zel. I ayl nothing ROSELIND—

Aside.

What new Disease! — I cannot tell,
This *disenchanted Queen* is wond'rous kind,

Or wond'rous grateful — Thought, thou 'rt not my Friend —

To her Train.

Leave me *thou* too — we would be left. *Ros.* A weight
Hangs *here* — and, if *that Heart* beneath it bend,
Believe me it must needs be great.

Exit Train.

Zel. What tyrannous *resentments* move
Such monstrous *billows* in my brest?
Jealous am I, before I love?
And before I *fear*, oppress?

If CLARIDIANE is Queen
Of *Araby*, what makes she *here*?
Is it to *see* only, unseen?
That much unlikely doth appear.

If for the Love she bears the *Stranger*, ill
Did *he* to leave her, though *worth* spurr'd him on:
But, if he reign'd as King in her good will,
She did as good as bid him get him gone.

— Fool, Fool, to be concerned so
In wrongs *her Beauty* doth sustain;
When all the pity I can show
Is not enough for *my own pain*.

Fler.

Flor. Approach, what fear'st thou? *Cla.* Strange confusion!
Whom see I? *Zel.* Yes, I know that *Face*,

Claridiana knows Zelidaura when she sees her,
and Zelidaura knows her.

And that *gate* too— *Cla.* 'Tis no delusion;
She, whom I saw in a *course* case,

Was ZELIDAURA— *Zel.* My *suspicion*'s true;
The wrong'd CLARIDIANA doth pursue
The *Stranger* whom she loves— Down *flames*— *Cla.* *Troy's ours*:
My *name* but sounded, brings me all her *Pow'rs*.

To Zelidaura.

Courageous *Queen*, bright honour of thy kind,
At these *triumphant Feet* thy *Slave's* inclin'd.

Falls at her Feet.

Zel. Rise, and inform us what thou art. *Cla.* I am
(Fam'd ZELIDAURA) an *Arabian Knight*,
Who beg thee drown'd with pity in the name
Of my dread *Mistress*, brought into sad plight

By *Rebels*— If thou art the *blew-ey'd Maid*,
Who is the *Deity of War*; *Aid, Aid,*
Injur'd CLARIDIANA— (*Zel.* Part well plaid!)

Aside.

Cla. In her dear *Countrey*, in her *Throne* replant
CLARIDIANA; then thou shalt not want
New DECADES to thy *Story*, and give *Fame*
(*Who* loves to sing thy *Praises*) a large *Theam*.
Arm; let thy *valour* freeze th' *Usurper's* veins:
Nor let thy *hand* kill less, than thy *disdains*.
Thy *Beauties* in their dazeled faces shine,
And teach thy *Sword* to conquer, though 'tis *thine*.
On *Spanish Gonnet* hang 'twixt *Earth* and *Air*:
Nor MARS, but SOL, be now the God of *War*.

To

To Cowards, and to Valiant, fatal prove:
Making those dye for fear, as these for love.

Aside.

Zel. In flatteries wrapt, her purpose close she bears:
How well they're call'd, the poison of the Ears!
Another now (thus jealous) would be thought
In love, but I'm not guilty of that fault,
Yet here are sighs would make me think I were,
And never lye, did so like truth appear.
I'll answer coldly, till I know if War
Be in her land, or love do make 't on her.
If Treason drave her thence, without delay
My conqu'ring Flags I in her Cause display.
But, if (a frantick Lover) she pursue
The gallant STRANGER, I will make her rue
She e're came hither; and upon them both
(Though I should dye for't) wreak my burning wroth.

Cla. What is your answer? *Zel.* Is there, did'st thou say,
Such a Rebellion in ARABIA?

Cla. Madam, there is. *Zel.* And did that Queen send thee
To make request for succours unto Me?

Cla. 'Tis very certain. *Zel.* And as certain, this,
That she doth hope them from me? *Cla.* Madam, 'tis.

Zel. And for my Answer wert thou bid to stay?

Cla. Madam, I was. *Zel.* LA REINE SAUISERA.

Exit very slowly.

Cla. How's this? An Answer how unlike her Fame?

Are these the Actions that cry up her Name?

Is this that they call Manly? This to be

Invincible? What an Indignitie!

Upon how slight an Errand FAME will go?

And how it gathers like a Ball of Snow!

When

When I suppos'd her *Valour* would burst out,
 And sow with *Squadrons* all my fields about,
 To reap, for our two heads, a twofold CROWN,
 Of Gold for mine, of Laurel for her own:
 When the two sweetest things EARTH can afford
 I made account to owe unto her *Sword*,
Revenge and *Empire*; paying me in brief
 The common Wages of a light belief,
 She answers (neither brave, nor pitiful,
 Nor courteous, but pitifully dull)
 SHE'LL THINK OF IT. And if her Bowels yearn'd
 Not now, will she with *thinking* be concern'd?
 What shall I do? *Flor.* Sue to some King, and chuse
 Him such a King, as you did most abuse.
 If you obliged ANY heretofore,
 Take heed of him upon that very score.
 How well your *Entertainment* she doth quit!
Cl. Her rustick weed bely'd not her Soul yet.
 "THE WORST OF FOES ARE THANKLESS FRIENDS; for those
 "One ne're did good to, are at worst cheap Foes.
Ingratitude is cruel. Seek I must
 (I see) to my wise Father, though unjust.
 Ah ZELIDAURA, thou hast a Man's Heart,
 Because untouch'd with sense of Woman's smart!

Exeunt.

Enter Claridoro with his Arm in a Scarf.

Clar. From this deep Vale, with horror crown'd,
 Whose bottom not the Stars can sound,
 I breath up sighs no less profound.
 Where, if hard trees, and harder stones,
 Hear my moans;
 Never again
 Will I to cruel Womankind complain.

Silence

Silence not still *respect* implies:
 For *he* from *whom*, when *rack'd* he lies
 Nothing is wrung,
 Slights his *Tormentor* whilst he holds his *tongue*.

What need of *silence* hath *respect*?
 It looks to *me* as if the *Flame*
 Were held a *shame*,
 Which all the *Care* is how not to detect.

Here, here, let me let loose my groans,
 Let the *great Bell* out be rung:
Here safely all my *Love* at once
 Unload thy self into my *tongue*.

If *she* should overhear it, *Crime* 'twere none;
Faith is alive, but *hope* is dead and gone.

If our *Predecessors* Passions
 Had been *regulated* thus,
BEAUTIES new *Fortifications*
 Had not been rais'd against us.

For *who* could take a just offence
 At an humble *Patience*,
 At a true *Hearts* silent aking,
 Or ev'n a *suit* presented quaking?

ZELIDAURA *Star* divine
 That dost in highest *Orb* of *Beauty* shine,
 Pardon'd Murd'ers, by that *Heart*
It self which thou dost *kill*, and *coveted smart*:

Though my walk so distant lyes
 From the *Sun-shine* of thine *Eyes*,
 (Into sullen *shadows* hurl'd,
 To lye here buried to the *World*)

R

'Tis

'Tis the least reason of my moan,
That so much Earth is 'twixt us thrown.

'Tis *absence* of *another* kind
Grieves *me*: For, where *y'* are *present* too,
LOVE'S *Geometry* doth find
I have ten thousand Miles *to you*.

" 'Tis not *absence*, to be far;
" But, to *abhor*, is to *absent*.
" To *those*, who in disfavour are,
" Sight it self is Banishment.

But I love *thee* with all my heart,
Whom therefore thou canst never fly;
Since, in *whatever* place thou art,
Th' art *present* to my *Fantasy*.

As th' Optick's turn'd, the Object comes and goes:
DISDAIN no *presence*, LOVE no *absence* knows.

Custom of *Ills* is poor relief,
It only stands on the defence:
The faint *Compound* of a *Grief*
After the first violence.

Nor hath that place in a new *Wound*,
And *my Wound* is ever new,
'And ev'ry day is more profound,
And ev'ry moment festers too.

Only one Woe (for 't were a Crime)
I never can be guilty of:
To love her less than at this time,
Or not to love only to love.

Nor

Nor would I quench the fire in which I dye,
To be the light of any other Eye.

Enter Zelidaura in a Rustick Habit.

Zel. The wounded Knight I come to see:
Let no one stop me— Is that he?

Clar°. Who is so out of fashion, as to look
Upon a Man whom *Fortune* hath forsook?
What a sparkling *Shepherdess*!
(Here may be more than I yet guess.)

Zel. Ay me! 'Tis CLARIDORO, This.
Clar°. Through her disguise how fair she is!
'Tis ZELIDAURA (for *my* sight
Hath found her out by her own *light*)
But 'tis a *Happiness*, and I
In *that* may ev'n *mistrust* my *Eye*.
Possible in nature is it,
That to me can be this *visit*?
Or, so beside *my self* am I,
To think ought *mine* that is *Felicity*?

Zel. He knows me, but I'll face him down
I am not I: But he is such a *Clown*
He'll not believe me, should I swear it:

Aside.

Clar°. Why might not my immortal passion merit,
And force thus much, from Her? It might do so,
If I were not a Man *made sure to Woe*:
Nor would it the first *glorious triumph* prove
O're *scornful Beauty*, by *submissive Love*:
Though I do mainly doubt it, and should say
'Twere a great *wonder*, were it *true*: I'll pay

R 2

My

*My truth her wages with believing 'tis :
And so deceive myself into a Bliss.*

Addresses himself to her.

SHEPHERDESSE, whose *Sheep-Walks* reach
From CHINA'S WALL to the MUSCOVIAN BEACH ;
Who to a thousand *Flocks* do'st look ,
And rul'st them with a *Golden Hook* ;
Whom *Title, Beauty, Wit* , combine
To render in all points *divine* :
Humane only toward *me* ,
Nor that till thou these *hurts* didst see ;
As if (*to dye*) that I had need
By *other hand* than *thine* , to bleed.

Such pity ZELIDAURA keep :
For all these Wounds I long may live :
A Foe's Weapon cuts not deep :
Pity *that* , a *Friend* doth give.

For this high Grace, thou now bestow'st —

Aside.

Zel. (Were 't meant, I see it were not lost.
But yes : It were an Ill-plac'd *Boon*
On one, that can believe 't so soon)

To Him.

Where's any ZELIDAURA here ?
Dost thou a simple Body jeer ?
'Tis well —

Clar. You over act it ZELIDAURA :
Zel. ZELIDAURE not *me* , I LAURA
Am, the Daughter of thine *Host*.
Thou , little, *Zelidaura* know'st.
A *Majesty* so proud, so grave ,
To come and visit *thee* ? do'st rave ?

With

With me thou double-wrong'st her GRACE;
In her *Discretion* and her *Face*.

I'm pitifull a little, much at home:
To see thee (hurt) on these two scores I come.

Clar°. Thou art my *Health*, when *Health's away*,
And of my *Hopes* the only *stay*.

Zel. Thou'rt of the *Self* of *HOPERS* than?

Clar°. Fair ZELIDAUURA, if you can,
In this sweet *truth*, or *error*, *dye* let me.

Zel. Either I *am not*, or *will not* be she.

Clar°. Goddess of *snow*, fair Copy of the Sun,
Eclipsing *this*, and making *that* look dun;
Whose piercing *sight* (predominant in *Souls*)
Two *Globes* of *Light*, two *Spears* of *Beauty*, rowls;
'Bout which ten thousand flutt'ring CUPIDS swarm,
And *sidge* those *wings*: they *there* presum'd to *warm*:
Whom with one *gracious smile* if thou requite,
Thou *kill'st* with *Life*, and *strikes* them blind with *Light*.

Thou, from whom (arm'd with *steel* and *love* are sent
Thy *Billets* into every ELEMENT
(*Inraged*) *rending*.) and ADORNING (Fair)
The *Earth* with *Stars*, with *Cannon-shot* the *Air*.
The *WOODS* (from which all other *Sun* is shut)
(With *Lilly Hand*, with *odoriferous foot*,
(*Speeding unerring Shafts*, recruiting *Bow'rs*)
Thou *robbs't* of *Beasts*, and *pay'st* again in *Flowers*.

Celestial ZELIDAUURA, fair *Comptrol*
Of all that share an *understanding Soul*,
(For 'tis the least of *Praise* thy *Beauty* boasts
To trample *outward force*, and vanquish'd *Hos'ts*.)

Though,

Though, 'twas the *dream* of one that ill did rest
 To *fancy* gentle *pity* in thy *Breſt*,
 (The *wrack* of Hearts, and *temple* of a Saint
 Whole Walls can boast not one *reliev'd Complaint*.)

It was a *vanity* my LOVE brought forth,
 When I conſider'd *that*, and not thy worth.
 Nor dare I ſo much wrong that *noble Paſſion*,
 To think it might not merit a *Compaſſion*,
 Though not return: Yet, *Blifs* on any *ſcore*,
 Which *knock'd* at *mine*, it ſeems *miſtook* the *dore*.
 For when THOU com'ſt (and then THAT comes) to ME
 BLISSE, is not *Blifs*, nor ZELIDAURA, *She*.
 I know thee not (let not *thy choler* riſe)
 For I believe THEE more than my own EYES.

Zel. Alack! alack! much loſs of Blood
 Hath turn'd his Brain, and makes him wood.

Clar. O LOVE (thou well maiſt be call'd blind)
 The happier Stranger came ſhe not to find?
 O Heav'ns! with this *ſuſpicion* I do paſs
 To be *envious* and *baſe*.

But if *blind* LOVE made me conceit
Fondly of *her*, as to *me*:
Stranger, the wonder 's not ſo great,
 If I think *meanly* of *her*, as to *thee*.

Here me, LAURA. *Zel.* Now 't's too late:
 Poor Soul, thou talk'ſt at a ſtrange rate!

Besides, I do not like thee half ſo well,
 Since I perceive thy *thoughts* ſo vaſtly ſwell.

Exit Zelidaura flying away from him.

Clar.

Clar. Why (*ungrateful*) fly'st thou me,
And seek'st my *Rival*? Was disdain
(O HEAV'NS!) too little, without JEALOUSIE?
Envy, was't not sufficient to *complain*?
Kill'd with *another's Happiness*?
Suffic'd not for a WRETCH *his own distress*?

I took *another's Bliss* for mine
(A wife Conceit!)
That harms themselves cannot my *Wits* refine!
That from my *ill*, that *good* I could not get!
That I should, not be able
To *make* some use of being *miserable*.

My Soul shall follow thee,
Too fleet for me:
For from my *Soul* I'm sure thou canst not go,
And I know all the paths that lead to Woe.
O *Life*, with Sorrows rife,
Only to *Misery* thou art a *Life*!

Exit.

Enter Felisbravo with his Arm in a Scarf.

Fel. Lash'd by the Winds, the OCEAN raves, and craves
To be a *Star*, and not an *Element*:
The WINDS cry FREEDOM from their horrid Caves,
Not clogs of *Mountains* can their scape prevent.

The MOUNTAINS crack; the crouded Air upheaves
The Pillars of the Rocking FIRMAMENT:
For none, to that which *smart* or *less* receives,
Forbids a *sigh*, a *tear*, or a *lament*.

I only (a dead mark of *Fortune's* spight)
Stand on the *highest* pinnacle of *Grief*
Firm as a *Diamond*, silent as *Night*.
O *Smart* well disciplin'd, without *Relief*

For

For a poor *LOVER* to support his *woe*!
 So much a *sorrow* doth to *custom* owe.

Immortal, doubtless, is the thing
 Which *me* doth pain,
 And *that* again
 Which doth eternally remain
 From a *Celestial* Cause must spring.

My Soul is *short* as unto *Me*,
 'Tis *Epigrams*:
 But, *Madam*, to the *World* I came
Eternal, as to loving *Thee*,
 For unto *thee*, all *Soul* I am.

The greater torment I sustain,
 The less I wou'd
 My days conclude;
 For, dying to be out of pain,
 Is the Cowards fortitude.

Grant, I should (my pain to cure)
 Suffer *Smart*
 Break *Thee*, *HEART*;
 Can I another *Heart* procure
 To love with, when *shon* broken art?

But little skill in love thou hast,
 Who e're thou art that think'st or *Bliss*,
 Or *Valour* is,
 In dying for 't; since, *Life* once past,
 Neither *LOVE*, nor his *PANGS*, last.

Therefore would I *alive* remain,
 'Cause (*dead*) impossible 't would prove
 To obtain
 Either more *Love* to cause *sweet pain*,
 Or more *time* in which to *love*.

I do not with presumptuous Heart
 Value my self on FORTUNES Frown :
 He, that's o'rethrown
 For want of taking his own part ,
 Gets no Honour by being down.

The Man that merits not good Fortune ,
 If he complain ,
 Is not in vain
 Complain'd of : For, in due *misfortune* ,
 To *murmur* , is t'offend again.

I hold it for a *wither'd Bays* ,
 For which I nothing have to show,
 But that proud *Fortune* is my Foe :
 A *poor* it is, and *heartless* praise ,
 Which to my *misery* I owe.

Heav'nly ZELID Aura , I
 Am my own
 Confusion :
 And blame not *thee* , my Misery
 Being ow'd unto my self alone.

From *others pity* I could ne're
 Extract a Bliss ; nor fit
 Imagin it ,
 That *others* should the *sorrow bear* ,
 When I the *folly* did commit.

In thy regard , alive or dead ,
 I cannot be
 Comforted :
 For, whil'ft I live, thou 'rt lost to me ;
 And, dead, I lose the *loving thee*.

When shall these *Eyes* behold the light
 For which I
 Languishing, dye?
When? — But what needs *corporeal* light?
 LOVE can see without an Eye.

That I, a *Persian*, should Adore the SUN,
 Is no wonder,
 But, in some Pool 'tis safest done,
 Or when a *Cloud* 'tis under.

For, my best SUN, if Thee
 I should see,
 'Twould scorch me with the heat, 'twould blind me with the Ray,
 Unless (as thee I once survey'd)
 'Twere in thy *Picture*'s cooler shade;
 Or thus, by strength of fancy, when ev'n that 's away.
*Stands or lyes down, with his Eyes fixt towards the
 door, as upon the dear object.*

Enter Zelidaura in the Habit of a Shepherdess.

Zel. The *Patient* stays in pain, make room,
 Agoodyer take you, let me come.

To Him.

Will your Worship be drest now?

Fel. The Chyrurgionefs art thou?

Zel. Yes, and might be too the wound.

Fel. Thou might'st indeed: For the most sound,
 If with this *object* he did meet,
 Might dye of a Disease that's sweet.

Zel. Art smit? *Fel.* Not I. I'm prepossest.

Zel. But a new, outeth an old guest.

He looks upon her amazedly.

What

What do yow gaze at? *Fel.* If eternally
I do not sleep, nor *All* INCHANTMENT be
Which I do lay my Eyes upon, *This Face*
I've seen, with wonder, in another place.
She's like the SUN in all: save that the Sun
Is *sole*, but ZELIDAURA is not *One*.
Did *Nature* dote so on her *pieces* worth,
As to give sundry *Copies* of 'it forth?
Or (which no less upon my wonder calls)
Hath that one *Picture* four Originals?

Zel. Now his Brain works like Wax, and his five Wits
Relapse into their *Ap-plectick Fits*.
I am resolv'd I will know his Name,
Having already broke the Ice of shame.
What so becalms thee? *Grievous* is the wound?
Fel. Not, now, that of my Body. *Zel.* More profound
That of thy *Soul* is, thou interr'st. Take heed
Of *Sleep*, for *that* will make it inward bleed;
And the Man's giv'n to Sleeping. *Fel.* I shall dye,
If but of wonder. *Zel.* Where doth thy pain lye?

Fel. Just at my *Heart*: INCHANTMENTS are the Cause,
And absence of a *Queen* that gives it Laws.

Zel. Peace: I would be contented to know less.
Fel. 'Tis she, or else her *Shadow*. —SHEPHERDESS
Come hither, have I seen thee before now?
Zel. Can I tell what thy Eyes have seen? *Fel.* Hast thou
Been ever in ARABIA happily?

Aside.

Zel. (Once, but *no* Happy ARABY to *Me.*)
To Him.

How *curious* to know all! I ne're was out
Of these *sweet fields*— *Fel.* And therefore past all doubt,
They are so *sweet*— And how art thou call'd. *Zel.* LAURA:
Coridon's Daughter. *Fel.* Know'st thou ZELIDAURA?

(I fear a new *Intrigue*) Seen thee hath *she*?

Zel. Tell me thy Name, and here I promise thee

A Secret which may fully recompence

A Courtesie of greater consequence :

For to this *Graunge* comes *ZELIDAURA* oft.

And these *dumbflow'rs*, these *murmuring springs*, this soft

Consort of *Nightingales*, this Garden Wall,

Those circumjacent *fields*, *LAURA* and *all*,

Are witness to a *pain* she doth deplore—

But till thou have oblig'd me first, no more.

Fel. (O *jealousie*! and was not *Love* enough?

Jealous so soon? Am I such *catching stuff*?)

Zel. If it import thee to know more of this,

Say *what* thou art, and *why* thy *coming* is.

Afide.

Fel. Forgive me *Modesty*, it doth behove

I lay thee by, to seek (not Praise, but) Love.

To Her.

Friend have your Wish. *Zel.* Begin not with (*Attend.*)

Fel. Nor with (*O yes.*) *Zel.* You have a merry Friend.

Fel. A King hath *PERSIA* (*FELISERAVO* hight)

High *Envy* of the *GODS*, *MANKINDS* delight,

His birth-day a few *Mays* have mark'd with Flowers :

The same (join'd with the drops of *April* show'ers)

Summe up his virtues. As in *LOGARISM*

Nine figures makes of numbers an *Abyssm* :

So a few *Springs* (as he hath order'd it)

Have multiply'd his *Years* to *Infnit* :

Who, though not full eight thousand mornings strong,

He that now wrote his *Life* would find it long :

His Body and his Soul are so well met,

That the best Gem, hath the best Cabinet.

A Veil of *Love* his Majesty doth shroud ;
Which yet is so seen through, that the most *proud*
Tread upon *fears* , and hear their *faults* aloud.

He walks through the wide Fields of *History* :
North-Star of Kings , to steer a *true Course* by ;
And , for their *Faults* , a GLASSE that will not lye.

His Hand is of two Natures : It doth hold
STEEL , that is clapt into it , lets go GOLD ,
Yet strong *submission* wrests there out the *Sword* ;
And , *frank* of *Deeds* , he's *niggard* of his *Word* :
Left *bashful Bounty* make him say the thing
Which will not *hold* : For *that's* unlike a KING.
Lets no *base whispers* misinform his *Youth* ,
Nor thinks it *thrife* on Trust to take up *Truth*.
Vice he hath none , nor any Age hath seen
Amongst so many *Flow'rs* so little *green*.

He looks on BEAUTY (pleas'd) and passes on :
A FREE PRINCE still , ev'n where she plants her Throne.
The *light* thereof he takes , the Fire he doth
Rejett : A temperate and a glorious YOUTH !
Till some just *War* shall wake his sleeping Sword ,
And splendid *Theams* to *Tongues* and *Pens* afford ;
He follows *peaceful War* , breaks truce with Beasts.
Sloth Foe to *All* , but most to *Royal Breasts*.
The *second SOL* without his radiant Hair ,
He *sacks* the *Woods* , *dispeoples* the wide *Ayr* :
The first ADONE , without his VENUS , *Groves*
He doth *adorn* , and *peoples* those with *Loves*.
This Prince felt never , never *he LOVE's* smart ,
Nor his most Golden Shaft durst wound his Heart ;
Until a Captive did in *Persia* thunder
Such Praises of a PRINCESSE (the *Worlds Wonder*)

As

Aside.
Zel. Most undoubtredly 'tis *He*,
 Because (for more disguise) I see
 His *proper* Praise he did not spare.

To Him.
 I shall soon find it. — Thy great Care

And Courage (*PERSIAN*) I admire.
 Couldst thou the Picture know again?
Fel. If it take up my *Thoughts* entire,
 And Copied in my Heart remain,

Must I not know it? *Zel.* Look on *this*:
 And mark it well. *Fel.* Had I no Aim
 By any *feature*, whose it is
 The matchless Beauty would proclaim.

Aside.
 What *Bon-fires* (*HEART*) wilt thou *now* make for Joy?
 I would not have them *less*
 Than my *LOVE's* Flame, or those of *TROY*;
 And monstrous, as to me, is Happiness.

A *Lover* is not glad,
 Unless withall he's Mad:
 Nor can my *Gratitude* expressed be
 With any thing that's less than *Lunacie*.

I do not *celebrate* my *Good*
 With so much *splendour* as *Tought*,
 Nor its full *worth* have understood,
 If *this* effect it have not wrought.

Zel. He's like a Man that talks t' a *Spirit* —
To the Picture.

Fel. Beautiful and injur'd *Shade*,
 More blame (I must confess) I merit,
 Than past his Hour a *LOVER* who hath staid.

To Her.

Shepherdes, who gave it thee?
 For, amidst *varietie*,
 Seeing the *self-same Beauty* ever,
 I credit, what I tremble to assever.

Zel. Then, *Persian*, of a *Counstrey Lass*
 Perceive an Act a *Queen* might do;
 Through this blind Labyrinth to pass
 My Pity giving thee a Clew.

I am the *Woman* thou didst see,
 In several shapes, in *Arabie*;
 And who from thee this *Picture* stole;
 And whom, if that rare King (the Soul
 And *Martial Glory* of the *Chase*)
 Merit the Praise thou giv'st His GRACE,
 With thee return to *Persia* faster
 Than thou cam'st hither, and thy *Master*
 (The Gen'rous FELISERAVO) tell;
 He shall to TARTARY do well
 To come with *wings*, where (if he prove
 As *humble*, and as *much* in love,
 As great in *Courage*, and *high-flown*)
 Queen ZELIDAURA is his own:
 The most exempted Heart reserving
 For the *Person* most deserving:
 And say, thou heard'st it from one LAURA,
 Who heard it in this place from ZELIDAURA.

Aside.

Fel. Shall I think my Senses true?
 ZELIDAURA 'tis I view.
 No, no, it is not; 'Tis my Eye
 Flatters my *Wishes* with so sweet a Lye.

To Her.

Angel I go ; and shall the King
Quickly to TARTARIA bring.

Zel. It is not FELISBRAVO, no ;
For he his *Mask* now off would throw.
What have I done ? My being kind
I will retract, unless I find
This *Face*, this *Courage*, and this *Meen*,

In a Kings Person, to deserve a QUEEN.

*Compares her with the Picture, interchangeably
regarding either.*

Fel. That, of the *Hand* which made us all,
Picture, is thy *Originall*,
None, that before appeared such,
Did Face to Face avow so much.
An Egg is not more like an Egg,
Nor the Left to the Right Leg.
NATURE, that drain'd her Stores to do
One Face like this, despair'd of Two.

They descant to themselves upon each other.

Zel. Is this a Servant ? Fel. Is this *Laura* ?

I ne're was in a Maze till now.

Zel. Then art not FELISBRAVO, thou ?

Fel. Art thou then, ZELIDAURA ?

Aside.

Zel. (His fear compels him to conceal,
My love shall prompt him to reveal,
Himself—) Sir Knight — Fel. Fair *Shepherdes*,
Thy divine commands express.

Zel. The *Picture*'s mine, I am not LAURA :

If thou art FELISBRAVO, follow

To the *Temple* of APOLLO :

I am relenting ZELIDAURA.

Exit

T

Fel.

Fel. Suspend thy steps : With all my Heart

(*Beauteous Queen*) I follow thee :

(But *that's* already where thou art—)

As going after her, when Enter hastily, Claridiana in Mans Apparel and stays him.

Cla. Valiant King, come back to me.

Fel. Off, *Remora*— *Cla.* Whom hurlest thou fro thee ?

Fel. *Youth*, for this ill turn beshrow thee.

Cla. Hear me , thou new *Alcides*. *Fel.* What
Wouldst thou with me ? *Cla.* Know'st me not ?

Fel. No, nor would. *Cla.* So soon (*unkind!*)
CLARIDIANA out of mind ?

Fel. Me, that the *Seaburneth*, tell.

Cla. Look upon me, *Stranger*, well.

Fel. The *Cloaths* and *smartness*, thou put'st an,
Speak the bold language of a *Man* ;
But that *Complexion*, and that *Grace*,
WOMAN write upon thy Face :

And one , whom I have *elsewhere* seen.

Cla. Ah ! Wonder not, the most *distrest*
Of *Women*, seeks of *Men* the best :

Of *ARABIA* I am *Queen* ,

On which the *Gold* , that therein is,
The Name of *HAPPY* did bestow ,
And, of *PERFUMED*, from her *Trees*
The *Aromatick* Tears that flow.

My Father (through whose *Magick Love*
The shook Earth groan'd, and on whose back,
As on strong *Atlas's* of yore,
The *Heaven* was a *Golden Pack*)

Erected *there* th' enchanted Tow'r,
 For *curious* and *magnificent*,
 Proportioned to Regal Pow'r,
 And Art's Divine Astonishment.

Th' *intention* was to thee made known,
 Then, when thou couldst not keep by WIT
 That, which by *Valour* thou didst git;
 So many *Monsters* overthrown.

The Duel was abruptly done,
 Abruptly was the *War* begun,
 Feign'd to be *here* in TARTARY
 By CLARIDORO'S Jealousy.

Certain *Eyes* were thy *North-Stars*,
 Which directed thy *Course* hither:
 If Ruth, or Love, or love of Wars,
 The Cause, thou *know'st*; I know not *whether*.

I staid alone: My *Subjects* (broke
 Loose from their Duty) *They*, require
 T' an *Idol* I should offer *smoke*,
 For whom my *Altar* had no *Fire*.

Up-sighing, to the Gods, Complaints;
Heav'n's sacred *pity* I implore;
 The *Sun*, surpriz'd with *darkness*, faints;
 The Thunder in the Ayre doth roar.

My *Magick Father* (reconcil'd
 By her *misfortunes* to his Child)
 Informs me how this *Cabbin* mean
 Inshrines the *Persian King* serene.

Thou art the Man, *thou* FELISERAVO art,
 In Praise of whom *Fame* sings her well conn'd Part:

Two Worlds already with thy Name doth fill,
 And makes *both Poles* hear plain her Trumpet shrill.
 Thy Aid I crave, to *thee* my wrongs discover,
 As thou art brave, not as thou art a *Lover* :
 (For, tell not *me* of *constant Lovers* ; such
 I have heard much of , but believe not *much*.)
 Restore CLARIDIANA to her *Crown* :
 Thy Name will make the *Loyal* (who are down)
 O'retop the rest. *These* , are the *spoils* thou oiw'st
 To *Fame's* bright *Temple* ; These, are *deeds* to boast
Thee, for their *Author* : Leave, fam'd Prince, soft thoughts,
 Leave CUPID's vain *Caresses* , and tame faults
 Of *Idleness* ; thy *Damask Blade* unsheath ;
 In *Rest* couch *Ash* ; on which when *North Winds* breath
 It *bends* (a *Twig*) but now (*more stubborn Wood*)
 Shew's *Beak of Steel* , made drunk with *Crimson Flood*.
 Arm'd, let the Field behold thee ; and make blush
 The shoulders of thy digg'd *Bucephalus*
 With Foamed Spurs : In *thee* APOLLO bright
 Be dy'd with *Blood*, Red *Mars* be *guilt* with *Light*.
 My *Truncheon* weild with that *victorious Hand* :
 Two *Phœnixes* shall *then* the *ARABES Land*
 (As to *immortal*, as to *glorious*) have ;
 But (as to *valiant*) only *FELISBRAVE*.

Aside.

Fel. LOVE, and HONOUR, pull *two* ways ;
 And I stand doubtful *which* to take :
 To *Arabia* , *Honour* says ,
 Love says, no ; thy stay *here* make,

HONOUR (like to lose the day)
Pity throws into *her scale* .
 LOVE, *Gratitude* in *his* doth lay ;
 Fearing else not to prevail.

Fair

Fair ZELIDAURA shall I flee,
 Just now, when in her Grace I stand;
 One of those happy Fools to be,
 Who prize no Bird that's in the hand?

side.
 So (your less Fool) a Child too, cries
 For a rich Gem, which got, the Boy
 Runs after something else he spies,
 And leaves his Jewel for a toy.

Deaf then to loud Musick of MARS,
 To his spread Flags let me be blind.
 I'm summon'd here to higher Wars:
 And those are cruel, these are kind.

To wrong'd Claridians, than
 Discourteous Coward shall I prove?
 Knowing my Heart (as I do) can,
 Dare I, to it, such baseness move?

Not, by Courtship, not on Dunn;
 Is acquir'd sublime Renown:
 But Promess indefatigable
 Scales Alpes and ploughs up Seas unstable.

Cl. How long he doth debate it in his Brest?
 "Slow comes Relief, where little Love doth rest.

Aside still.

Fel. Pardon me, Zelidauré, this way I take
 And (which is more) I leave thee for thy sake:
 For, of thy Lover none deserves the Name,
 Who will not succour a Distressed Dame.
 Stand me, *Arabia*: If I gain the day
 The Spoils at ZELIDAURA's Feet I'll lay.

Enter General.

Gen. Leave FELISBRAVO, leave the vain *Alarms*
 Of a *false* HONOUR, and LOVE's *vainer* *Charms*.
These pull proud PONTUS on thy trembling Reim.
 Ev'n *Courage* fears, the Pilot from the *Helms*:
 Hast home: 'Tis brav'ry past *my skill* t' admire,
 To quench *another's* house, thine *own* on Fire.
 Once let not *appetite* prevail, not still
 The *worst* be *chose*, and Reason stoop to *Will*.
Waste not thy years in *Love*, or cruel *Rush*,
 And *weed* betimes ev'n Flow'rs that choak thy *Youth*.
 Return to PERSIA, leave *Romancing*, leave
Disnerving Loves, and all that may deceive
 The *Harvest* of so fair a *Spring*. "The Birth
 "Of Kings is to be *Patterns* to the Earth,
 "Not *blotting-papers*, but to *write* fair by;
 "Nor *pleasures* *Slaves*, or *triumphs* of an *Eye*.

Cl. This seems a trick. Heav'ns! That a Man should dare
 To forfeit his good Manners to my Pray'r!

Fel. GEN'RAL, well urg'd: But first I'll pay *two* scores:
 One here, *another* where my *Soul* adores —

To Her.

CLARIDIANA comfort thy soft Breast,
Heroick Minds are try'd when they are *prest*.
 List me thy *Captain*, or thy *Souldier*: Come
Live thou, though I *dye* here, and *lose* at home.

Gen. Bright *Persian* Prince,

The WORLD will hang the *Temple* of thy *worth*
 With all the *Vows* OPPRESSION shall rack forth.
 T' ARABIA then; thy *look* will conquer *there*,
 And thy *Fame* strike the *Pontick* King with Fear.

Aside.

Aside.
Fel. Good Conrrier, but ill Lover, now am I:
 I know it, but I know no Remedy.

Aside.
Cla. I carry thee, to War against my Land:
 Against my Heart to War too, underhand.

Exiunt.

Enter Zelidaura.

'Tis not, the Persian FELISBRAVE;
 He would have follow'd: And if FAME
 With a true Mouth his Worth proclaim,
 HE (if he lov'd) my Love might have.

For he that will my Hand deserve,
 Must, in a constant Soul, comprize
 The understanding of the wise.
 The diligence of those that serve,

Perfections of a KING discover,
 And the tremblings of a Lover.

Enter Claridoro habited like a Countrey Gentleman.

Clar. For the Queen now
 To Court to call me is no pleasure
 To one who wisely minds the Plow,
 And rows in Leisure.

Sweet Solitude! still Mirth, that fear't no wrong,
 Because thou dost none! Morning all day long!
 Truth's Sanctuary! Innocency's Spring!
 Invention's Limbeck! Contemplation's Wing!

Peace of my Soul, which I too late pursue!
 That know't not the Worlds vain Inquietude:
 Where Friends (the Thieves of Time) let us alone
 Whole days; and a Mans Hours are all his own.

Happy

Happy art thou, that, *unsupplanted, planteſt* ;
 Nor ſeeſt in COURT (which to thy *Harm* thou *hanteſt*)
 Th' *undoing Truth* of rigid *Honeſty* ;
 The *proſtable Lye* of *Flattery* ;
 The *sweet Diſeaſe* of *Hope* , the *Potion* ,
 And *bitter Health* of *Undeception* .

Turns to him.

Madam , your pleaſure (for, in haſte,
 A Servant call'd me, to wait on
 Your *Highneſs*.) *Zel.* *Diligence* goes faſt :
 As for haſte elſe, there was none.
 The *wounded Stranger* , is he gone ?

Clar. Juſt now. *Zel.* (I aſk'd that which I grieve to know)
 Went he Cur'd fully ? *Clar.* Truly, No : *Aſide.*

He ſtumbled o're his Health, becauſe a Woman,
 In a Mans Habilliment
 (Invited by his Fame) did ſummon
Him , to ſome *Action* ; and with *Her* he went.

Zel. With a Woman ? *Car.* Yes, and one
 Whoſe *ſpricelineſs*, whoſe *Beauty's* Rays,
 Whoſe *every way* perfection,
 I never to the worth can praiſe :

And the valiant FELISERAVE
 (For ſo ſhe call'd him) went with her,
 So contented, brisk, and brave—
Zel. *Peace* : It is too much to hear.

Treaſon againſt Love , nay High-
 Treason ? *Together* did they go ?
Clar. Together. *Zel.* Now you lye, you lye—
 But (ah !) 'tis *true* , becauſe it grieves me ſo.

Bid

Bid them that *Fellow* hither bring
 I caus'd be seiz'd on. *Clar°*. What means this?
 But Duty says, know not the thing,
 Which hidden by thy Sov'rain is.

Exit.

Zel. A Man denies to *me* his Name;
 Leaves me, and for *another* Dame,
 And have I yet so much good nature
 As to *complain* of such a Creature?

Go, thou *cruel Man* to *me*;
 Hope not, I'll my self deplore
 Upon *thy score*:
 For, to form *Complaints* of Thee,
 Were to make my favours *more*.

If, the meer *thinking* thou wert lov'd,
 To remove
 Thee could move,
 Well thou might'st have *not* remov'd,
 For thou wert not yet *belov'd*.

If my *Will* inclin'd a little,
 Well that deserv'd thy *hope* to swell;
 CONFIDENCE, *well*;
 Well, thy *Vanity* to tickle;
 But it not deserv'd thee *sickle*.

Thy thus *forgetting*, doth confess
 Thou held'st the *victory*, secure,
 Thy *Triumph* sure;
 For (whilst you live) a *Happiness*
 Is Mother of *Forgetfulness*.

O, froward Stars! What I, betray'd?
 How can I suffer such a strange
 And sudden change?
 That I, whom LOVE fear'd to invade,
Object should of SCORN be made!

Ignoble Knight!
 Lover unkind!
 Inconstant as the Wind!
 If she thy Love requite,
 In mid'st of *Joyes* be sterv'd,
 And let *unhappinefs* be once deserv'd.

Art thou a PRINCE? *Fame* lies:
 "Plain dealing is for *Majesties*.
 "A Prince will *falsehood* flye,
 "If but because it argues *fear*, to Lye.

Seem only *wise*, in that
 Thou be *unfortunate*;
 Earn neither *Erafs*, nor *Pen*,
 To make thee *live* with Men;
 And let thy Name (if *it* in FANES they kerve)
 For scorn, for pity, nor for pattern, serve.

In thee *just jealousy* move
 A thousand ways, *Another*
 Less *lovely*, less a *Lover*.
 So short let thy *sweets* prove,
 That thy felicity
 May be an *inch* to measure BEAUTY by.

This

This (who, thy *Wife* to be,
Seeks, by supplanting Me)
Maist thou love her, like those that foul ones chuse :
May *she* love thee, as courted *fair ones* use :
And, if she prove a *Bane*,
In being *immortal*, let it seem my pain.

If ye shall *disagree*,
Live to Eternitie ;
If ye *love*, live a year ;
An *hour*, if fondly dear ;
But, do not live a jot ;
And let a Faulchion cut your NUPTIAL Knot.

Enter Rifaloro trembling.

Rif. O that in *fooling tune* I were !
But, I am not in *tune* to fool.
By HERCULES, I have a *fear*,
Withall my *strength*, I cannot rule.

And, if *Rewards* for *fear* were set,
I those from *all* the World should get.

They say, 'tis ZELIDAURA's *Grace*,
Whom I call'd *Mad-cap* to her face :
So now, must I expect the pay
Of those, who *Truths* to *Great-Ones* say.

Give me, *Madam*— (I recoil)

Offers to approach her, and dares not.

Thy Feet — No — Zel. The *Servant* vile,
He, for that Lye, shall feel my Thunder—
But— If a King could lye, what wonder ?

Rif. A Devil, *Angeliz'd*, is *shee*.

I tremble like an *Aspine Tree* :

Each joint 's a leaf. *Zel.* What makes this Rascal stay ?

Sees him.
Oh ! Is he there ? *Rif.* Give— Give me (I say.)

Zel. I'll give thee Death, Impostor. Traitor—

Lifts up her hand, as if to strike him.

Rif. Hold Thunderbolt of Lillies— *Zel.* Traitor,

How is thy Master call'd ? *Rif.* Things seem,

And are not : Man's Life is a dream—

Zel. His Name— *Rif.* A *Servant* is all *Ear*, and *sight*—

Zel. I'll have his Name— *Rif.* And reason good :

PERSIANO. (I'm not understood.)

Zel. Villain, His Name— *Rif.* I say the same

DON PERSIANO is his Name.

Zel. Thou triflest with thy *Life* : Confess—

Offers at him with a Dagger.

Or— *Rif.* Hold then— *Zel.* His true Name exprefs—

Rif. *PER--SI--A--NO*— Angel, stay :

Playing with Hands, is the Clowns play.

In *Cypher* is his true Name writ :

And I have lost the Key of it.

Falls on his knees.

Weary not thy self, *QUEEN* mine :

Racks shall not force it from this *Breſt* :

For, though to *jesting* I incline ;

I ne're thought *Knavery* a good *Jest*.

Zel. A Rogue on *Honours* points to stand !

In *thee* it is a *sauciness* :

('Tis well I knew it before hand :)

And yet, withal, I must confess,

This

This *Servant*, with the Soul he hath,
Might teach his *Master* to keep Faith.
What a foul shame 'tis! *Rif.* By the Gods,
Those *Sages*, who do boast such odds
Of all the World, shall find— We Fools
Are most considerable Tools.

Zel. The ill-deserved Name to Me
Of *FELISBRAVE* is known already:
Who, of *Arabia*, is gone to be
The *petty King*, and the *Gallant unsteady*.

He Travail'd with *CLARIDIANE*.
Follow him *thou* (this Royal Hand
With *servile Blood* I scorn to stain)
And let thy *Master* understand;

Though he pretend t' *invincible*, that *I*
Will make him, for my trampled *footstool*, lye;
A *Woman*, in *Revenge*; a *Sovereign*,
In *Courage*; and a *MISTRESSE*, in *Disdain*.

Rif. With *CLARIDIANE* (by *JOVE*)
Did he go? *Zel.* I think thou 'rt glad.

Rif. Have I not cause, if he can love
A pair of *Queens*, and make them *both* run *Mad*?

The *Spanish fashion* hath my *Vote*,
In *Mistresses*, though not in *Diet*:
One goes but dully down the *Throte*,
Six in a *Dish* the *modern Riot*.

Zel. If thy *Doctrine*, *Knave*, Men follow;
They had need of a great swallow.

Rif.

Rif. Two at a clap! why, now he's somebody,
He 'as laid already the *trunk-breeches* by.

One, was the *skint* of old; our Fare now mends:
To thy Twin-Sister hast thou no Commends?

Zel. Away, like Light'ning; tell them their Fate comes:
SCORN clears the *Ways*, and ANGER beats my *Drums*.

Rif. This Queen knows how her *Post* to chuse,
That sends a *Fool* with an ill News.

Exeunt.

Trumpets and Drums Sound a March, and Enter Felisbravo, General, and Claridiana, Armed, and People as an Army Marching.

Cla. This is ARABIA. *Fel.* Yon *Adamant Wall*,
With its proud *Tow'rs*, at thy kiss'd *Feet* shall fall:
For so *resolv'd* (though *slender*) are thy *Bands*,
To *Ammunition* they will turn these *Sands*.

Gen. A *flying Squadron* meets us on the *Border*,
In a loose way, without all *Martial Order*:
It looks like *Peace*. *Fel.* To *overcome*, procure:
"In *Traitors* looks no signs of *Peace* are sure.

Trumpets and Drums, and Enter Floranteo with People.

Flo. Thy *warlike Preparations* (QUEEN) suspend:
Gay *Purple* button, clasp not *glitt'ring Steel*;
Since now, the *People* neither *Wall* defend,
Nor with *Usurping Grasp*, the *SCEPTER* feel.

Enter thy lofty *PALACE*, *Roof'd* with *Gold*;
Thy *little-spaul'd* though *much profan'd* *AEODES*;
Chuse, where thou lik'st; and in calm *Peace* grow old:
"Tis ill *Rebelling* against *Kings*, or *Gods*.

Not

Not, to disturb it FLORANTEO came ;
 But, thy disturbed Kingdom, to recover :
 To *kiss thy hand*, as of his *Sovereign Dame* ;
 Not, *challenge* it, as thy presumptuous *Lover*.

Cl. Rise, and be second to thy thankful *Queen*.
Flo. Wear this *Gold-Crown* first, wreath'd with *Laurel-green*,
 And *Olive*, which thy *Birth*, and *Virtue*, give :
Live long our QUEEN ! All. CLARIDIANA, live !

Enter Rifaloro with a Post-whip in his hand.

Rif. Rare *Post-horses !* in less than half an hour
 To bring me hither from *TARTARIA ?*
 My own *Barbs* (lay'd) would have convey'd me slower :
 Nor could I have come sooner in a *Play*.

* The *Woman* is a *Harpie* : O ! that I
 Were one of your *Wind-mongers*, that *Cry News* ;
 To relate mine, with strange *Romancery* :
 But, I have no *Alliance* with those *Jews*.

Here are *Soldiers* — *That, is hee !*
 Sir, your *Foot* ; and take my *Knee*.

Fel. These *Armes*, my *RIFALORO* — Where hast *been ?*
What hast thou *done*, since thou by me wert *seen ?*

Rif. The *Story*'s long : Some other tell it *There* ,
 Who hath no *Wit* to spoil his *Memorie*.

Rowse, Sir, with thicker *Steel* your *Breast* immure :
 Nor *FELISBRAVO*, nor *ARABIA* now,
 Nor the *spectator World*, can be secure
 From *ZELIDAURA* ; who, because that *thou*
 Deny'st to her thy *Name*, and she's alarm'd
 With your *joint-journey*, comes with *Terrors Arm'd*.

Fel.

Fel. Thou Slave (it seems) made of the courtest Clay,
A Secret so important didst betray.

But, I'm right serv'd— *Rif.* This 'tis now, to know *any*
Secret, of *one*, who tells it unto *many*.

Fel. This 'tis, when *Kings* consort themselves with Grooms.

Rif. Help (Masters) or, if nor, *Might*, *Right* o'recomes.

Gen. What is the matter? *Rif.* Nothing, but the King

Pays Honesty her Wages: A fine thing

It is, to look on; a rare decking (sure)

For a *Rich Man*; but, 't will undo a *poor*;

And be *suspected* too. So counterfet

Seems the best *Jewell* when 'tis *meanly set*.

All, I have gain'd, by being *true*, was (There)

A *Jayl*, a *Dagger* at my Bosome; (Here)

This, which you see. 'Tis time to rest (say I)

And cast safe *Anchor* upon *Knavery*.

Fel. In what a leaking *Butt*

Have I my *Secret* put!

No (angry Fair One) No: Not, of thy *Blade*,
My *Life*; but, of thy *Doubt*, my *Love*'s afraid.

Rif. Thus, do good *Actions* thine? Is this, the *Meed*
To *faithful silence* is decreed?

This of being an *honest Man*,

Is a *lean Office*; with *Fees* none:

It will not keep a *Gentleman*,

Without some other good *Means* of his own.

The *Foe*, in Reason, cannot far off be;

For *ZELIDORA* Marches furiously.

Cla. Come all TARTARIA with her ; *here* she stands,
Will welcome *Her* , more Valiant , and less vain :
That barb'rous Warriouress shall , of these Hands ,
The Trophy be , the scorn , and the disdain.

Our Self is General. *Gen.* Great ATLAS quakes ,
A trepidation of the Spheres it makes ,
To hear that sound from thee ; who , in these Wars ,
Wilt Muster Flow'rs , and Lead an Host of Stars.

Fel. I'll view their Camp , and *comp* the Enemy.

Cla. Such a SPY is quickly spy'd :

I tear thy danger.

Fel. 'Twas Wisdom put out POLYPHEMO's Eye ;

That Mountain of swoln Pride.

Come (RIFALORO) by thy Masters side.

Rif. I fear thy Anger :

Thou tell'st it in this AUDIENCE ; would'st go hid :

Points to the Spectators.

They , tell it ZELIDAURA : Then I'm chid.

Gen. What AUDIENCE ? The Man dreams — I go with thee.

Rif. Yes , Let my Fellow go ; and I will be

Thy LEIDGER here *Flo* Sir , let me beg the Honour —

Fel. By no means (FLORANTEO :) Wait upon her

Fair Majesty. Fear is to me unknown :

And mine's a Business best perform'd alone.

Aside.

Cla. (I think no less , and hide my fear in vain

Under the silence of my Virgin shame)

Fel. 'Tis Fear , makes Mortals peep through their disguise :

Unseen , we'll thrid Our Person through their Eyes.

Come , RIFALORE. *Rif.* Not I , one of course Earth

Consort with KINGS ? A Slave of Daughil Birth ?

I renounce *Honesty*, I pray your *Grace*
Chuse a new *Fool*, and tye that to the *PLACE*.

Cl. Less of the *LOVER* than the *BRAVE* it shows,
Thy self to such wild *dangers* to expose.

Let common *Soldiers* hazzard in this kind :

"*VALOUR*, within due bounds, should be confin'd.

Fel. If known, I would not fear an Hoast of Men;
Though Arm'd with Fire and Horrour : March on, then.

Dangers I court, and all that *Dangers* brings :

"For *Bullets* bear a Reverence to Kings.

Trumpets.

A March.

Exeunt.

*Sound Trumpets and Drums, and Enter Zelidaura, Claridoro,
Rofelinda, and Soldiers.*

Zel. Now, *CLARIDORO*, on *Arabian* Mould
We tread, and have the *Enemy* in view.

Clar. Since so much Beauty fights thy Cause, be bould
To write ; I CAME, WAS SEEN, AND DID SUEDE.

Zel. Not *Love*, but *Honour*, made me March thus far.
A Queen's it is, and not a *Woman's* War.

If I o'recome, I'll scorn them, as I live :

"*Two Victories* ; to Conquer, and Forgive ;

"On ground that's hard, 'tis easie ground to win :

"But feet, which tread upon the soft, sink in.

Clar. THE CAUSE I never *ZELIDAURA* scann'd,
It must be good which thou dost take in hand :
And, doubt the Conquest, where thou present art,
No more, than whether I should take thy part,
Whose Services are Debts to thee ; and when
Thou lett'st me pay thee one, that one grows ten.

Thy heav'nly force is unto *me* so known,
 That, though great *MARS* in *SOL*'s bright Armour shone,
 I th' adverse Camp; I should not fear the day:
 For *BEAUTY* stole *one's* Sword, the *other's* Ray.
 But, for thy pardon— *That*, may spared be:
 What greater Death, than to be scorn'd by *thee*?

Enter a Captain bringing Felisbravo in the Habit of a Country Boor or Clown.

Capt. Madam, This Clown, who seems a SPY,
I bring before thy Majesty:
That thou, from him, maist draw, and know,
The Strength, and Posture, of the Foe.

Zel. Whom see I? Is't not FELISBRAVE?
'Tis Anger, and not Love, did grave
His Visage here; and my Revenge's Eyes
Have pick'd him out of his obscure Disguise.

Ros. A SPY thou well might'st think him; feel,
He hath his Cassock lin'd with Steel.

A GENTLEMAN, at least, by this.

Zel. No, no, a Clown I'm sure he is.

Speak for thy self, art thou not one?

Fel. A Clown in my Attire alone.

Zel. In one thing more ('twixt me and you)
Thou sleepest to One, and wak'st to Two.

Fel. Me, does your Worship know? Zel. At last,
For there is a distance vast

Betwixt a CLOWN's Tongue, and his Mind:
And his Faith is hard to find.

Fel. Dissembling words, and little faith,
Boast, they COURTLY Vices are:
"Nothing more CLOWNISH is, than wrath;
"And Revenge, that none will spare.

Wade not in doubts too far, th' effect
Of which, is bitterness, and rue:
"For (let me tell you) to suspect,
"Is, a kind of sleeping too.

Do not wake JEALOUS: For, indeed,
'Tis courteous baseness, and no other.
Nor borrow, of thy Clownish Weed,
The MALICE, that, is us'd to cover.

He never fled, who wheels about:
And He, who (born for higher Ends)
Did best, when he lay under doubt;
Gallantly his Faith defends.

And He, whose worth in ev'ry thing
(In this I will appeal to L A U R A)
Proclaims him not a perfect King,
Deserves not to love Z E L I D A U R A.

Zel. CLOWN, or SPY, or what thou wilt,
Think not t' appease me thou art able:
For justifying a known Guilt,
With Women is impardonable.

Aloud.

Tell me (Lab'ring-Man) how strong
Is CLARIDIANA? *Fel.* Hear—

Aside.

(Heavens! how it thunders Vengeance from her Tongue?
Yet still 'tis Musick to my Ear.)

ARABIA

Aloud.

ARABIA being reduc'd to her obedience,
 She hath two Armys of *old Soldiers*,
 Beat to the *Trade* of WAR; valiant, and disciplin'd;
 In *suff'ring*, noble: and in *acting*, bold:
 The GODDESSE-QUEEN (whose *Beauty* doth eclipse
 The brightest lustre of the *mid-day Sun*)
 Comes for the GENERAL; and in *her* alone is
 NARCISSUS joyn'd with SOL; MARS with ADONIS.

From a *Sphere*, crown'd with *plumes* (like *Summers Clouds*
 When the Day feels a Light'ning before Death,
 Or *Gardens* in the *Air*)
 Arm'd with a *heav'nly A-ger*, she discovers
 In THETIS Body great ACHILLES's Soul.
 Her *Sword* cuts more than all *those* of her *Army*;
 Her *Beauty* more *victorious*, then her *Sword*:
 For where's the *life* so sure that *Love* can pick
 No hole in it, which would not soon *surrender*
 It self into her *hands*, without more strife,
 To sue out a *new grant* to be a life?

With gallant grace she traverses the Field
 Upon a Horse, that pays the vanity,
 Intus'd into the *Brut* by his fair Burthen,
 With *mettle*, and with *motion* that keeps time:
 His *swiftness* calls him DART, his *striking fire*
 A THUNDER-EOLT, his *colour* and his *gate*
 Majestick SWAN. Like a SHIP under *sail*,
 Tossing the *foam* up, proudly he doth go,
 With *Plumes* for *Streamers*, ARGOSIE of *Snow*.

Zel. With great LATONA's Cff *spring* do not brag,
 Least thou be turn'd t' a *weeping stone*.
 Say, 'tis a fine fore-handed Nag,
 That hath his *paces* every one:

And

And lacks (to do a thousand pranks)
Only, to have been foal'd on BETIS Banks.

Here's trapping out a *Horse* withal my heart,
Why, 'twould make *one* his Bridle break :
SNOW, SHIP, SWAN, STREAMERS, THUNDERBOLT, and DART?
Troth, go but one step more, and make him *speak*,

A *Description* call'st thou this ?
In *blank Verse* (of *all four* lame)
With equal *Tropes*, and *Emphasis*,
To Cry a *Beast* up, and a *Dame* ?

Fel. Her BEAUTY then she brings along :
And that's ten thousand *Graces* strong.

Zel. Flat *jealousie* in my *Face* hurl'd ?
(The greatest *Clown'ry* this i' th' *World* !)
If, *that*, I brought, I by did *throw* ;
Shall I catch *thus* he throws me ? No,

Let CLARIDIANA come ;
With her, her BEAUTY, and her FELISBRAVE ;
In ev'ry thing I'll *her* o'recome :
Ev'n in *this* too, that less of *vain* I'll have.

Back, FELISRAVO ; put into each *Troop*,
As much of *Courage*, as I hope to *quail* :
To *whom* thy *Fear*, and not thy *Love*, shall stoop ;
And I, by *Force*, not *Beauty*, will prevail.

Thou art my *Pris'ner* (foolish Man)
Conquer'd by putting this *shape* an.
But 'tis not *thou* shalt pay me : 'Tis my boast,
To pay *myself*, that which to me *thou* ow'st.

Fight

Fight well *to day* : Since thou dost love

CLARIDIANE ;

Let not *Twain*

Thee reprove ;

One Woman call thee *Coward*, t' other

Twit thee with *perfidious* LOVER.

But, *this* I'll say ; had I lov'd thee,

Thou would'st not *thus* have used mee :

Nor *durst* have acted such a *valiant Sin* ,

As unto *Me* UNGRATEFUL to have bin.

Fel. Madam, how high an *obligation*

This lays on me, and on my *passion* !

A Servant now, that takes no Wages of thee :

But LOVES THEE (why ?) *only to love* thee.

In the hearing of the rest.

—Hear me, ZELIDAURA— *Zel.* Turn

This Fellow back to his own Camp :

And (with my *glitt'ring Bands*) though these Woods burn,

Though, on *these plains*, my *numbers* strike a damp.

Tell FELISERAVO ; CLARIDORE, and I,

Without or MARS, or SOL, their *Pow'rs* defic.

Aside.

Fel. Ev'n her *Anger*, O ! how sweet !

I hope my self yet, at her *Feet*

To prostrate *Victory*— But no,

To Her.

Her *Eyes* will snatch it first— I go.

Set thy People in *Array*.

Zel. This, CLARIDORO, is thy day.

Clar.

Clar. Where *thou* art, all things must go well.

Zel. Sound an Alarm. *Fel.* Tole my Knell.

Trumpets a little.

Exeunt.

Enter General with his Sword drawn.

Gen. Bloody perdition, tyrannizing *youke*,
Grim War, that strew'd'st with Carcases the way
To th' first Injustice, which free Mortals broke,
And Iron Scepter plac'd in hand of Clay:

Barbarous Trade, so murmur'd at in vain,
To spur the fiery Coursers of pale Death,
As if Time flagg'd, as if to be humane
Were not Disease enough to stop our Breath.

But, though *thou* (WAR) art dire, art full of dread;
There is a Fend more dire, more dreadful far,
When BEAUTY's bloody Flag (hang'd out and spread
In Virgins Cheeks) proclaims a scornful War.

Love, let *me* rather be a rough-hand's Prize,
Than the soft Captive of insulting Eyes.

Enter Rifaloro with his Sword drawn.

Rif. They March to shock these Girls, some small Wit now
Would Lids of Marchpane call, Casars of Snow.

Gen. Why, Rifaloro, Went'st not with Him, *Thou*?
'Tis not well done to fail thy Duty so.

To jest out faults is an uncomely thing.

Rif. Can I (that from the Trojan ERUTUS Spring)
That vaunt great Blood, I have much Blood I spill,
Be wanting to the Huff, to the Puntil
Of Honour? Being of the Mountain too,
In which the HECULESSES always grew?

Gen.

Gen. Art thou a BRITTON then? *Rif.* So brags each one
That would write *Gentleman*, when he is *none*.
This *day* shall set the King high on my *score* ;
For, such an *honest Man* is RIFALORE,
So faithful to his *Master*, that a Trim
Map of Misfortune might be made of *him*.
And (see the *fate* which still attends upon it!)
The *scurvy Poet*, giving *each* a SONNET,
Leaves only *me* without— But, by the *faith*
Of a MAHUMETAN, since *thus* he hath
Provok'd me to 't, upon his skirts I'll sit:
Damme all his *Matter*, 'cause in Verse 'tis writ:
And, in defiance of the TRIPLE THREE,
Promote a Law, importing, that, to bee,
Or not to be, a POET; shall suffice
To prove, past doubt, one is not, or is, wife.

Gen. Stand, RIFALORO, to thy *Arms*: The Drums
Do beat a *Charge*, and FELISERAVO comes.

Rif. St. whom invoke they? Gen. MARS, the God of Wars.

Rif. St. GEORGE for *Us*, the Garter'd English MARS.

Exeunt.

*Enter Marching at one Door Claridiana, as with an Army, Drums
and Fifes, and her self in the Reare with a Truncheon, and Fe-
lisbravo by her side; At the other Door Zelidaura in like manner,
with Claridoro before her all Armed,*

Cla. Valiant ARADIANS, let these barb'rous Troops
(Men built to serve) their bending Forcheads yield:
As, with a fierce South Wind, an *Army* stoops
Of *drowsie Poppies* in a barren field.

Zel. Food for your Steel brave Sons of Tartarie)
Let these soft Peasants of Arabia be:

For, ill can brook the glitt'ring of a *Sword*,
A Countrey only famous for a *Bird*.

Y

Cla.

Cla. In our contention now, not *Mars*,
 But *CUPID* is the *God of Wars*.
 And (turn'd to tears) thy proud disdain
 Puts *Love* in *Arms*, makes *HEAV'N* complain.

If thy coming be to wring
 From me the famous *Persian King*;
 Though I do love him, I esteem
 From thee t' have got him, more than him.
 For, 'mongst my *Glories*, I less prize
My Conquest, than thy *HUE* and *CRYES*.

Zel. To pull this sickle *Prince* from thee,
 Is *Honour*, and not *Love*, in me:
 For, with so false a *Lover*, know,
 I'll part at all times to a *For*.

To give to him, no hand I bring;
 But feet, on both your necks to print:
 For, in my greatest *Conquering*,
 And utmost of *triumphing* in't,

Having first punish'd his *Inconstancie*,
 For more *Revenge*, I'll after give him Thee.

*Offers to Charge and Felisbravo throws himself
 at her Feet.*

Fel. ZELIDAURA, hold thy Hand:
 Conquer not twice a Man unmann'd.
She needs not *Weapons*, that is fair:
He needs not *Death*, who hath despair.
 Already, of thy generous Feet
 I kiss the yoke. In the most sweet
 And glorious Cause of *LOVE*, let my life owe
 To me, the divine choice to lose it so.

Zel.

Zel. Rise, hence, begone, I will not have thee dye
At thy *Election*, nor in *Courtesie*,

But, by my *Fauchion*: Not, like *FELISBRAVE*,
Not, my devoted, but my conquer'd *Slave*.

Cla. Stay, Traitor, where thou art: Reveng'd I'll be
Both on the proud, and on the humble: *THEE*
I'll conquer, and forget; and both your *Hearts*
(Transfixt with other, than with am'rous Darts)
Under my vext feet trample— *Rif.* Well plaid, *Girls*:
Maistiffs of Ivory! Dragons of Pearls.

Fel. I'll have no Battail. *Cla.* The whole *Earth* a *Lake*
Of *Blood*, and *Scene* of *Horror*, I will make.

Rif. O how *Sir Poll*, my Grandfire would cry ('S Bears!)
Kings and *Queens* seen together by the Ears!

Well, there's no flinching now; my strengths I summon:
To see the last *Man* born and the last *Woman*.

Zel. Sound, Sound a *Charge*. *Cla.* Lock with the *Foe*.
Fel. Hold— *Clar.* Charge them home— But, the *Heav'ns* (loe!)
Rash the Clouds open. *Rif.* *Monsieur JOVE*
Throws (*thund'ring*) 'twixt them his *steel Glove*.

*Sound Drums and Trumpets, and let Mars pass over the Stage in a
Chariot drawn with Lyons, having in his hand a fiery Lance.*

Mars. *CLARIDIANA* (second *Phoenix* of
Arabia) and thou *Tartarian QUEEN*
(In whom alone pride is not folly) I
Who (*General* of *Heav'n*, and *Earth's Protector*)
Suppress'd the proud *Rebellion* of the *Giants*
In *Phlegra's Plains*: I, who in burning *TROY*
(Supplying the bold *Greeks* with fire and sword)
Saw frighted *Xanthus* scud 'twixt banks of *Cydara*.

I, who (through *Romes* revenging fury) saw
 Of the great *Carthage* scarce one stone remaining
 For a dumb witness that she once had been :
 I, who upon *Iberian Walls* beheld
 Turbants for *Battlements*, and *Barb'ry Mares*
 Turn'd loose into the *Andalusian Corn* :
 Now (a *PEACE-MAKER*) bring, not signs of Wars,
 But *Leagues* confirm'd with Characters of Stars.

The *Gods* (who call you by a hid impulse
 To people the grave *Temple*, and wast *Grove*
 Of the most chaste best *Goddeſs*) know, the *WORLD*
 Has not a *Prince* deserves so high *perfections* :
 For *Heav'n* is stuck all o're with *injur'd Beauties*.
 Thou, gallant *CLARIDORO*, Rule (as King)
 Great *Tartary* ; and *FLORANTEO*, thou
 Reign in the famous and the fair *Arabia*.

For the most Valiant Knight, and perfect Lover
 (Though *ZELIDAURA* know not *this*, or will not)
 Let the Great *KING* of *Persia* be Crown'd.

Queens lay down Arms ; for (to make War on *Beasts*)
 From painted *Quivers*, at your shoulders hung,
 Of *Shafts* a flying *Squadron* will suffice.

DIANA's Nuns are coming to receive you,
 Their *Heads* with *Olive*, *Flowers*, and *Lanrel* bound.

This, in the rolling chambers of the *Spheres*,
 The glorious *Heptarchie* of *Heav'n* ordains
 By a Law always just ; always inviolable.

Drums and Trumpets.

Fel. Hold, *MARS* divine ; for thou (both Judge and Party)
 Envy'st my *Flame*, whose object doth as far
 Outshine thy *Mistress*, as the *Sun* a *Star* !

Clar. Stay, Sovereign *MARS*, I'd rather be, than have
 The whole *Worlds Empire*, *ZE! IDAURA's Slave*.

Flo.

Flo. I, from this sentence, to those Gods appeal,
Who feel more love, or more compassion feel.

Zel. Princes, resist not *Heav'n*; for still ye may
Love, without hope; and that's the noblest way.

Cla. I reverence it, and adore its Laws.

Rif. A foolish ending! Were't not just
(Into a Cloyster if they must)
Heav'n for these *Virgins*, did reserve
Some portions, that they may not sterve
When they repent them? And, must not,
After their *Dames* the *Damsels* trot?

Rof. The Damsels stay, for visible Example
To a bad World, in which they are a TEMPLE
And CLOYSTER to themselves, meaning to live
Not less austere, though less contemplative.

Fel. I always lov'd thee only, for Love's Cause
And Joy, a glimpse of Hope once blest mine Eyes
Which on his Altar I may sacrifice.

Clar^o. Thou, ZELIDAURA, shalt still guide the Helm:
Whilst I am still the Defender of thy Reim.

To Claridiana.

Flo. And thou shalt be ARAEIA's Queen, and mine.

Zel. "Virtues are Kingdoms at DIANA's Shrine.
If so, then their Possessions greatest call
Who dispossess themselves of All.

Cla. Crown FLORANTEO. Soldiers, Thy Feet kisses

Crown Him,

ARAEIA: Live Crown'd with Bliss.

Live,

Crown Claridoro.

Live, CLARIDORO. Clar°. Cry

Dye, CLARIDORO, dye.

The Temple opens.

Cornets.

*Gen. The TEMPLE opes, the Air rejoices,
Gay Nymphs present sweet Flow'rs and Voices.*

They sing within.

*Live, Fair Ones, for your Selves, whilst the Men do
Think it enough, if They may Dye for You.*

*The Queens enter the Temple, from whence many Nymphs come
forth to receive them, and therein let Diana appear.*

Zel. I, born was, for my Self alone.

Cla. The Altar now shall be my Throne.

Clar°. My Love doth no reward pretend.

Flo. My torment ne're will have an end.

Fel. "TO LOVE ONLY TO LOVE, is Love

" Like that w' are lov'd with from above :

" He that hopes, no Love doth bear.

Clar°. Then what should he, that hopes not, fear?

Rif. It remains now— Gen. What now remains?

*Rif. That the Magnifick POET give
Some Thirty Mannours all with large Demains*

Amongst the Aſſors upon which to live ;

And do in any Case declare

That All our Worthips Cosen Germans are.

Gen.

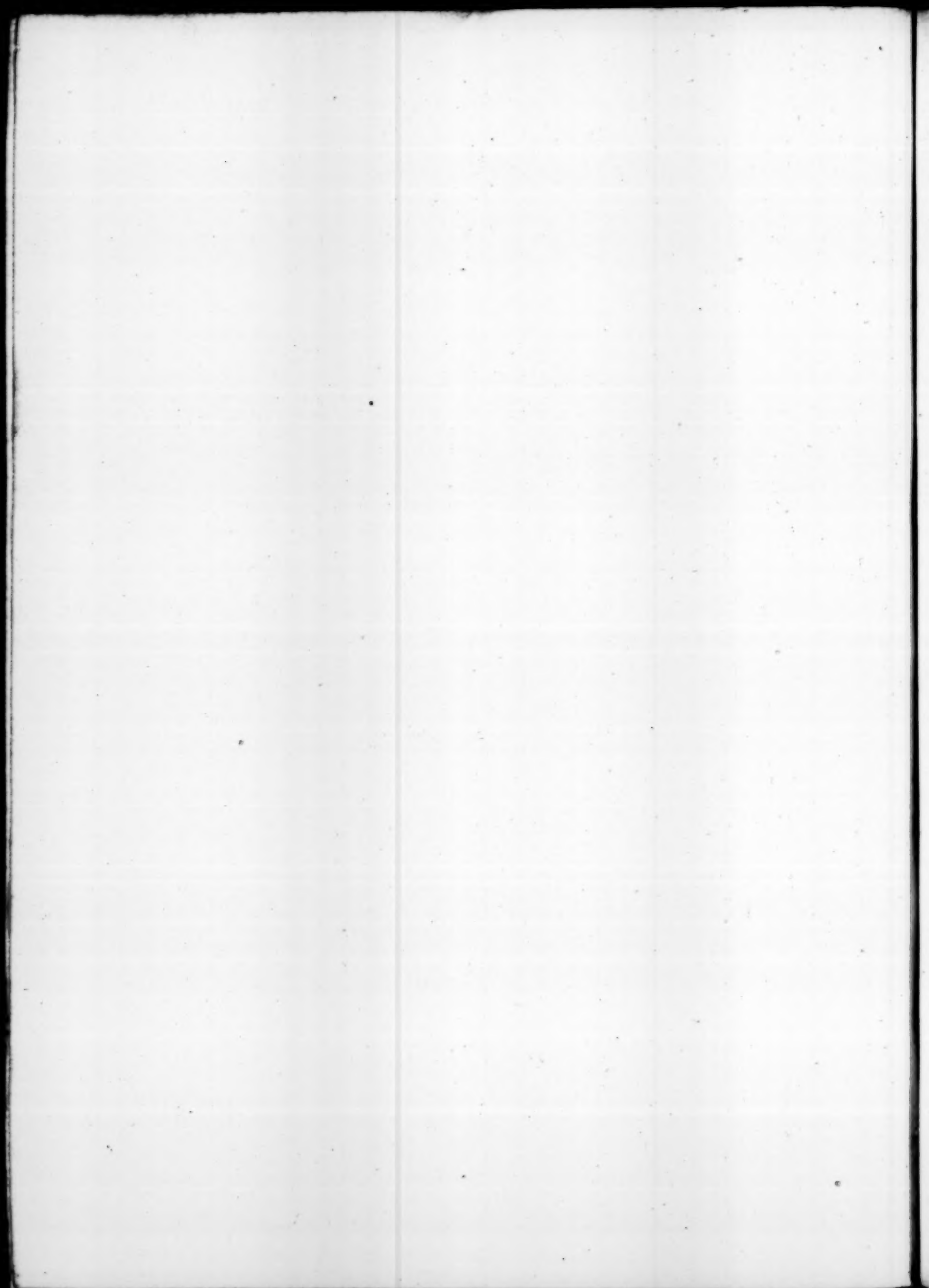
Gen. What a Concept of a stale date !
Rif. SIR (for now Men say not, STATE)
 Here endeth the PLAY
 Of for Ever and Aye ;
 Tiring Female and Male,
 Without a Marriage in the Tayle ;
 And *this* it doth git
 By being Penn'd without Wit.

FINIS
 Of the Dramatick ROMANCE
 O F
 To LOVE only to LOVE.

Immediately upon pronouncing the last words, the Temple or Throne ascended to the Place where it was before (viz. the upper Tower of the Castle) and in it Zelidaura and Claridiana seated on either side the Goddesses, also some Nymphs ; and at the same time (Trumpets and Drums Sounding) the two Armies went Marching off at several doors, the Comedy ending there ; and the Festival in a Dance, after the manner of a Tournament by

*The Lady Mary Guffman,
 The Lady Anne Sandi,
 The Lady Margarite Zapata,
 The Lady Margarite Tavera,
 The Lady Mary Cutinio,
 The Lady Frances Tavera,*

All Armed in Meus Apparel, and the Dance being ended all the Instruments Sounded out at once.



FIESTAS de ARANJUEZ:

FESTIVALS

REPRESENTED AT

ARANVVHEZ

BEFORE THE

KING and QUEEN of *SPAIN*,

In the Year, 1623.

To Celebrate

The BIRTH-DAY of that KING,

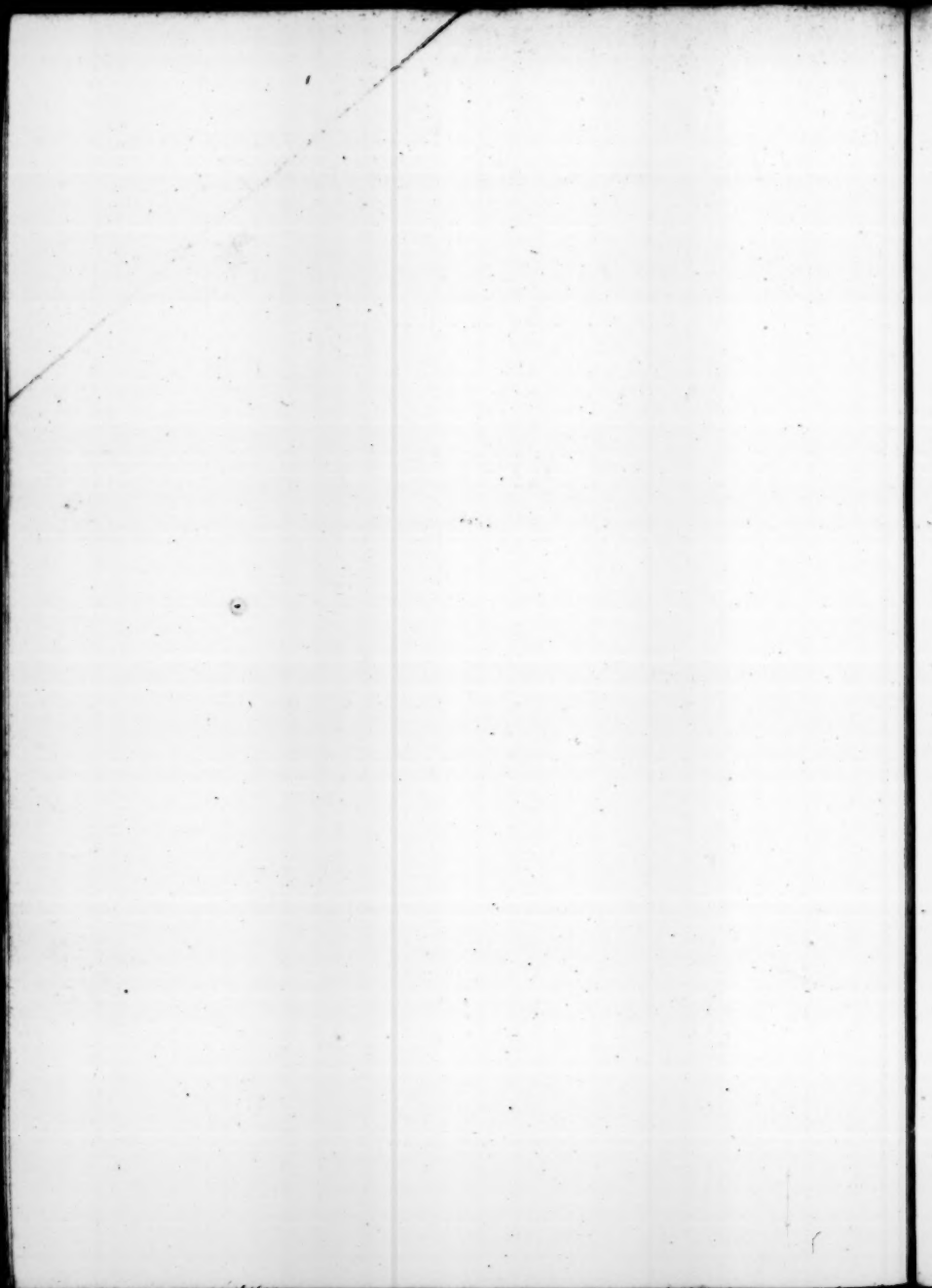
Philip IV.

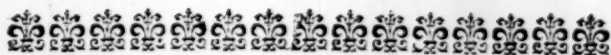
Written in *Spanish* by *Don Antonio de Mendoza.*

Translated into *English*, Anno 1654.



London, Printed by WILLIAM GODDID, 1670.





FESTIVALS OF Aranwhez.

The Site of Aranjuez.



ARANWHEZ is the Recreation of the Kings and Queens of *Spain*, One and Twenty Miles from *Madrid*, the Court thereof; a Seat, which makes it credulity even to believe ones Eyes, the more seen, the more wondered at, and which in its natural simplicity, would rather have scorn'd, than admitted of Art, had not the Greatness of the Owners made it beholding to them for what was impossible, adorning it not only with a sumptuous Building (which, not exceeding the proportion of a *Villa*, or Countrey-House, de

Z

serves

serves the Name of a Pallace-Royal) but also with transcendent Culture, in which there is a constant variety; what in the Luxuriancy of its Gardens, what in the Gallantry of its Meadows, which, for Flowers, Birds, and Plants, leave nothing to be admired in the strangeness of the most remote Provinces; (that being there common, which is singular in every of them;) and what in the excellency of its Groves, which, peopl'd with all manner of Game, and Beauty, excuse no Royal Entertainment.

The Fields of Aranjuez.

THe least of its Beauty is under the Charge of two the most celebrated Rivers of *Castile*; *Xarama*, which dilated through the Fields hereof, begins their Fertility, and with a gentle Plain, Crown'd with Corn and Fruits, draws the first respect to the Majesty of its Master, defended by that respect, better than by the watching of so numerous Guards; (for, in so vast Limits, in vain would be the Care of many, if they were not kept by the veneration of All;) the Courage of the Bulls thereof giving the second estimation to the Borders of this River, which (civil to *Tagus*) retires it self, leaving to him the upper and nearer place, and afterwards Duty more than Custom carries it to joyn with him, making him greater, not more beautiful.

The Garden of the Isle.

THis Seat (which will always seem an Hyperbole to the Ear, and a Deception to the Eye, being only used the two best Moneths (serving the other ten, only for a complaint to as many as behold it, that it should lye fallow the rest of the year) contains amongst many other Miracles of amoenity a Garden, which *Tagus* embraces with
two

two Currents, sometimes in suspense, some times hasty, shaping it an Isle, and serving it for a Wall, over which the Trees are one way delightful Battlements, another, they are flow'ry Margents. Amidst the intricacy of the matted Hearbs, of the Galleries of Flowers, of the Meandrian Wildernesles, of the diversified Plats, of the Crystal Fountains (Competitors in Plenty and Novelty) there is reserv'd a most beautiful Space, which hath the opennefs of a Market-place, and wants not the pleasantness of a Forrest. This the Queen made choice of to Celebrate therein (with the greatest Magnificence that any Age hath seen, boast what it will the *Roman* Ostentation) the happy Birth-day of Our Sovereign Lord the King, the Seventeenth Year of his flourishing Age, and the Second of his most blessed Reign.

One of the greatest things of which is composed the Majesty of the Kings of *Spain* is, the Splendour of their Court, in which they do more surpass the other Princes of the World, than even in having under their Command so many Kingdoms; and the chief Point of this Splendour consists in that of their Maids of Honour, who, being Daughters of great Lords and Gentlemen, the veneration of all Men gives them new Authority, by themselves preserved in such manner, that they find respect and applause wherever they appear: For there needs nothing else to make it a Festival Show at any time, than that they will permit themselves to be look'd upon. And now on this Occasion to Solemnize the Kings Birth-day, and Wait upon the Queen, they excell'd themselves in bravery, both of Cloaths and Carriage.

These Representations, which refuse the vulgar Name of Comedies, and aspire to that of *Opere*, to describe how they were performed by the Court (the Eclipse, rather than Imitator, of the Ancient Stage, upon which *Italy* values it self at this day) would require a better Pen than mine: But to stay to seek one could worthily Write it, were to Damme it to per-

petual Silence; since the most exact and elegant must claim a part in my diffidence: Another's Command (not my Presumption) embarks me in this Narrative, though not witty, yet true; and now I write it with jealousy that I shall wrong the Story: But nothing can set it forth like a punctual telling it.

Many Circumstances make me suspicious of my self; and two amount to fear; the poverty of words to describe the *brave Cloaths*, which are distinguishable only by their Colours, and here all being reduc'd to Gold and Silver, that falls out to be rich, which a Revelation would have various ***

THe Court was divided into two Squadrons, to make the Festivals distinct; of the first the Queen was Captain, who with her Greatness render'd it worthy of her Self; and of the second was Captain the Lady *Leonora Pimentel*, a Dame of a transcendent Wit, and who with that alone might promise her self equality, if it had been possible.

The Fabrick of the Scenes.

TO Erect the Scenes for the *Opera* of Her Majesty came to *Aranjuez* Captain *Julius Caesar Fontana*, chief Engineer and Superintendent of the Fortifications of the Kingdom of *Naples*, Son to that so celebrated Artichitect of the Fabricks of *Sextus Quintus*, and Artificer comparable with his Father. There was raised a Theatre of 150 Foot long, and 78 in breadth, and seven Arches on each side with Pilasters, Cornishes and Battlements, of *Dorick* Work, and on the top of those certain Galleries with Balasters of Gold, Silver, and Blew, which compass'd the whole, and the same sustained
seventy

seventy Massie Candlesticks holding white Wax Torches and Tapers innumerable, with certain Pillars imboss'd at the Corners of them ten Foot high, upon which was fastened a Canopy in imitation of a clear Night, when a multitude of Stars break out of a gloomy shadow, and upon the Stage, two Figures of a large proportion, which served for imaginary Gyants, and to correspond with the Frontispiece, and by the Cornishes of the open Galleries, many Statues of Brass, and pendant from the Arches, certain Globes of Crystal, which made great Lights; and round about Benches for Gentlemen, with a most beautiful Rail to keep out the Common-people. In the midst a Throne, upon which were the Chairs of the King, and of the Princes *Don Carlos*, and *Don Fernando*, his Brothers: Below them again Foot-paces, on which Carpets with Cushions, for the Ladies and Damsels. There was form'd a Mountain of fifty foot broad, and eighty in circumference, which was made to split it self into two, and, though it was so vast in bulk, yet one Man moved it with much ease. It cover'd the Scene, and was of the same *Doric* Work, and it had an Ascent by many Steps to a spacious Cave, peopled with many wild Beasts. What this Mountain hid shall be revealed, when we speak of the Scenes, as they served in their proper places of the *Mask*.

The Subject was the Glory of *Niquea*, notorious in the Books of *Amadis*; it was written for the height of the Court, as knowing the little liberty which that affords to the Muses, and the great Caution wherewith these Virgins of *Parnassus* must there demean themselves, the want of which knowledge occasions many absurdities to those Poets (how eminent soever in other respects) who have been bred far from the severity of that School.

The *Festival* was appointed for St. *Philips* Day, but the embroylment of so much Fabrick deferr'd it till *Whit-Monday*, by which time all was in perfection. At the shutting in of day
Tapers

Tapers were lighted, equivocating Night. All took their places, who had leave to see, which was granted sparingly. For as to have indulged a general Liberty, would have caused great confusion, by the People that would have flocked from *Madrid*, so the Court-Attendance alone, of their Majesties, and their Highnesses, was enough, not to want Spectators (if that had been the thing;) yet those who came unlicensed were not excluded, least so justifiable an Ambition should be condemn'd, as to desire to see Festivals prepared by so great a Queen, in Honour of a King so Glorious, and moreover their own. He being now out of Mourning for his Great Father, which he observed so religiously, that till the Year was over, even, the last Day, the first of his sorrow. The Ladies and Damisels, then present at *Aranjuez*, fill'd both the *Srado's*, the one the Countess of *Olivarez*, and the Lady *Frances Clanit*, Wife of *Don Balthazar de Zumiga*, the Marchioness of *Castel Rodrigo*, and the Lady *Margarita de Adelo* her Daughter, and the Countess of *Barajas*; the other, the Lady *Jane* of *Arragon*, and the Lady *Leonora Pimentel*, *Donna Anna Bazan*, *Donna Maria Lande* (chief Mother of the Maids) the Lady *Margarita de Tabara*, and the Countess of *Castro Duennas*, i. e. Widows of Honour.

The beginning of the Festival.

A Noise of Trumpets and Sackbuts gave the Sign, when the King and his Brothers came forth to take their Seats, and presently entered upon the Stage many Violins, and with them the Court Dancing-Master, and (the Minstrels giving scope to their Instruments) two doors flew open, and there began a Gallant *Masquerade*.

The

The Mascarade.

THE first Couple that fallied, Dancing, was the Ladies *Sophia* and *Luyfa Benavides*, in Hungartins of Cloth of Silver, clingcant with Azure, the Seams laid thick with Passemans of Silver, and two pair of Wings and Kirtles of the same stuff, the same Passemans covering all the ground, Sleeves of Cloth of Silver cut upon Azure, Cloth of Silver Mantles hanging on their Shoulders by three Roses of Diamonds, many Jewels and Flowers in their Head-Dresses, Pyramided in a Mountain of Plumes of both Colours, black Masks, and white Torches.

The Lady *Maria Continio*, and the Lady *Catherine Velasco*, in the same Habit, save that the Cloth of Silver was distinguish'd with Orange; and in like manner the rest of the Squadrons, only differenced by the Colours.

The Lady *Anne Sunde*, and the Lady *Margarit Zapata*, Cloth of Silver Green.

The Lady *Leonora Gnsman*, and the Lady *Anna Maria de Guevara*, Cloth of Silver Carnation.

The Lady *Maria de Tabora*, and the Lady *Constanza de Rybeyra*, Cloth of Silver White.

The Lady *Luyfa Carilio*, and the Lady *Anna Maria de Acunia*, Cloth of Silver Black and White.

There Enterings were most sprightly, the Knots of the *Mascarade* with graceful Novelty: They Danced it to the admiration of all, and howbeit these Ladies were of different Squadrons, they agreed in giving a most Illustrious Beginning to the Festival. They ended the *Mascarade*, and in the same Habits, accompanied by the *Major-Domno's* and Mothers of the Maids, or *Duenia's*, fare themselves down upon their respective *Strado's*.

The

The Chariot of the River Tagus.

A Second time the Musick of the Minstrils gave notice of another Novelty, and through a wide Arch entered a Crystal Chariot, Crown'd with Lights and variety of Boughs, and therein many *Naiades*, and *Napean* Nymphs, Clad after the manner of the Countrey, and (seated in a Throne) the River *Tagus*, represented by the Lady *Margaritha de Tavora*, *Menina* to the Queen, and her Habit was this, a Cassack of Blew Tynfel, and a Mantle of the same water'd, and Silver Ribbons, also embroyder'd over with Silver Snakes, the Sleeves of Blew Satin slash'd, and drawn through with Cloth of Silver, a bunch of Plumes White and Blew, and the Mantle sliding from the Shoulders, but held by three Roses of Diamonds, and a Garland of Flowers upon her Head; she descended from the Chariot, and mounted the Stage, attended by the Nymphs, and, in the name of the circumjacent Fields, welcomes the King, rendring His Majesty many humble Thanks for glorifying them with His Presence.

The Chariot of April.

THE Musick return'd, through another opposite Arch entered in a Chariot the Month of *April*, usher'd by the Sign *Taurus*, with all those Flowers that make him the the Spring of the Year, and with as much Light as might make him the Years Morning; and from the top (representing him, and that to the advantage) the Lady *Françisca de Tabara* (*Menina* to the *Infanta*) with a Cassack and Mantle of rich Cloth of Silver Carnation, sew'd with Roses, wrought by hand, of several Colours, and Sleeves quilted with Roses, and a Veil of Silver, a Head-dress of Roses, a Sphere of Plumes, Crown'd with Flowers, and the Mantle held upon the Shoulders
by

by three Roses of Diamonds: He drave his Chariot into the Theatre it self, and there (having first saluted the River) with modest assurance repeated certain Stanza's of much Wit and sharpness, and pronounced with more, giving a new Soul to the Verses (now the second time excellent) and, without danger of Flattery, due Praises to the King and his Brothers, *April* and *Tagus* accompanied with their Nymphs retired themselves.

The Flight of the Eagle.

Time pass'd over the Stage upon an Eagle of Gold, represented by the Lady *Antonia de Acunia*, who by way of Prophecy, in Elegant Verses, reminded His Majesty of the Glorious Deeds of His Ancestors, and warm'd his forward Courage with so great Examples and desires to imitate them, animating him to follow their generous steps, already well advanced in by his Illustrious Beginnings. Propos'd to him, that since *Africk*, *Europe*, and *America*, respected his Banners, he would make *Asia* fear them, disused for so many Ages past to *Christian* Arms, which now began to receive at the Sound of his Name. Thank'd him for his early Valour, and the great Anticipation upon his Age, having already Reign'd in One Year many Centuries, served by two Ministers of State, so zealous of his Glory, and of the Splendour of his Actions, of whose Virtues and Profoundness the most ample Relation might savour something of Affection and Love, but nothing either of Flattery or Errour. The accurateness of the Stanza's could not complain of being discompos'd one jot in the Acting, nor did the few Years of the Lady *Antonia* apprehend the least scruple in the World to represent *Time*. The Eagle ascended above the whole Fabrick of the Theatre with an Artifice so well dissembled, that the Flight was seen all the while, but not how it was done. She vanish'd; at the instant, on the top of all the Fabrick, the Trunks of three Trees open'd, and three Nymphs appeared Singing: They were the Lady *Mary* of *Aragon*

(Maid of Honour to the Queen) and the Lady *Mariana de Has*, and the Lady *Isabella Salazar*, of Her Majesties Chamber. The Artifice of the Scene, and the Greatness of Voices, might have served for Ornament and Credit to another Royal Festival. They ended the Ditty to the notable admiration of All, the Trees did shut themselves, and the Lady *Mary Gusman*, Daughter of the Conde of Olivares, entered through a Wood, her Habit a Mantle of Damask of Gold Green, trim'd with Gold and Silver, and little Pease-Cods with Pearl in them, a Velvet Hungarlin of the same colour laced long ways with Passemans of Gold Embroidery, a Green *Montera* with a Green Feather cast over full of Diamonds and Pearl, and a Bow and Quiver embroider'd with Gold and Silver hanging at her left shoulder. She spake the Prologue, vulgarly call'd the *Loa* (*i. e.* the Praise;) which she Acted to the Spectators, and they all gave it to her, such was the life, assurance, and grace, wherewith the pronounc'd it: She propos'd the Argument, begg'd no Pardon according to the vulgar custom, Attention she did, and with great reason they gave it her. The Harmony of all the Musick, and the Voice of the whole Auditory thank'd her with one consent, upon the strength of which Plaudin, the Comedy did (as well it might) venter boldly in: The Series whereof was in this manner.

The Comedy.

IN the first Scene entered *Darinel*, Squire to *Amadis*, who notified to *Dantes* (a Shepherd of *Tagus*) the Occasion that obliged his Master to tread those Fields: He recounted to him his famous Actions, his Adventures, and that *** which was ministred unto him by the Inchantment of *Niquea*, oppress'd by the Arts of *Anastarax*, the hated Lover of her Beauty, for whom the Magitian *Alquile* (her Uncle) reserved her. The Squire reciprocally informed himself from the Shepherd touching the Borders of that River, whom the Swain courtously

teously answer'd, and paid his Narration with another of the Preparations there made upon so great an Occasion, as to celebrate the Birth-day of their King. The Squire was represented by the Lady *Guevara* of the Queens Chamber, in a brave Suit of Cloaths, a Sword girded to her, a Hat with a tossing Feather, and Roses of Diamonds; the Shepherd, by the Lady *Bernarda de Bilbao* of the Chamber of the *Infanta*, in an Hungarianlin, and Smock-coat Green and Silver, Budget of Cloth of the same; the Action and Bravery of them both not yielding to the proudest Competitors: A Quire of *Sirens* were heard to Sing. *Tagu* listens from his Sphere of Crystal, who despising to be a River hath the Ambition of a Sea.

Amadis Enters.

A Trumpet Sounded, and following the Echoes thereof, they entered among the matted Trees: Presently came out, as amused at the Noise of the same, that Knight of the *Burning Sword*. He was represented by the Lady *Isabella* of *Arragon*, joyning the Mettle of *Amadis* to the Beauty of *Niquea*: Her Habit, Braces of Cloth of Silver Carnation and Black, with Embroideries of the same, a Souldiers Cassack with the same trimming, Armour of burnish'd Silver neatly Filed, the Clasps and Studs thereof of Gold, and the Murrian Crown'd with a Mountain of Plumes, a Mantle of Cloth of Silver hanging at the Shoulders, and a Sword girded to her; a Dwarf attended her, who carried the Inchanted Shield (which was *Don Michael Sapilio*) who succeeded *Bonami* in the reputation of Littleness, and he was sheath'd in an old fashion Suit, Black and Silver.

Amadis found upon the Trees various Inscriptions, which put him into a confusion, and (assaulted by Sleep) demanded quarter of the fatigue of the way; but (his Spirit complaining of the faint resistance made by his Flesh) whilst he was yet awake he was scandaliz'd to imagin himself asleep, and quite

overcome at last (as he that is never so much a Lover remains a Man for all that, and cannot put off Mortality) did stay himself at a Rock; then came forth *Night*, represented by a *Portugal Black-moor* Maid, and a most excellent Singer, Maid to the Queen, Clad in a whole Kirtle of Black Tattary, powder'd with Stars of Silver, and a Mantle falling from her Shoulders, thick wrought with the same Stars—

* * * *

In a resplendent Cloud descended *Aurora*, represented by the Lady *Mary* of *Arragon*, Clad in a Hungarlin, and Smock-coat, of Gold Cloth lin'd with Carnation, and thick embroidered with Pearls, and a Mantle of Cloth of Silver powder'd with the same, who, admirably Singing, accused in *Amadis* the humanity of Sleep, and that in him alone were join'd amorous Thoughts and drowsie Eyes; she remembered him how he had both his Glory, and his danger near, and how this sleeping discredited as well his Love as his Soldier-ship. *Night* persever'd to suspend him in his Lethargy, the *Morning* pleaded hard to bring him to himself. *Night* confess'd her self vanquish'd, and fled; the *Morning* was victorious, and *Amadis* awoke; she in the same Cloud; and with the same Musick, returning to Heaven. *Amadis* departed in Quest of the Inchanted Wood, and at his coming to the Rock, heard variety of voices, which in the high Galleries of the Theatre divided themselves into four Quires each opposite to other, which were formed by the Kings Chappel, with divers Instruments, some Guitars, some Flutes and Sackbuts, others Theorbo's, others Viols and Lutes. One Quire sung, and set before him Dangers, another infused into him Resolution; now *this* disanimated him, now encouraged him *that*; and the wavering Knight listen'd sometimes to the horrors of the Inchantment, sometimes to his own Valour: In the end, after a Battail of Doubts, he prov'd the Conquerour of them, represented by the Lady *Isabella*, so understandingly affected with her part, that she even thought her self the Person she Acted, and whipping out her Blade withal, clasping her self close to the

the Shield, invaded the Rock with so generous a smartness, that it was all, which it was possible for a Lady to do without discomposing her self. The Rock opened, and there appeared a Pallace of a beautiful Structure, and in the Portal thereof four Pillars of Thirty Foot high, which at the instant that *Amadis* knock'd at the Gates sank down to the Centre so swiftly, that the Eye could not overtake them. Four Gyants shew'd themselves Arm'd with Breast-plates and Murrions, who grew into Choler at the rashness of the Knight, and with threat'ning only presumed to carry the Victory. But *Amadis*, who had not the Name given his Sword for nothing, with the first flourishing thereof, and shewing them the Shield into the bargain, put them all four to Coward-flight (for so the Books of Knighthood will have it :) Represented these were by *Donna Leonora de Quiros*, *Donna Luisa Ortiz*, *Donna Catalina de Zarate*, and *Donna Ynes de Zamora*, without observing the property of Gyants in being ugly and troublesome, for all thought them handsom and very good Company. Many Nymphs came out with Flowers to put upon his Head, and with treacherous fawnings sought to get him out of the Castle. He knowing their fallhood, shew'd them the Shield, at which they fled, Lyons rising in their places, into which they transform'd themselves with such natural fierceness, that true ones could not have struck more terrour, and (seeing the Shield) these likewise vanish'd: He ascended by the Stairs until he was stop'd by this Inscription:

*This Mysterious two leav'd Door,
Which the Hand of Heaven hath shut,
None deserves it open, but
The Love that is on Earth most pure,
And the Sword that best can cut.*

Having read it, he pass'd already victorious over the Theatre and place of Arms, came to the Gates, which in the instant

stant flew open, and (all the variety of Musick joyning at once) presented it self the fair Scene of the Glory of *Niquea*, who was cypher'd in a most beautiful Sphere of Crystal and Gold, so that the Roofs and Walls thereof seem'd rather one, than many Diamonds, veritiyng the Palace of the Sun which *Ovid* feigns, and in perspective a high Throne, wherein was placed the Queen, who sat for the Goddess of Beauty, of whom *Amadis* begg'd leave to disinchant *Niquea*, represented by the *Infanta*, seated upon the utmost Stair, and upon the other that were lower (accompanying Her Majesty and Her Highness) the Lady *Anna Maria Manrique*, the Lady *Maria de Cardenas*, the Lady *Antonia de Acunia*, the Lady *Margarita de Tabara*, the Lady *Juana Boria*, the Lady *Isabella de Velasco*, *Donna Isabella de Salazar*, *Donna Juana Pacheco*, *Donna Maria de Hos*, and other Servants of the Chamber, who represented Nymphs, and at the Foot of the Throne was on his Knees *Anastarax*, Acted by the Lady *Antonia de Mendoza*. And the Habits are these.

The Habits.

THAT of the Queen a short Petticoat and Kirtle of massie Tissue with Plate-Lace, three pair of large Skirts, and the formost down to the Hem of her Coat with Scallops, Scrolls written with Diamonds, and set on upon a perfum'd Jupe, *French* Sleeves slash'd, and held together again with Buttons and Loops of Diamonds, a Head-dress of Silver Purl and Gold-smiths Work with variety of Plumes a Mantle of of rich Cloth of Silver plain, with three Constellations of Diamonds which insured it to the Shoulder, falling gracefully over the back, and at her Neck the Kings great Diamond, with the incomparable Pearl.

That of the *Infanta*, a Petticoat of massie Cloth of Silver Carnation with Scallops, trim'd with Silver Passemans and Black Silk, with a Sleeve of Needle-Work, the Mantle of the same Stuff,

Stuff, and to it three Booches of Diamonds, a Diamond Chain athwart, and her Head-dress of Gold-smiths Work and Roses.

That of the Lady *Anna Maria Manrique*, a Petticoat of Orange Colour Sattin embroidered, with clingant and flat Pease of Silver both upon the Field and Trimming, a Hungarlin of Orange Colour Taffaty open'd upon Cloth of Silver drawn through the Cuts, with four pair of Scallops Orange Colour and White, all sprinkled with Flowers wrought with the Hand, round Sleeves of Cloth of Silver smooth, with the same Handy-work Flowers, a Mantle of massie Cloth of Silver, sew'd with Flowers, and hanging by Roses of Diamonds, the Head-Dress of Diamonds and Pearls, with a Bunch of White Plumes.

That of the Lady *Maria de Cardenas*, a Petticoat and Hungarlin of a rich Gold Tabby Orange Colour imbosc'd with Silver, a Cloth of Silver Mantle, with three Roses of Diamonds, Plumes Carnation and White.

That of the Lady *Antonia de Acuña*, a Silver Petticoat Carnation, garnish'd with Silver, and an Hungarlin of Black Velvet Lac'd long ways with Silver Passemans, a Mantle of Cloth of Silver with Roses of Diamonds, and Plumes Carnation and White.

That of the Lady *Margarita de Tavera*, a Petticoat and Hungarlin of Cloth of Silver Carnation, a Mantle of Cloth of Silver White held by three Roses of Diamonds, Plume Carnation and White.

That of the Lady *Juana Foria*, Petticoat and Hungarlin of Cloth of Silver Orange Colour, with Gathers Trimm'd with Silver, Cloth of Silver Mantle with Roses of Diamonds, Plume Orange and White.

That of the Lady *Isabella de Velasco*, Petticoat of Cloth of Silver Carnation, Hungarlin of Black Velvet, with Silver Passemans, Mantle of Cloth of Silver, with Roses of Diamonds.

That

That of the Lady *Antonia de Mendoza*, Cloth of Silver Petticoat Carnation, Black Velvet Hungarlin Laced long ways with Silver Passemans, the Mode *Moorish*, a Turbant or Tynfel upon a Bonnet of Black Velvet sewn with Roses of Diamonds and other Jewels. Plume Carnation White and Black, a Silver Embroider'd Belt, thereat hanging a Fauchion, an *African* Cassack, called by those People, an *Albornoz*.

The Fable proceeds.

AT the approach of *Amadis* to the place where the Incantment appear'd dissolv'd, *Anastarax* stood upon his Guard, and with deep fetch'd Groans complain'd of the violence of Fate, and of Heaven, that had given to Morral Man so great Valour as to that Adventure. *Amadis* condemn'd him to the torments of his own Jealousie, and took *Niquea* out of the Inchanted Castle. But forasmuch as the Persons here representing, did exceed the greatness of the represented, therefore the Verses in the Sequel did not observe the promise of the History, but the respect due to the Actors. And so when *Amadis* with all courteous and lowly submissions imaginable, endeavoured to make *Niquea* more sensible of his Love than of his Prowess, she (above all those kind of Batteries) would not allow him in reward of his Affection, so much as to dare to place it upon her, heightening his diffidences to so great despair, that she left them no safety but in silence: And the Nymphs seeing the refined Love of *Amadis*, told him, the Queen of Beauty received him into her protection, and he (more proud to be a true Lover, than to be a successful one) thank'd *Niquea* for her scorn, and the Goddess for her pity. These Verses were Penn'd with such accurate Respect, that they deserv'd to be pronounced by Her Highness.

*Here Ended the First SCENE : The Instruments Play'd,
which were always in readiness to fill up the
Spaces, and the Second began thus :*

The Second SCENE.

A Nymph appearing came forth singing a Sonnet, in which she presented the Festival to the King; when presently the Squire and the Shepherd, struck with admiration of what they had seen, hear the rattling of Chains, and grievous Lamentation with which *Anastarax* did bemoan himself from the Hell of Love; and (imagining it was some new Inchantment) had not the courage either to advance, or stay where they were. Putting aside the Boughs with their hands, forth came the Lady *Mary* of *Aragon*, and the Lady *Frances Tabara*, in different Habits from the former, that of the Lady *Mary* (who Acted *Albida*) Petticoat and Hungarlin of Cloth of Silver Grass Green, laid thick with Silver Passemans, Cloth of Silver Mantle with Roses of Diamonds, Plume White and Green: That of the Lady *Frances* (who Acted *Lurcano*) Petticoat of Cloth of Silver Primrose Colour, with Embroidery of Silver and Gold both on the Field and Border, and a Hungarlin of Black Velvet uncut, Laced long-ways with Silver Passemans, a Sword and sprightly Hat, the Brim turn'd up to the Crown, with a Black Plume fasten'd on with a Brooch of Diamonds.

I advertised before, that this which the People would think strange for a Comedy, and in Court is called an Invention or *Opera*, is not measur'd by the common Rules of a Play (which is a Fable all of one piece) is made up of incoherent variety; of which the Sight got a better share than the Hearing, and where the Comedy (if it may be call'd so) was such to the Eye more than to the Ear. *Lurcano* painted forth (in rich, and no vulgar Verses) the Pleasures and Content of a Countrey Life in general, and *Albida* described her Gardens as in the beautiful

Bb

Season

Season of *May*, then her Lover *Lurcano* imparted to her his amorous Passion mask'd in cautiousness and fears, and *Albida*, not to favour him by doubting it, nor oblige her self by believing it, answer'd him according to the little heed she gave unto other folks torments, living without any of her own: In this Dialogue (no less than in that of *Amadis* and *Niquea*) the Author shew'd the Decorum with which Verses should be written for Ladies; those which they hear, discreet; those which they speak, severe: Where, whatsoever is not despair, is presumption; all should be Veneration, and nothing Love. It was superexcellent, and (if it were possible) the Acting of it exceeded the Penning.

Anastarax return'd to his Complaints, Cursing the Knight of the *Burning Sword* with so hearty a good will, with so melting a voice, with so doleful groans, that he adorned his pain, and the Lady *Antonia Mendoza* her Part, so much, that nothing was ever so applauded, or more worthy to be so. *Albida* demanded of *Darinel* the cause of those Lamentations, but he was as ignorant thereof as her self. In the mean time the howling went on, and the compassionate *Albida* had a longing desire to set *Anastarax* at liberty. She heard a voice, which (singing) animated her pity, she read an Inscription, and that incited it likewise; she followed the Echoes of the Complaints, and advising *Lurcano*, as a Friend, to Cure himself with loving some other Beauty (taking him it should seem for a Man) she had the daring to undertake that which appeared so difficult; *Lurcano* endeavour'd to stay her, and, not being able, follow'd her to get first to the danger: And making hast to outstrip her, a flying Dragon opposeth his passage, who carry'd between his Wings *Floribella* (represented by the Lady *Anna Manrique*) with whom he, admiring her Beauty, and to verifie the Prognostication of *Albida*, falls presently in Love, endeavouring to arrest her Perfections by the force of Sighs and Prayers; he made Love to her most in feeling language, the Dragon flew away, and the disdainful Nymph would not leave him so much as a presumption that she had heard his Addresses: *Lurcano* remain'd

main'd in amorous Doubts, sometimes he thought himself asleep, sometimes enchanted; he found in her more Marks of a Goddess, than of a Nymph; he thought his Love much, for so short a view; little, for so beautiful an Object: The Pen of the Author left me no gallant thing unsaid in these Verses; and the Lady *Francisca* pronouncing them, added of her own a Spirit, the perfection of Poetry, this being one of the most admired Strains in the whole Festival.

A Quire of Musick bid him not despair, for that he should sometime, and that soon, behold her again. He demanded Aid of Love in so doubtful an occasion, and in so sovereign a devotement, when on the top of the Theatre, a Balcone open'd it self, in which at the Sounds of many Instruments appeared the Nymph *Arethusa*, represented by the Lady *Mary Guffman* (this second Habit much surpassing the former) Clad in a Carnation Petticoat, laid thick with flat Pease, and Embroideries of Pearl and Silver, and a deep Kirtle after the Mode of *France*, with Gathers of Cloth of Silver Carnation, wrought with little Snails or Periwinkles of Silver, as it were creeping up from the bottom to the top, and half Sleeves of Needlework lin'd with Cloth of Silver White, and Ermins, a flying Mantle Carnation and Silver, with Roses of Diamonds, and a Bunch of Plumes Carnation and White, a Bough of Laurel and Mirtle she carried in her hand, saying, that she came sent from the Goddess *Venus* to disperse the Cloud which involved so great Lovers, she bade *Lurcano* be of good Courage, since *Anastarax* himself was now coming out of the Hell of Love: This Scene was accompanied with great Harmony, and from the midst of the flames (which were made with various splendour, not causing horror but delight) came forth *Anastarax*, handed by *Aibida*, whom *Arethusa* thank'd for her valour, and *Anastarax* for his deliverance: Then (the different Quires of Musick joyning) forth came the Goddess of Beauty with *Niquea*, *Amadis*, and all the Nymphs, and *Anastarax* begg'd pardon of *Niquea* for his presumptuous Love, and she pardon'd him. The Goddess of Beauty gave to *Amadis* the name

of the most refined Servant, and valiant Knight, in the whole World, loving without design, conquering without reward; and *Amadis* with that, of being acknowledged so perfect a Lover, rested fully satisfied. *Florisbella* came forth, to whom *Lurcano* fell down upon his Knees, and begg'd, in recompense of all his Love, she would not look upon it as an injury, being the most courteous affront that could be offer'd to Beauty. *Arcthusa* celebrated the great Mercy extend'd by one Sex, the great Love made good by the other; she gave to *Nighea* the joy of her disincantment, and to the Goddess, the Glory of the Festival. She commanded that with Musick and Dances should be celebrated the Liberty of the Princess, of the Beauty of the Goddess, and so with a great Harmony of all the Instruments at once, they went out, concluding the Representation, in which (being the last) the Lady *Mary Guzman* carried the first Praise.

All of a sudden the Mountain cover'd the whole Face of the Theatre, and presently that Bulk open'd it self at the sounding of the Instruments, when with unexpected novelty, that which was a Mountain and a Building, we saw turn'd into most beautiful Gardens of Flowers, and natural Fountains, so ingeniously, and with so great quickness metamorphos'd, that though the Artifice was much, the brevity was the thing admired: And for a decision of a Wager between the Queen and the Lady *Leonor Pimentel* (observing an ancient Pastime in the Spanish Court, which is called *Divination*, at which they stake a Jewel for victory, not for avarice) there appeared on the highest part of the Throne Her Majesty and the *Infanta*, the Ladies and *Menina's* seated upon the Steps thereof making a glorious show, and each of them having tyed about her right Arm a Scarlet Ribbon, all of one length and breadth, and fastened in such manner that made no distinction; the Precept, that shuffling all these together, the Lady *Leonor* (to overcome) must light upon that which had hung upon the Arm of the Queen.

The Lady *Leonor* approached, and lost only the possibility of gaining, for (to be an absolute loser) the Law was, the Queen, when

when her turn came, should light upon the Ribbon that was fastened to *Leonors* Arm. The Action was accompanied by all the Instruments and Singers: For, as *Spain* is the most proper Element of the most excellent Voyces in the World; so the Centre of them is the Kings Chappel; to whose Master, Musick is beholden, for uniting dexterity in the Tunes, with an excellent Ayr in Singing, making the Majesty of the Theorbo comply with the sweetness of the Lute; and to the eminency of whose Art she owes the Novelty of *Palomares*, the Delicacy of *John Blas*, the Spirit of *Ajuaro*, and all made use of upon this occasion.

The Queen, the *Infanta* the Lady *Anna Maria Manrique*, the Ladies *Isabella* of *Aragon*, *Antonia de Nicolsona*, and *Diana Francisca de Tabara*, Dancing the *Turdion* with Swords and Hats, gave an End to the Festival. Wit, Motion, and Bravery, were drawn dry and wearied in the Service, nay the Graces themselves had not any delight, which by this time was not afforded to the Spectators; nor any thanks, which they return'd not to the Actors. If the Expectation had been infinite, the Performance was more. The admirations and praises paid but a small part of the sight, for (to go about to measure it that way) Hyperboles themselves would have made a luke-warm Narration, and of such none were wanting, and the greatest was none.

The flourishing years of the King (which may they multiply to as many as his Virtues deserve, and as *Spain* prays for, and hath need of) could by no less demonstrations of joy be sufficiently solemnized, nor at any time with greater reason have disengag'd the pleasing thirst of seeing more.

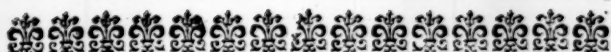
The Splendour of the Court had been always admirable, but was never seen greater than now; having in the first place the Queen (whom God preserve) of few Years, of much Beauty, accompanied with all those excellent Endowments which form a Royal Perfection; then the *Infanta*, of equal Majesty and Beauty; also the Ladies, who in Bravery, Beauty, and Greatness, were inferiour unto those two only; for they were a Pool

of all the Illustrious Blood in the Kingdom, and being (where-soever they are) the Load-stone of all Eyes: Imagin them seen upon the Theatre, on the most Tryumphant day of the World, every of them vying with other, and making a modest ostentation of her Bravery, her Meen, and her Beauty. No one can be particularly commended without an injury to all: She seem'd the most glorious drest, upon whom the Eye happen'd to be; she the best Actor, who was then Speaking.

The Queen, Foundress and Glory of the Festival, so twice Hers, and justly, for neither from Her could it be expected less, nor did it deserve a less Mistress, by her presence did free it from the fear of competition, and from the hope of being more; who, because, only by Her being of the Company, She gave the Scene so much Lustre, without pronouncing one Verse: In these following was written in Figures, that which many had not been sufficient to comprehend in words at length.

The Speaking being the best Thing of the Play,
SHE, who spake nothing, bare the Bell away.

F I N I S.



A
 DESCRIPTION
 IN
 VERSE,
 DIALOGUE-WISE,
 OF THE
 FESTIVAL
 AT
 ARANVVHEZ
 In the YEAR 1623.

Gyant.



He Bounds where wandering *Tagus* meets
 Himself in Gardens and long Streets
 Of double Elms, whose Feet he
 drowns,
 And Rains down from their lofty
 Crowns.

(Every *April*, every *May*,
 Fair, Green, Flow'ry, Rustling, Gay.)

BELIZA

BELLZA (twice the *Queen* of them,
By her *Face* and *Diadem*)
With wonder fills ; They prouder far
To ponder, *whose* ; than *what* , they are.

To celebrate the Day of Birth
Of the most Glorious Youth on Earth,
To whom her Greatness, and her Beauty,
Pays a Homage , pays a Duty.

The World she doth conjure and summon ,
T' invent , and see , what is not common ;
And what is thereupon prepar'd,
Makes things impossible , not hard.

Instead of Quires of Nymphs to friend,
To serve to that Heroick End ,
Press'd Goddesses she doth inroll ,
Souldiers of LOVE ! Rivals of SOL !

Gen. What a sublime AMPHITHEATER !
Eclipse of that which *Rome* did flatter
GREAT POMPEY in : He having (there)
Flatter'd with it , the WORLD , and HER.

How proudly rais'd ! How richly deckt !
That ev'n the learned Architect
Stands pos'd thereat , and the fair Skies
See in its Lamps their thousand Eyes.

Rif. What Harmony of Seraphins !
Now , now , the Festival begins.
Wipe your Eyes , your Hearing cleer,
Other Sense ye need not here.
What a gallant MASCARADE !
The Cloaths were by APOLLO's made :

Rather

Rather the same he wore that day,
Whilst he in Bed with *Theris* lay.
So fair a preface of her own,
By a near Neighbour to the Throne,
An Earnest gave, of what so great
Expectation did beget.

In a Crystal Chariot (loe !)
*TAGUS from the Roof doth flow,
Translated to a Nymph, more pure
Than He, out of his golden Ew're :
Now gives she her sweet Voice the reins,
Not, as a little Bird that strains
To sooth the Morn, that dawning is :
But Trumpet of the Sun, that's risse.

*The Lady
Margarita
de Tavora.

Flaunting in tryumphant Green
After him is *APRIL seen,
With sensitive Flow'rs not stuck, but set,
Cherish'd by two Suns of Jet ;
Such a Completion, such Eyes, Grace,
The *Lusitanian* Goddess's Face :
Fair *super* of the highest Praise,
Which fears t' abase what it would raise :
Her leavy Coach forsaking now,
She acts with Garland on her Brow,
The first Grace giving to the whole,
And to the Lines a second Soul.

*The Lady
Francisca de
Tavora.

Gen. The Ayr (inviron'd round with Lights)
Some unexpected Object frights :
AN EAGLE 'tis, with Golden Plumes,
Which through that wandring Region comes.

By a fair *NYMPH the Bird is backt,
Who doth, above the Danger, Act,

*The Lady
Antonia de
Acunia.

And without any scruple ; *Time* ;

" So bold is Beauty in her prime.

Gy. Behold indeed a Primrose here ,

**La Lda.* **The Prologue* (as that is) o' th' year !

**The Lady* How sprightly ! **She*, for making known

Mary Guf- The Praise of others , hears her own.

man. But not till she hath done her doe ;

There is applause in silence too ;

Fortune , when she this Child design'd

For so much Greatness, was not blind.

**The Lady* From Trunks of Trees, asunder rent,

Maria de A **LEASH OF NYMPHS* forthwith present

Arragon , In harmonious Ditties, rare,

Doña Maria Prodigious sweetness to the Ayre.

de Hos, and

Do. Isabella At a fair *Tagan* **Swains* desire

de Salazar. Of *AMADIS* the Noble *SQUIRE*

**D. Bernarda* Doth courteous Newes to him afford

de Bilbao. Of his brave Illustrious Lord.

**The Lady* Now, doth the **DAME* that Acts him, come,

Isabella de Gallant, assur'd, compleat, in whom,

Arragon. Joyn'd to *Niquea's* Beauty, is,

The Valour of her *Amadis*.

For the Inchant'd Wood she stares,

And in a Civil War of Cares

Quarter his *fatigue* demands

Of slumber at the courteous hands.

**A Black-* **NIGHT* (a black *Siren*) in soft Chains

Moor Maid, Of her Voice, his Steps detains,

Singer to the And his twice captive thoughts doth keep

Queen. Fetter'd in the Bands of Sleep.

**The Lady* Bright **AURORA* him doth tell

Maria de In sweet Accents, he doth not well :

Arragon.

" For

"For a Love, that's nobly got,
"Merits Eyes which slumber not.
AMADIS awakes, and sees
How the ones languid Song doth freeze
His Spirits; t' other, doth infuse
Courage with her sprightly Muse.
The Burning Sword he now whips out
With a gallant briskness, stout,
Bold and fiery, as his Blade,
The dreaded Doors he doth invade.

Four proud Pillars (sinking) fall
To the lowest pit of all.
Four proud Gyants, in their places,
Make four thousand dreadful faces.
They are faucy, on his Blade
His victorious Hand he laid.
Amongst four POLYPHEMES (alas!)
Fear the only Gyant was.
Flatt'ring NYMPHS, with purpose base,
Flow'rs upon his Temple place;
To lose him, for a Wreath of Sand,
The Laurels he had half in hand.
He shews them the Incharmed Shield,
Turn'd LYONS, when they that beheld;
Being Lyons (with new horror strook)
Their ever-curling Manes they shook:
An Illustrious PALACE bright
Rises like a Sphere of Light,
That of Sol was such a one,
Where his rash ambitious Son
Begg'd the Coach-box, from which hurl'd
He drown'd himself, and burnt the World;
Leaving his Dad to see his Errour
Too plainly in that Diamond Mirrour.

Gen. What an admirable Scheme !

See upon the Throne Supreme ,

**The Queen* That pure **GODDESSE* whom Heaven lent
of Spain, Isa- To be Earths best Ornament !

bella of Bur- The Greatest Majesty alive ,

bon , *Eldes* Ev'n by her own Prerogative !

daughter to The summ'd Perfection of all Faces !

Henry the One wonder, and a thousand Graces !

Great of

France. And by her side, that **MORNING'S ROSE*,

**The Infan-* Who, if her Breast did not inclose

ta, *afterward* A Royal Mind t' inform the whole,

Emperefs. Her Body might ev'n serve for Soul.

The Representative , th' Idea

Of the most Beautiful *NIQUEA* ,

Who strikes respect before she's seen :

The Knight she thanks with courteous Meen

For disenchanted her , which makes

The Martyred *ANASTARAX*

Sick of the Ill of others Bliss.

Now, Crown'd with Laurel, *AMADIS*,

Whose Valour was the fear alway

Of Monsters, and of Beasts of Prey ,

Coward to so much Beauty , and

His own worst Enemy underhand,

Letting in no Light to Hope ,

Yet (giving all his Passion scope)

Speaks , but th^e Audience doth deny :

" For, in Affections plac'd so high,

" You shall always hear Men tell

**The Lady* " There he aspir'd, and there he fell.

Maria of

Arragon. **LURCANO* , and **ALBIDA* , see !

**The Lady* Who teach the Rules of Modesty :

Francisca de Show Lovers how to be discreet,

Tavara. And keep them within Limits meet.

Now

Now, hear *ANASTARAX complain,
 Who, in so much fire and pain,
 Earns soft pity, praise, and glory,
 Ev'n in Lovers Purgatory.
 Inclunable to be entreated
 By Groans so sensibly repeated,
Albida stopt (but not her Ear)
 At the Laments which eccho'd there.
 O how humane, and how brave,
 She thrids the must'ring flames, to save
 (*Only, Ador'd, is Beauty cruel*)
 The *Wretch* that is of *those* the *fewel*!
Lurcano left, and in despair,
 Peoples with wild Complaints the Air.
When to extremity things come,
Discretion is not always dumb.

**The Lady*
 Antonia de
 Mendoza.

On flying Dragon's back (behold!)
 A *GODDESSE who in DELPHOS old,
 Would from the SUN himself have ta'ne
 His Adoration, and his Fane!
 Without an Ear to those Complaints,
 Which poor LURCANO so well paints:
 Whose Flame (so fair an Object sought)
 No Errour is, though 'tis a Fault,
 She flies like Light'ning; and the Lover,
 To his own Thoughts deliver'd over,
 Feeds upon those, enjoys Despair,
 In it, th' Ambition of his Pray'r.
 ANASTARAX refined came
 Out of the Bosom of the Flame:
 ("For 'tis the Good of Ill, to be
 "Acquainted with 't familiarlie.)
 AMADIS (in fine disdain'd
 For all the Conquest his Sword gain'd)

**The Lady*
 Anna Maria
 Manrique.

Of

Of the most Sovereign Love, and hard,
 Frames to himself his own Reward,
 And, bleeding inward bitter Tears
 For those tyrannick Scorns of hers,
 Counts, not to sit down by the loss,
 A Boldness greater than his Cross.
 NIQUEA (sole Exception of
 Natures General Rule of Love,
 And of high Faith the richest Prize,
 If the World durst kerve to her Eyes)
 Loves his Worth, but hates his Love,
 And (praising *that*, all Mens above,
 To other Gifts, than of his Mind,
 Is not only dumb, but blind.

**The Lady*
 Mary Gul-
 man.

*ARETHUSA (Nymph compleat)
 Slides down from her Starry Seat,
 Receipting Pills, in pity wrapt,
 To swage the torments so ill hapt.
 With what a grace doth she set forth
 Of ALEIDA the vast worth,
 NIQUEA's Beauty and her scorn
 (Which must be kept since it is born ;)
 Confusions of ANASTORAX
 (Of Jealousie and Love the Flax ;)
 LURCANO's high divided Flame ;
 And AMADIS his, still the same ?
 These Heroick Lovers all
 (Paid, in that we them so call)
 Marriage, at any rate, eschew'd ;
 In which your *vulgar* Plays conclude.
 Armies of *Minstrels* in the Air
 (Which to their several *Quires* repair)
 The *Elements* together dart,
 But make them Friends before they part.

Festivals of ARANWHEZ.

31

The SCENE is chang'd, and by and by
Those which had been *Mountains* dry
(Transform'd to *Gardens*) fresh, and green,
As *Hyblean* Groves, are seen.
In HIERARCHIES of Steps distinct
A *Ribbon*, on each ANGEL linkt,
Diversifies, with streaks of *Red*,
The *Azure Pavements* which they tread.

Approacheth an *Illustrious* *DAME,
But could not hit on, when she came,
Of the *Great* *LIGHT, the pendant Ray,
In guessing which the Conquest lay.
Now, the victorious GODDESSE, *She*
The *Wonder* tries, but 'twill not be:
'Twas *quit*, because *She* likewise mist
The Lady LEONORA's List.
Dancing, She ends the FESTIVAL;
In its full Glories summing All
That *modern Spirits* can invent,
Or draw from *ancient Precedent*.
The CÆSARS *Birth-days* (to Grace whom
The *Majesty* of their own ROME,
With ravish'd *Plumes* from Conquer'd GRECE,
Were oft distill'd into one *piece*)
Observ'd like this were never known:
No Years e're worthier of a *Throne*,
Or to encrease to *infinite*.
This *Tryumph*, to *Hopes*, *Wishes*, *Sight*,
(By being *what*, and *whose*, it was)
Set *Pillars* which they could not pass.
Astonish'd, the *Spectator* stands;
Tearing the *Air* with *Voice* and *Hands*.
What *mute attention* first commended;
Loud *Plaudits* Crown when it is ended.

*The Lady
Leonor Pi-
mentel.
*The Queen.

Rif.

*The second Rif. But, what new *Dorick Tow'rs adorn
Festival of The *Garden where the Statues mourn!

the Lady Le-
onor Pimen- What Noise ! which (bandied to and fro)
tel. The more we hear, the less we know !

*The Garden A Second THEATRE it is,
of the Black- Which the perfection if it miss
Moor. Of the first, distains (but That)
All that was ever wondred at.

Now the Musick Plays away,
Sign of a new beginning Play !

Erected there, is a new Throne ;
Which Golden SOL himself might own.

*The Mask Of *MASKERS entered a new Band,
of four Squa- Where Lamps to Lamps opposed stand,
drons, in each And with new Lights the Village cheer
the Infanta, Of that other HEMISPHERE !
the Lady The substance and invention
Mary Gus- Of the Cloaths they now have on,
man, the La- In what they bought, their Riches shows ;
dy Francisca. And their Wit, in what they chose.

FAME and ENVY (loe !) at strife
Whether of them, most to the life
The past FESTIVAL shall paint,
Treading the Stage with lofty Plant !

The Golden The Play begins ; COLCHOS, the Scene ;
Fleece. The Subject, JASON ; HIPPOCRENE,
By Pailfuls, was pour'd into It ;
With Feather of a PHOENIX writ.
O, what sad duplicated Groans
From the hoarse Sea came up at once,
Whence the Center with Blew Waves
APOLLO's Golden Circles laves !

Favour,

Festivals of ARANWHEZ.

33

**Favour*, Neptune (*Joves next brother*)
 Cryes one Voice, and straight another,
Billows, let us pass in peace,
And your swelling anger cease!
Thou pitying daughter of the Main,
Let not two Mariners pray in vain;
Who, without Sails, the Air cut through;
Who, without Oars, the Ocean plough.
 By a curl'd Bark of *Gold unshorn*,
 To their desired Port are born
 The *Fugitives*, this *Pray'r* that made:
 The sweetest *Twins* the *World* e're had!
Those, who are plac'd for *Signs* in *Heaven*,
 With *these* in *Beauty* are not *even*:
 Nor the green *Woods* have ever known
 So much *VENUS*, and *ADONE*.
NEREUS's Daughters, one, and all,
 (Beautiful) in Love did fall
 With this their *GOLDEN BRUTE* (a rare
Emblem of a foolish *Heine!*)
 In *Coasts* by *them* ne're seen before,
 This pair of lovely *Strangers*, pore,
 Unto a wandring Life, their just
 Hopes, of a *Royal Scepter*, trust.
FRIXUS relates, in Language good,
 The Greatness of their injur'd Blood;
 The Poison of an envious Soul;
 And an Envy's poison'd Bowl.
 In this sad plight, of all forsook,
 **MARS*, upon them, pity took:
 "For, to Complaints by Earth prefarr'd,
 "The Ears of Heaven are not barr'd.
 A *Noble Dame* makes a Divine
 Composition: In Her joyne

**Frixus and*
Helle.

**The Lady*
Laysa Ca-
rillo.

(A Flow'r less vain, less noxious Star)
 NARCISsus, and the GOD OF WAR.
 Her sprightly Body she hath drest
 In a strong glitt'ring Back, and Brest:
 And, her Temple Walls, with those
 Which, won in Fight, you must suppose.
 This God, of Honourable Men,
 Valiant Wonders tells them then;
 Who prov'd, in spight of Times and Fate,
 Famous, though not Fortunate.
 He, with'd them to the High-lands get:
 For Deserts still were a retreat;
 A Sanctuary, Coop, and Pen,
 As well to Great, as Holy Men.
 The GOLDEN FLEECE gives him the Prince,
 Worn by so many PHILIPS since
 Near their Great Hearts: And by the *Fourth*,
 Who writes the first of all in worth.
 His Cheeks with Tears FINEO drowns,
 Because his fair MEDEA frowns:
 ("For hopeless Love is so unwise
 "To make it self Fetters of Ice.)

The Ship
Argo.

The second Pilgrim of the Water,
 First Cause of all the Ills there (after)
 A flying Pine, with desperate Braves,
 Is the Tyrant of the Waves.

Jason, &c.

To all succeeding Time's disease
 JASON, THESEUS, HERCULES,
 Wage a new War upon Mankind,
 In Fields of Water, and of Wind,
 With more of Earth than Nobler Fire,
 They break the Sea: "For by the dire
 "Thirst of Riches, Gulphs between,
 "Nay watry Mountains, are not seen.

To

To win by Arms the GOLDEN FLEECE,
 The aim is of these Peers of GREECE:
 The gazing Islanders provide
 Arms too, their Furies to abide.
 MEDEA, and the KING incline
Two ways in that which they design:
 He, to defend the *Walls* he held,
She, to the *Foe* her *heart* to yield
 The *Father's* favour, and the *Maid's*
 Seeks JASON, and his bold Comrades:
 But false are *they*, and he that seeks;
 For all are Men, and those Men GREEKS.
 FINEO, with a jealous Eye,
 Stands looking at the Novelty.
 Revenge and Anger his thoughts brood.
 ("Jealousie is prone to blood.")
 The Royal Virgin is inflam'd,
 Whilst her supposed Scorns are blam'd
 By a young lovely Gard'ner there,
 That sows sweet Henbane in her Ear,
 Confiding little in her *Eyes*,
 The force of *charms* MEDEA tries.
 "But *charms* are *Crimes* of no avail,
 "If those of BEAUTY come to fail.
 Her *face*, the *Philtre* is must do't;
 And, in her *curls* bound hand and foot,
 No other *Witchcraft* needs: One *hair*
 Can shackle JASON, if 'tis fair.
 He, who was *valiant* amongst *Men*,
 Was a *Womans* Coward then;
 Whom, in close walks (of *Royal* Loves
 Old *Kendervouz*!) MEDEA proves.
 In melting Notes, divinely breath'd,
 The Secret of her Soul is sheath'd:
 "A sweeter SYREN, then before
 "He *scap'd* at *Sea*, he *meets* on *Shore*.

Medea.

Jason dis-
 guised in the
 Garden.

But

*The Theatre
fired by
accident.

But, what is this ! The *FRAME entire
Is jurisdiction of the Fire.

A Flame (as any Light'ning quick)
Catching from dry stick to stick,
Is a tall Plume of Light, and slings
The Tiles, which fly with fiery Wings,
The brave security behold

Of that FAIR YOUTH, who, like an old
COMMANDER, covers his own fears,
Lest thence his Men authorize theirs !
Yet, all Men fear for him ; whilst hee
The Fire doth (*unconcerned*) see.

(For, in the troubled Thoughts of *All*,
From his proud height he doth not fall.)
Nor, from his side doth stir one Inch,
SHE, who from Him will never flinch :
Who scorns all danger but Her Lord's :
Which, in Text Letters, Fame records.

Of the numerous Auditory
He surveys the lowest Story,
The Rout, who at the danger quake,
When only it should cause them wake :
The danger, than the fear, is less ;
And, of the fright, and of the press,
And, of the Remedy they chose,
All the hazzard they compose.

Now, all that Blood, or HYMEN's Hands
Ty'd to His Bosom with strict Bands,
In His brave Arms th' Illustrious Youth
Snatch out of the Furnace doth :
Kinder than he, whose pious Back
Beneath his Aged Sire did crack ;
(The *Phoenix* of TROYS Bloody Flame)
For his lost Wife behind him came.

Th' undaunted Beauty of the *Queen*,
Only with so much pale was seen,

As th' early *Morning* doth confess,
 Whilst yet she smiles in her Night-dress.
 Those Goddesses whom Mortals got,
 Were left still sprawling on the spot,
 Out of fear by the base Sect,
 By Nobles out of pure respect;
 Till (rude Compassion conquering Awe)
 Necessity that hath no Law,
 Puts a becoming boldness on,
 Then every *Doña* hath her *Don*.
 As, of Religious Household-Gods,
 The sweet, and venerable Loads:
 These burthens, so, their shoulders meet,
 Which had been else prophan'd with feet.
 If any Gallant tardy came
 To snatch out of the Fire his Flame,
 In this at least he shews he's Hers,
 That he would quench it with his Tears.
 What high Civilities were foil'd!
 What Love was in the making spoil'd!
 Incurring, whilst the Fire they fly,
 The danger of the water, by.
 One, unto whom fair Eyes made suit
 For succour in their Language mute,
 Not giving either Sigh, or Ayd,
 (Like cruel *NERO*) All surway'd.
 The Hub-bub ended with the Cause,
 And now the Noise serv'd for Applause.
 The danger did conclude in Laughter,
 And Fear was out of count'nance after.
 All, that gave reason to be sorry,
 Was, what the Eyes did miss of Glory;
 Taking that out in Hellish fright,
 Which had been Wonder, and Delight.
 As 'twas, the Garland it deserv'd,
 And the success for Bon-fire serv'd,

Whilst

Whilst the blank Poets Baies expire,
They blaze and crackle in the Fire.
Fame gave Acquittance (self deceiv'd)
For Sums which she had not receiv'd :
And busie Wits, I know not what,
Smelt, of an unintended plor.
The Accident produc'd some Mirth ,
To see how People of course Earth,
By fearing dangers , make them room ;
Whilst Kings even those, which are, o'recome.
The Rising of the *Spanish* Sun
Was thus solemniz'd : May he run
(Endless in Fame, though not in Age)
Like a tough Gyant a long Stage.

F I N I S.

